

Mining for Gold

Cowboy Junkies

We are miners,
Hard rock miners,
To the shaft house we must go,
Our bottles on our shoulders,
We are marching to the slope.

On the line boys,
On the line boys,
Drill your holes and stand in line,
â??Till 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 will 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.