

Nanci Griffith, Heart Of A Miner

Well, it's harvest time out on this Amarillo highway
Daydreamin' the South of France
I could whistle you out waltzin' there
Would you still say you can't?
Heart of a miner here takin' her last chance

Heart of a miner, kept her feelings buried deep
Heart of a miner, could there be something she needs?
Just a treasure that could hold her
That's not fool's gold

What could the miner do when her heart was made of crystal?
She used to keep it on the shelf
Now she dreams of you high up in your mountains
It was that treasure that you held
Look at this lonely miner here who finally fell

Heart of a miner, kept her feelings buried deep
Heart of a miner, could there be something she needs?
Just a treasure that could hold her
That's not fool's gold

Tell me he's not fool's gold
It's still harvest time out on this Amarillo highway
Just a lonely miner still a thousand miles from home