

# Pixies, Dig For Fire

There is this old woman  
She lives down the road  
You can often find her  
Kneeling inside of her hole  
And I often ask her  
"Are you looking for the mother lode?"  
Huh?  
No.  
No my child, this is not my desire  
And then she said

I'm digging for fire [4x]

There is this old man  
Who spent so much of his life sleeping  
That he is able to keep awake  
For the rest of his years  
He resides  
On a beach  
In a town  
Where I am going to live  
And I often ask him  
"Are you looking for the mother lode?"  
Huh?  
No.  
No my child, this is not my desire  
And then he said

I'm digging for fire [4x]