

# Gun Hill

I worked the coal mines down in Gun Hill Tennessee  
I'll never forget the sound of the earth as it caved in on me  
there were about six of us trapped in an abandoned railway shaft  
one mile deep in a mountain hell-hole, goddamn I had to laugh  
I don't know why...

"The dead men are the lucky ones," I heard one man exclaim  
when the air runs out we'll join them quick or slow it's all the same  
I can't begin to tell you how it feels  
oh won't you tell my wife and children this sad story  
Daddy's gone up the sky now  
c'mon honey don't you cry now, please

The first few hours we sat so quietly and still  
listening for any signs of life up above in Gun Hill  
we didn't hear anything  
then a man named Will brought out his mouth harp and he played  
he said the Lord could hear his songs and surely we'd be saved  
I don't know why...Willie never prayed before

We took turns telling stories as our hopes began to dim  
the darkness ever deepened and the air grew deadly thin  
I cannot explain all that I have seen- is this a dream  
unconscious to the world for hours  
woke up to the smell of flowers  
Gun Hill never smelled so goddamn sweet...