

# River Phoenix, Goldmine

Working the goldmine  
Pushing a pencil around  
To make the weary world decide  
and kick some life into the grind

Scrape and scratch away on a clean slate

Working the goldmine  
Wax poetic books to climb  
A shaft of light and darken heart  
to raise some life into the hard of heart

Scrape and scratch away at your  
map and graphite grey  
on a clean slate  
Jump, snatch, grab  
for a form and chuckle  
You've got to create, change

Work, work, work the goldmine

And all the fools in the world give in,  
sell out, close down  
You might as well open up your fair share  
Work, work your own goldmine

Salvation salesmen televise  
peddling the shiny red plastic cups  
They wish for spells that build your hopes  
Don't hear a word - they'll rob you blind!

Feel and feel again what it means  
to grasp event on your own fame  
Think and think again just on whom it all depends  
You gotta create, change  
work, work your, work work work work the goldmine

And all the gold in the world leaves you cold  
if it did not come from your own hands  
You might as well buy this touch  
your own way to that promised land

All alone and build now  
Find the hydra grey now  
Burn the midnight oil now  
In the light of day now  
You've gotta work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, work,  
work, work, work, pick it up

Work, work, work the goldmine  
Work, work, work the goldmine  
Work, work, work the goldmine