

This land is barren and broken,  
Scarred like the face of the moon  
Our tongue no longer spoken  
The towns all around face ruin  
Will there be work in New Brunswick?  
Or will I find gold in the Cape?  
If I tunnel way down to Australia  
How will I ever escape?

Where there's a mine or a hole in the ground  
That's what I'm heading for that's where I'm bound  
Look for me under the lode or inside the vein,  
Where the copper, the clay, where the arsenic and tin  
Run in your blood they get under your skin  
I'm leaving the county behind and I'm not coming back  
So follow me down Cousin Jack.

The soil was too poor to make Eden,  
Granite and sea left no choice  
Though visions of heaven sustained us,  
When John Wesley gave us a voice  
Did Joseph once come to St Michaels Mount?  
Two thousand years pass in a dream  
When you're working your way in the darkness,  
Deep in the heart of the seam.

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I dream of a bridge cross the Tamar  
It opens us up to the East  
In my dreams I see English living in our houses  
I see Spanish fishing in our seas

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