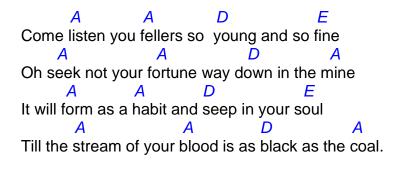
Dark As a Dungeon by Merle Travis (1947)



It's many a man I've known in my day
Who lived just to labor his young life away
Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

The midnight, the morning, or the middle of the day It's the same to the miner who labors away Where the demons of the death often come by surprise One fall of the slate and you're buried alive.

I hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll My body will blacken and turn into coal Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home And pity the miner a-diggin' my bones.