

# Father's Day

## Big Business

Digging out of our range  
My sympathy runs with time spent in the grave  
Keeping some of this gold  
Greed is the sound the mine carries the most  
When nothing you see is clear darkness doesn't seem so bad  
There's breath if you hold it  
Begging for no new mining  
Minutes counting for days  
Both of your lungs are grey, needing a break  
Fitting into a hole not mean for a man  
There's barely room for the ghosts  
When nothing you see is clear darkness doesn't seem so bad  
There's breath if you hold it  
Begging for no new mining  
Keeping some of this gold  
Making room for the ghosts  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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