

## THE BEATEN PATH

It's a crusted world I'm traveling towards.  
I've spent years in these mines digging for the core.  
Lost in the dark with a light above my head.  
To show me the way to my world of dread.

### Chorus

The beaten path is all I breath,  
From dawn to dusk, I serve their needs.  
My sweat and blood, is my daily bath;  
As I dig the dirt and do my task.

My father's father taught me well,  
As his father did in this darkened hell.  
To do the deed as best you can  
And pass the torch you've lived to tell.

The salty dust, it fills my lungs like lent.  
Years in the dark, has my old back bent.  
I stagger towards my early grave.  
This beaten path has paved my way.

### Chorus

My father's father taught me well,  
As his father did in this darkened hell.  
To do the deed as best you can  
And pass the torch you've lived to tell.

Steve Rice