

Camp Bird Mine

C.W. McCall

'Way out in Colorado
In the Camp Bird Mine
Down deep in the darkness
On level nine
Where the water trickles
An' your blood runs cold
There's a lonesome miner
Still lookin' for gold
He's way down deep...
In the Camp Bird Mine
He never sees the snowfall
Never knows the spring
'Cause its eternal midnight
Where he does his thing
He never feels the sunlight
Doesn't need the moon
He's had his lamp a-burnin'
Since 'ninety-two
He's way down deep...
In the Camp Bird Mine
Way down deep...
Way down deep...
Way down deep...
Way down...
In the Camp Bird Mine
They say you never see 'im
You just know he's there
But you can hear his hammer
In the devil's lair
Where the silver sparkles
An' your blood runs cold
There's a phantom miner
Still lookin' for gold
He's way down deep
In the Camp Bird Mine
Way down deep...
Way down deep...
Way down deep...
Way down deep...
In the Camp Bird Mine