

Michael Penn, Coal

Who'd have ever thought to
Call that coal
If my hands were warm then I might
I don't know
I keep panning
And in my reach it

Hangs on
Water falls down
There's no gold in this barren town

"Used to be a man could make his way
with a barrel full of this black coal,"
Half certain you'd say
But in my reach it

Hangs on
Water falls down
There's no gold in this barren town.

Look at every angle
And draw a square
Find some nut you can instead untighten
Watch me in the corner
With a pair
Under certain pressure
Ace, a diamond
So run your fingers down my back
You'd make such a cool distraction
'Cause in my reach it

Hangs on
Yeah, the walls down
There's no gold
There's a line drawn and crossed
By the banks.
By the way
Water falls down
There's no gold in this barren town.