Shaky Ground

Uncle Tupelo

In memory of a miner
Who dragged himself to work
And worked himself to death, working for someone else
We follow each other around on shaky groundHis life had become to him
Worthless in many ways
An expired product off the shelf, working for someone else
We follow each other around on shaky groundThe nature of his work
Gave him a minstrel color
Twenty hours a day, little time he had for others
We follow each other around on shaky groundNever got to see the world
He got a funeral and this miner's song
There is no right or wrong

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