

Way Down Watson

Son Volt

Put whiskey on the wounds
Salt the glass and say goodbye
No feel good scenes to bring it back
Just falling brick and broken glass

Wrecking-ball operator
Twenty years pulling the lever
And these windows shield the cold
From the weather of my soul

And feel the heart-strings
Sinking fast
Another treasure found
Another tumbling down

I protect my ears and eyes
From the dust and noise
The word comes down to the bitter end
The diesel hums; the cycle spins

When we meet on that hard hat ground
Just a photograph, no one else around
Words to live by, just goes to show
Some day we all gotta go

And feel the heart-strings
Sinking fast
Another treasure found
Another tumbling down