

# Song Of The Quarryman

Words Ian, Music Luke

Sing me, sing me, sing me the deep pools of blue  
Sing me, sing me, sing me the rumbling sorter

Sing me the hard hat  
Sing me the reflection of the sun and the snow in the glasses  
Beneath the hard hat

Sing me the rumbling sorter  
Sing me the distortion of the sun and the snow in the window  
Of the cabin of the rumbling sorter  
And in the glasses beneath the hard hat

Sing me, sing me, sing me the deep pools of blue  
Sing me, sing me, sing me the rumbling sorter

Sing me the deep blue pools  
Sing me the refraction of the sun and the snow in the surface  
Of the somehow gorgeous deep blue pools  
And in the window of the cabin of the rumbling sorter  
And in the glasses beneath the hard hat

Sing me, sing me, sing me the deep pools of blue  
Sing me, sing me, sing me the rumbling sorter

He said 'It's an astonishing feeling'  
Sun reflecting in the glasses beneath the hard hat  
'To think that we're uncovering something'  
Sun reflecting in the glasses beneath the hard hat  
'Millions of years old'  
Sun reflecting in the glasses beneath the hard hat  
'And we're the first to see it'  
But I couldn't hear him  
For the sound of the machine's song  
And the sun reflecting in the glasses beneath the hard hat

Sing me the refraction  
Sing me the distortion  
Sing me the reflection  
Sing me the uncovering  
Sing me the refraction  
Sing me the distortion  
Sing me the reflection  
Sing me the uncovering

Sing me, sing me, sing me the deep pools of blue  
Sing me, sing me, sing me the rumbling sorter