

Dudley Saunders, The Winding Sheet

wound so tight
you could bounce a nickel off
the dirty light
the missing cough

and I ain't had much to eat
and the bed is made
with a winding sheet
we'll eat
but then my dear
I fear
we'll freeze

the mine is so dark
you tunnel too deep
to coal from the ark
you'd dig eden tree

and I ain't had much to eat
and the bed is made
with a winding sheet
we'll eat
but then my dear
I fear

coal off the tracks
rattles my pail
they're bones from his back
melting like hail

the mine'll soon close
its blackness seeped out
blackening the snow
blackening our mouths

and we ain't had much to eat
and the bed is made
with a winding sheet
we'll eat
but then my dear
I fear
we'll freeze