

Way up north
Down the road a little
Back in New England
Right here in the middle

And all the way out west
We had our ears to the ground
All of our dreams resting in the same spot
Listening for the old sound

It was ringing as clear as crystal
It was shining as bright as gold
Grain gathering on stone floor
And we were spring-heeled and we were real cold

All summer long
Deep into autumn
In a high room
And down here in the bottom

Down here in the bottom