

# Gillian Welch, Miner's Refrain

In the black dust towns of east Tennessee  
All the work's about the same  
And you may not go to the job in the ground  
But you learn the miner's refrain

I'm down in a hole, I'm down in a hole,  
Down in a deep, dark hole  
I'm down in a hole, I'm down in a hole,  
Down in a deep, dark hole

When you search the rain for the silver cloud  
And you wait on days of gold  
When you pitch to the bottom  
And the dirt comes down  
You cry so cold, so cold

I'm down in a hole, I'm down in a hole,  
Down in a deep, dark hole  
I'm down in a hole, I'm down in a hole,  
Down in a deep, dark hole

Now there's something good in a worried song  
For the trouble in your soul  
'Cause a worried man who's been a long way down  
Down in a deep dark hole

I'm down in a hole, I'm down in a hole,  
Down in a deep, dark hole  
I'm down in a hole, I'm down in a hole,  
Down in a deep, dark hole

I'm down in a deep, dark hole