

MEMOIRS OF A MINER

Today I start work in the mine
I start at six and finish at nine
I start my day pushing the truck
With chunks of ore all mixed with muck

I tumble down the twisted track
With cold saw feet and an aching back
Just then a sound a mighty crack
An upright pole began to snap

The rocks crash down a great big fall
This time I'm lucky I missed it all
As years go by with deeper stopes
Inclined shafts and longer ropes

I pick my way through lode and vein
Day after day its all the same
I never heard that fateful sound
When boulders fell and hit the ground

Just now this pain I feel is mine
A few last words not much time
I love you wife my children too
Not much to show for thirty two

I'm tired now its time to go
My world is dark my light is low
I've left this place my life has gone
My spirits here to wander on

The mine has closed I'm all alone
No place for me to call my home
The years they pass I've grown so old
I walk through tunnels wet and cold

A sudden noise the shape of feet
A different person for me to meet
I glide straight pass and see his face
And smile at him who found this place