

Elton John, Durban Deep

I won't see you `till Christmas
I breathe coal dust, I get blisters
But the foreman he don't worry
He say work boy there's no hurry
Don't that big red sun
Look a lot like fire
When you come out of the ground
After forty eight hours

Going down down down down down
Going down in Durban deep
Going down down down down down
There's no mercy in my sleep
I just hear that drill and hammer
I feel the killing heat
Going two miles down to the heart
Of Durban deep

I was born on amen corner
I pound rock face, I get lonely
But my family they go hungry
Sill the boss man he call us lazy
Don't the old blue heaven
Look a lot like your eyes
When you're blinded by the brightness
Of the Transvaal sky