

# Gary Brooker, Mineral Man

(Brooker)

I keep rolling like a wagon wheel  
What keeps me going are these nerves of steel  
And two good hands to keep me clothed and fed  
A pair of feet to stagger to my bed  
A heart of gold and fists of iron  
A tongue of silver that's bought me time

Well I'm a mineral man  
stuck here in the can  
till I oxidise  
Well I'm a guest of the State,  
I'll sit here and wait  
'cos I'm subsidised

When I'm moving like a ton of lead  
There's nothing stops me on the road ahead  
My skin is bronzed from my head to my toes  
people looking everywhere I go  
A heart of gold and fists of iron  
a tongue of silver for to spin some line

Well I'm a mineral man  
stuck here in the can  
till I oxidise  
Well I'm a guest of the State,  
I'll sit here and wait  
till I'm let outside