

# Dig (Simon Townshend)

Pete Townshend

We old ones, have seen two wars  
When you're sick and afraid  
And there's danger around  
Take a pick and a spade  
And cut into the ground  
Away from the light  
Away from the sound  
Make a trap for the beast  
Dig his burial mound  
Dig for your life  
Dig to the death  
Dig for salvation  
Till your very last breath  
Dig for protection  
Dig for release  
Dig for resurrection  
Dig for peaceWe old ones, have seen two wars  
When you dream of a laser  
That sears your soul  
Slices like a razor  
Burns like coal  
You can bet you'll forget  
When the rock starts to roll  
And the last meets the least  
By the watering holeDig it down deep  
Dig it out wide  
Dig it pleasure  
Dig it for pride  
Dig it for treasure  
Dig it for stones  
Dig it for the metal  
And dig it for the bonesWe old ones, have seen two wars.

Songwriters

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