

# Elton John, Durban Deep

I won't see you `till Christmas  
I breathe coal dust, I get blisters  
But the foreman he don't worry  
He say work boy there's no hurry  
Don't that big red sun  
Look a lot like fire  
When you come out of the ground  
After forty eight hours

Going down down down down down  
Going down in Durban deep  
Going down down down down down  
There's no mercy in my sleep  
I just hear that drill and hammer  
I feel the killing heat  
Going two miles down to the heart  
Of Durban deep

I was born on amen corner  
I pound rock face, I get lonely  
But my family they go hungry  
Sill the boss man he call us lazy  
Don't the old blue heaven  
Look a lot like your eyes  
When you're blinded by the brightness  
Of the Transvaal sky