

Mining for Gold

Popium

We are miners, hard rock miners
To the shaft house we must go
Pour your bottles on our shoulders
We are marching to the slow
On the line boys, on the line boys
Drill your holes and stand in line
'til the shift boss comes to tell you

You must drill her out on top
Can't you feel the rock dust in your lungs?
It'll cut down a miner when he is still young
Two years and the silicosis takes hold
And I feel like I'm dying from mining for gold
Yes, I feel like I'm dying from mining for gold

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