

# The Banker

Dan Seals

The banker came today  
And found Bobby pitchin' hay  
By the road side  
He said this paper in my hand  
Says I will own this land  
In a few days  
Bobby's eyes fell to the ground  
He kicked the dirt around  
In silence  
He watched the banker drive away  
He knew he could not pay  
And it was over  
But you can take a man's gold  
But you'll never own his soul  
The freedom of the soul  
Lasts forever  
Well, Bobby went to town  
Searchin' all around for a favor  
And he found Bo the old town drunk  
Sleepin' in his bunk in the stable  
He said you've only got one leg  
But you won't have to beg  
If you'll help me  
You see, I'm going to sink a well  
I'll dig right down to Hell, if I have to  
'Cause you can take a man's gold  
But you'll never own his soul  
The freedom of the soul lasts forever  
Day and night they worked the well  
They slept right where they fell  
In exhaustion  
There was magic in the air  
And neither seemed to care  
What it would cost them  
They were awakened by a sound  
A deep rumbling in the ground  
They felt as if an earthquake had begun  
Mother nature's precious crude  
It bubbled and it spewed  
And exploded like a geyser in the sun  
Well, Bobby went to town  
The people gathered 'round to see him  
'Cause there was oil everywhere  
In his eyes, and in his hair  
And he was laughin'  
And he took his oil-filled cap  
And he dumped it in the lap  
Of the banker