

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