

# North Country Blues

Bob Dylan

Come gather 'round, friends  
And I'll tell you a tale  
Of when the red iron pits ran plenty  
But the card board filled windows  
And old men on benches  
Tell you now that the whole town is empty.

In the north end of town  
My own children have grown  
While I was raised on the other  
In the wee hours of youth  
My mother took sick  
And I was brought up my brother.

The iron ore poured  
As the years passed the door  
The drag-lines and shovels they was hummin'  
'Till one day my brother  
Failed to come home  
the same as my father before him.

With a long winter's wait  
From the window I watched  
My friends they couldn't have been kinder  
And my school it was cut  
As I quit in the spring  
To marry John Thomas a miner.

On the years passed again  
And the givin' was good  
With a lunch bucket filled born  
The work was cut down  
To a half a day's shift with no reason.

Then the shaft was soon shut  
And my work was cut  
And the fire in the air it felt frozen  
then a man came to speak  
And he said in one week  
That number eleven was closin'.

They complain in the East  
They are playin' too high  
They say that your ore ain't worth diggin'  
That it's much cheaper down  
In the South American town  
Where the miners work almost for nothin'

So the minin' gates locked  
And the red iron rotted  
And the room smelled heavy from drinkin'  
And the sad silent song  
Made the hour twice as long  
As I waited for the sun to go sinkin'.

I lived by the window  
As he talked to himself

This silence of tongues, it was buildin'  
'till one mornin's wake  
the bed it was bare  
And I's left alone with three children.

The summer is gone  
The ground's turnin' cold  
The stores one by one, they are foldin'  
My children will go  
As soon as the grow  
For there ain't nothin' here now to hold'em.