

# Sting, We Work The Black Seam

This place has changed for good  
Your economic theory said it would  
It's hard for us to understand  
We can't give up our jobs the way we should  
Our blood has stained the coal  
We tunneled deep inside the nation's soul  
We matter more than pounds and pence  
Your economic theory makes no sense

One day in a nuclear age  
They may understand our rage  
They build machines that they can't control  
And bury the waste in a great big hole  
Power was to become cheap and clean  
Grimy faces were never seen  
But deadly for twelve thousand years is carbon fourteen  
We work the black seam together

The seam lies underground  
Three million years of pressure packed it down  
We walk through ancient forest lands  
And light a thousand cities with our hands  
Your dark satanic mills  
Have made redundant all our mining skills  
You can't exchange a six inch band  
For all the poisoned streams in Cumberland

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Our conscious lives run deep  
You cling onto your mountain while we sleep  
This way of life is part of me  
There is no price so only let me be  
And should the children weep  
The turning world will sing their souls to sleep  
When you have sunk without a trace  
The universe will suck me into place

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