**The Miner**

We wake up before the dawn

Drink our coffee black like the smoke that fills our lungs

Spend a lifetime down below

Just to make an honest pay

In this part of the world, it’s the only way

And the only thing we’ll ever know

I followed close behind

All the other men who walked that line

And traded in their days

For a lifetime in the ground

Where the sun and moon can’t go, and the only sound

Is the sound of old men drilling away

My mother says her rosary

And prays the wicked mine won’t swallow me

But my father understands

Because he’s digging in that hole

Just like his only son, and all the men we know

At the mercy of the good Lord’s hand

These days I find it hard to breathe

My lungs are weak; my eyes can hardly see

Inside I know the end is nigh

But I’m only twenty-five

Lying in this bed, fighting to stay alive

But this is where all miners come to die

We woke up before the dawn

Drank our coffee black like the smoke that filled our lungs

Spent a few short years below

And now we’re lying in the ground

Where the sun and moon can’t go, and there is no sound

This is all we’ll ever know