

Belief In The Small Man

Big Country

Just as one life turns from birth
Just as the ring finds its worth
Just as the leaf turns to gold
So you and I will be sold

Sold for the work done
While we could feel young
Sold for the new son
Gold for the pure one

Where does our home lie
Where is our own
Lonely the cold cry
Only unknown

Dark comes the night on the aged
Hard comes the day still unpaid yet
All in a bed still unmade it
Chokes like the tomb and it says it's

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While we could feel young
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Where is our own
Lonely the cold cry
Only unknown, unknown, unknown

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Only unknown [repeat]