

# Dust For Blood

Don McLean

Work my hands in the soil  
What's the pay for all the toil?

Dust for blood  
Dust for blood  
Dust for blood

Throw the grapes, pick the trees  
Build the bridges on the seas  
Harvest cotton on my knees

Dust for blood  
Dust for blood  
Dust for blood

Dig the diamonds, dig the coal  
Broken windows, broken souls  
Bitter tears and bitter cold  
Before my years I'm growin' old  
Hammer steel, hammer ring  
Cut the timber, buzzsaw sings  
Build the highway for the king  
But all I get's the same old thing

Dust for blood  
Dust for blood  
Dust for blood

Workin' man toil in vain  
What's the pay for all the pain?

Dust for blood  
Dust for blood  
Dust for blood

The dust will swirl, the dust will blow  
Dust is all I'll ever know  
My body to the dust will go

Dust for blood  
Dust for blood  
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