

## Miner's Prayer

Dwight Yoakam

When the whistle blows each morning  
And I walk down in that cold, dark mine  
I say a prayer to my dear Savior  
Please let me see the sunshine one more time

When oh when will it be over  
When will I lay these burdens down  
And when I die, dear Lord in Heaven  
Please take my soul from 'neath that cold dark ground

I still grieve for my poor brother  
And I still hear my dear old mother cry  
When late that night they came and told her  
He'd lost his life down in the Big Shoal Mine

When oh when will it be over  
When will I lay these burdens down  
And when I die, dear Lord in Heaven  
Please take my soul from 'neath that cold dark ground

I have no shame, I feel no sorrow  
If on this earth not much I own  
I have the love of my sweet children  
An old plow mule, a shovel and a hoe

When oh when will it be over  
When will I lay these burdens down  
And when I die, dear Lord in Heaven  
Please take my soul from 'neath that cold dark ground

Yeah, when I die, dear Lord in Heaven  
Please take my soul from 'neath that cold dark ground