

Down in the Mine

Dierks Bentley

Here in Harlan County, the choices are few
To keep food on the table and the babies in shoes
You can grow marijuana way back in the pines
Or work for the man down in the mine

You never forget your first day in the hole
There's a pit in your stomach and your mouth's full of coal
There's no turning back once you make up your mind
As the cart rattles on down in the mine

Way down in the mine, your tears turn to mud
And you can't catch your breath for the dust in your lungs
Loading hillbilly gold where the sun never shines
Twelve hours a day, diggin' your grave
Way down in the mine

Well the old timers talk but you just don't believe
It can all go to hell at two thousand feet
Life sways in the balance of nature and time
And fate has no mercy down in the mine

The news spreads like fire and burned through those hills
Hopes were held high but five men got killed
On the wings of canaries, your soul surely flies
While your bones spend eternity down in the mine

Way down in the mine, your tears turn to mud
And you can't catch your breath for the dust in your lungs
Loading hillbilly gold where the sun never shines
Twelve hours a day, diggin' your grave
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So take a flask from your crib can can and a pull of moonshine
And say a prayer for them boys down in the mine