

Miner's Prayer

Dwight Yoakam

When the whistle blows each morning
And I walk down in that cold, dark mine
I say a prayer to my dear Savior
Please let me see the sunshine one more time
When oh when will it be over
When will I lay these burdens down
And when I die, dear Lord in Heaven
Please take my soul from 'neath that cold dark ground
I still grieve for my poor brother
And I still hear my dear old mother cry
When late that night they came and told her
He'd lost his life down in the Big Shoal Mine
When oh when will it be over
When will I lay these burdens down
And when I die, dear Lord in Heaven
Please take my soul from 'neath that cold dark ground
I have no shame, I feel no sorrow
If on this earth not much I own
I have the love of my sweet children
An old plow mule, a shovel and a hoe
When oh when will it be over
When will I lay these burdens down
And when I die, dear Lord in Heaven
Please take my soul from 'neath that cold dark ground
Yeah, when I die, dear Lord in Heaven
Please take my soul from 'neath that cold dark ground

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