

The Grateful Dead, Cumberland Blues

I can't stay much longer, Melinda, The sun is getting high.
I can't help you with your troubles, If you won't help with mine.
I gotta get down, I gotta get down, I gotta get down to the mine.

You keep me up just one more night, I can't sleep here no more.
Little Ben clock says quarter to eight; You kept me up 'till four.
I gotta get down, I gotta get down, Or I can't work there no more.

A lotta poor man make a five dollar bill, Keep him happy all the time.
Some other fella's makin' nothin' at all And you can hear him cry,
"Can I go, buddy, can I go down Take your shift at the mine?"

Gotta get down to the Cumberland Mine.
Gotta get down to the Cumberland Mine.
That's where I mainly spend my time.
Make good money, five dollars a day. Made anymore, I might move away.

Lotta poor man got the Cumberland Blues He can't win for losin'
Lotta poor man got to walk the line Just to pay his union dues.
I don't know now, I just don't know If I'm goin' back again.