

Woody Guthrie, Waiting At The Gate

Tell the miners' kids and wives,
There's a blast in the number five.
And the families I see standing at the gate.
The inspector years ago said number five's a deadly hole,
And the men most likely won't come out alive.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.
Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.

The inspector told the boss, it was more than a year ago,
You're risking these men's lives in number five.
That hole's full of fumes and dust, full of high explosive gas,
But the boss said we'll just have to take the chance.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.
Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.

Well the men in the number five kissed their wives and kids goodbye,
Then they walk with their lunch kits up the hill.
Everybody told the owner that this deadly day would come,
But he said we had to work to pay our bills.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.
Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.

Well I tried to get a look of the face I often know,
As the men are carried out wrapped up in sheets.
I can hear the church bells ringing for the one hundred eleven dead,
I can hear the families weeping in the streets.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.
Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.

This explosion struck on Wednesday,
and I stood by the gate till Saturday,
Till they laid my daddy out with the other men.
In the pocket of his shirt I found a little note he wrote,
Never go down in a dangerous mine again.

Waiting at the gate, we are waiting at the gate.
Smoke and fire just roll and boil from that dark and deadly hole,
While the miners' kids and wives wait at the gate.