

# Rush

## The Brook & The Bluff

I don't take care of my own  
I've never been a man who's ever gonna lay his hat down  
I bet they hate me where I'm from  
But I was struck by fools gold  
In forty-eight, I turned to hate and lost my heart where I was  
diggin' ground  
Only fake stones are on the come up now

My hands are worn  
I can't feel warmth no more

Rush  
Take away all my trust

Well the sign on the post says  
"You're a man with false hands, willing to take me for granted"  
Nothing in my name to claim  
Said a shift in some plates came, and I never saw work again  
Tried to live by the knife, but couldn't win

My hands are gone  
I can't feel nothin' no more  
Oh, my hands are gone, gone  
I can't feel no more, more

Rush  
Take away all my trust  
Run  
Far away as you can

Oh, my hands are gone, gone  
I can't feel no more, more  
Oh, my hands are gone, gone  
I can't feel no more, more

Rush  
Take away all my trust  
Run  
Far away as you can