

Three Miles Down

Gil Scott-Heron

Here come the mine cars; it's damn near dawn.
Another shift of men, some of my friends, comin' on.
Hard to imagine workin' in the mines;
Coal dust in your lungs, on your skin and on your mind.
I've listened to the speeches,
but it occurs to me politicians just don't understand;
the thoughts of isolation, ain't no sunshine underground.
It's like workin' in a graveyard three miles down.

Damn near a legend as old as the mines:
things that happen in the pits just don't change with the times

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Work 'till you're exhausted in too little space.
a history of disastrous fears etched on your face.
Somebody signs a paper, ev'ry body thinks it's fine,
but Taft and Hartley ain't done one day in the mines.
You start to stiffen! You heard a crackin' sound!
It's like workin' in a graveyard three miles down.