

# Dark As a Dungeon

by Merle Travis (1947)

*A*        *A*        *D*        *E*  
Come listen you fellers so young and so fine  
*A*        *A*        *D*        *A*  
Oh seek not your fortune way down in the mine  
*A*        *A*        *D*        *E*  
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul  
*A*        *A*        *D*        *A*  
Till the stream of your blood is as black as the coal.

*E*        *E*        *D*        *A*  
It's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew  
*E*        *E*        *D*        *A*  
Where danger is double and pleasures are few  
*A*        *A*        *D*        *E*  
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines  
*A*        *A*        *D*        *A*  
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

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.