

# Down In the Mine

[Dierks Bentley](#)

Here in Harlan County, the choices are few  
To keep food on the table and the babies in shoes  
You can grow marijuana way back in the pines  
Or work for the man down in the mine You never forget your first day in the hole  
There's a pit in your stomach and your mouth's full of coal  
There's no turning back once you make up your mind  
As the cart rattles on down in the mine Way down in the mine, your tears turn to mud  
And you can't catch your breath for the dust in your lungs  
Loading hillbilly gold where the sun never shines  
Twelve hours a day, diggin' your grave  
Way down in the mine Well the old timers talk but you just don't believe  
It can all go to hell at two thousand feet  
Life sways in the balance of nature and time  
And fate has no mercy down in the mine The news spreads like fire and burned through those hills  
Hopes were held high but five men got killed  
On the wings of canaries, your soul surely flies  
While your bones spend eternity down in the mine Way down in the mine, your tears turn to mud  
And you can't catch your breath for the dust in your lungs  
Loading hillbilly gold where the sun never shines  
Twelve hours a day, diggin' your grave  
Way down in the mine So take a flask from your crib can can and a pull of moonshine  
And say a prayer for them boys down in the mine

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