

## Belief In The Small Man

Big Country

Just as one life turns from birth  
Just as the ring finds its worth  
Just as the leaf turns to gold  
So you and I will be sold

Sold for the work done  
While we could feel young  
Sold for the new son  
Gold for the pure one

Where does our home lie  
Where is our own  
Lonely the cold cry  
Only unknown

Dark comes the night on the aged  
Hard comes the day still unpaid yet  
All in a bed still unmade it  
Chokes like the tomb and it says it's

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While we could feel young  
Sold for the new son  
Gold for the pure one

Where does our home lie  
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Lonely the cold cry  
Only unknown, unknown, unknown

Sold for the work done  
While we could feel young  
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Gold for the pure one

Where does our home lie  
Where is our own  
Lonely the cold cry  
Only unknown [repeat]