

# Gil Scott-Heron, Three Miles Down

Here come the mine cars; it's damn near dawn.  
Another shift of men, some of my friends, comin' on.  
Hard to imagine workin' in the mines;  
Coal dust in your lungs, on your skin and on your mind.  
I've listened to the speeches,  
but it occurs to me politicians just don't understand;  
the thoughts of isolation, ain't no sunshine underground.  
It's like workin' in a graveyard three miles down.

Damn near a legend as old as the mines:  
things that happen in the pits just don't change with the times.  
Work 'till you're exhausted in too little space.  
a history of disastrous fears etched on your face.  
Somebody signs a paper, ev'ry body thinks it's fine,  
but Taft and Hartley ain't done one day in the mines.  
You start to stiffen! You heard a crackin' sound!  
It's like workin' in a graveyard three miles down.