## Don't Go Down to the Quarry by Peter Yarrow (1981)

G
Don't go down to the quarry in the middle of the night,

Em

Cause you'll never come back, you'll never be right.

Am

Am

We lost Maggie there just last spring,

D

And Big Ben Johnson, he couldn't do a thing.

Big Ben Johnson made a bet with Mad Man Mike That he could cross the quarry in the middle of the night. He got there about half way across, He started sinking down in the red clay moss.

Nearby standing on the tracks where the trains used to come Was Mad Man Mike, beatin' on his drum, Laughing out loud, eyes rolling in his head, Standing on the tracks in Lucifer's stead.

With a *l*ong red cape and *f*ire in his eyes, He *l*ifted up his hands to the *m*idnight skies, And the *t*hunder start to roll, and the *l*ightning flash wild, And *B*ig Ben Johnson started *c*rying like a child.

Don't go down to the quarry, don't don't go down, Don't go down to the quarry, don't don't go down, Don't go down to the quarry, don't don't go down, Down, down, down, down.

Then the earth gave a shudder and the quarry start to split, Screaming down on Johnson to the fiery pit. With a laugh that shivered the center of the bone, Mad Man Mike just standing there alone.

He's calling all the people to take their turn And fall into the pit and eternally burn. Down, down, don't don't go down, Down, down, down, down.

Lucifer's caught on the *r*ailroad track, He's *h*owling at the moon, 'cause he *c*an't come back. In the *e*vening when we're sitting there in *f*ront of the fire, We *l*augh at old Lucifer be*f*ore we retire.

Don't go down to the quarry in the middle of the night, 'Cause you'll never come back, you'll never be right. We lost Maggie there just last spring, And Big Ben Johnson, he couldn't do a thing.