I am a trader, I sell goods from my caravan

I sell to mining towns in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama
Once on a moonless night, I was looking for a place to rest
When I saw a black figure walking slow in the road ahead
So I kinda hung behind, for a while I could see it was a black
dog

The black dog stopped and turned and his eyes glowed like inken gold

And I followed him slowly until I came to a clearing on the sid e of the road

And I stopped, and he stopped too, I cooked my meal I even made him a plate

But that black dog just sat on the hill, still, and watched me as I ate

Then he ran off North, towards the mountains over the ridge

I arrived at the next town spooked and after my business day I saw that black dog again standing stoic near the southern gat ${\sf e}$

He ran North again and my blood ran cold but still I willed to carry on

Well I finished my last few stops and got my scared ass right b ack home

By the next town I was down and sore and sick from a lack of sleep

This dog was haunting my mind, my stomach so twisted I couldn't eat

Some ol' miners were missin, their familes were out on their porches in the fog

And it caught my eye in a picture next to one of them miners was that ol' black dog

The old lady with the picture told me there had been a rockslid $\stackrel{\circ}{\sim}$

Said 12 miners were missing, maybe dead, and her husband and his dog was inside

So I told 'em 'bout seeing the dog and how he ran off on that road to the South

And they said that the way he was running was towards a mine th ey call the "Devils mouth"

We headed out that way and about three hours later we got to the site

And they opened that Devil's mouth with about 50 pounds of dyna mite

The rising purple smoke basked in the burning red of the dying sunlight.

There inside, barely alive, was that old miner trapped under the rocks

Said he'd been wasting there for over a week with no food or wa ter, help or sleep Since the rockslide trapped him underneath Killing his old black dog