

## Deep in the Motherlode

Genesis

Get out of the way fat man. You got something to do  
Go fill up your hands till they're shining up at you.  
You gotta get out while there's gold in the air  
It's falling like water, coming down from the hills.

Go West young man  
Earn a dollar a day just like your family said.  
You're rolling your days right on into the night  
The head of the line's going way out of sight.  
Go West young man like your family said

All along the wagons  
All along the dusty trail.  
Seventeen years not over a day  
Like children in the wild.  
Your mother's milk still wet on your face  
And no one to pray for your safe journey home.

Out beyond the desert  
Across the mountains by the fall.  
Servants who leave their masters house  
Are walking all the way.  
The golden fields that beckoned you  
Are darkened by the years.

Go West Young Man  
If you knew then what you know today  
You'd be back where you started a happier man  
And leave all the glory to those who have remained.

So Go West Young Man  
Go West Young Man, like your family said.