

Way up north  
Down the road a little  
Back in New England  
Right here in the middle

And all the way out west  
We had our ears to the ground  
All of our dreams resting in the same spot  
Listening for the old sound

It was ringing as clear as crystal  
It was shining as bright as gold  
Grain gathering on stone floor  
And we were spring-heeled and we were real cold

All summer long  
Deep into autumn  
In a high room  
And down here in the bottom

Down here in the bottom