

North Country Blues

Bob Dylan

Come gather 'round, friends
And I'll tell you a tale
Of when the red iron pits ran plenty
But the card board filled windows
And old men on benches
Tell you now that the whole town is empty.

In the north end of town
My own children have grown
While I was raised on the other
In the wee hours of youth
My mother took sick
And I was brought up my brother.

The iron ore poured
As the years passed the door
The drag-lines and shovels they was hummin'
'Till one day my brother
Failed to come home
the same as my father before him.

With a long winter's wait
From the window I watched
My friends they couldn't have been kinder
And my school it was cut
As I quit in the spring
To marry John Thomas a miner.

On the years passed again
And the givin' was good
With a lunch bucket filled born
The work was cut down
To a half a day's shift with no reason.

Then the shaft was soon shut
And my work was cut
And the fire in the air it felt frozen
then a man came to speak
And he said in one week
That number eleven was closin'.

They complain in the East
They are playin' too high
They say that your ore ain't worth diggin'
That it's much cheaper down
In the South American town
Where the miners work almost for nothin'

So the minin' gates locked
And the red iron rotted
And the room smelled heavy from drinkin'
And the sad silent song
Made the hour twice as long
As I waited for the sun to go sinkin'.

I lived by the window
As he talked to himself

This silence of tongues, it was buildin'
'till one mornin's wake
the bed it was bare
And I's left alone with three children.

The summer is gone
The ground's turnin' cold
The stores one by one, they are foldin'
My children will go
As soon as the grow
For there ain't nothin' here now to hold'em.