

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