

Down Under, Mining

Dear Reader

David, I never expected to see you
Face black with soot down and a fire in your eyes
David, I never intended to grieve you
Meant to disgrace you
Your face black with soot and your eyes

Mother, my brother is dead in the gutter
Dead in the gutter, oh my baby brother
Mother, my father is down in the ground
Down under, mining, fetching the white man his gold

Down under, mining
Down under, mining
Fetching the white man his gold
Down under, mining
Down under, mining
Fetching the white man his gold

Oh Town of Johannes
Your spell is upon us,
Your spell and your lust
The dust chokes above and it chokes down below
But they from near and far come
I don't what they're looking for
I don't what they're looking for

Fetching the white man his gold
Down under, mining
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