

## Be Miner

the everybodyfields

It's so hard I the evening  
The lights come on  
I get some change for the phone  
I'm tired of driving it's too cold to cry  
I remember when it only cost a dime  
Dark clouds are circling  
I'm a photograph tonight  
Shuffling papers and getting everything wrong  
I walk for hours, try not to feel alone

Waking up and finding  
The feeling's gone  
Something for my hand then I'm gone  
Turn on the radio and though it seems so hard  
To find that place before it had to be so hard  
Dark clouds are hovering  
With friends like these man who needs friends  
Faces in the window, two red lights are growing small  
I'd like to leave if I could stand at all