

The Black Dog

Shooter Jennings

I am a trader, I sell goods from my caravan
I sell to mining towns in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama
Once on a moonless night, I was looking for a place to rest
When I saw a black figure walking slow in the road ahead
So I kinda hung behind, for a while I could see it was a black
dog
The black dog stopped and turned and his eyes glowed like inken
gold
And I followed him slowly until I came to a clearing on the sid
e of the road
And I stopped, and he stopped too, I cooked my meal I even made
him a plate
But that black dog just sat on the hill, still, and watched me
as I ate
Then he ran off North, towards the mountains over the ridge

I arrived at the next town spooked and after my business day
I saw that black dog again standing stoic near the southern gat
e
He ran North again and my blood ran cold but still I willed to
carry on
Well I finished my last few stops and got my scared ass right b
ack home
By the next town I was down and sore and sick from a lack of sl
eep
This dog was haunting my mind, my stomach so twisted I couldn't
eat

Some ol' miners were missin, their familes were out on their po
rches in the fog
And it caught my eye in a picture next to one of them miners wa
s that ol' black dog
The old lady with the picture told me there had been a rockslid
e
Said 12 miners were missing, maybe dead, and her husband and hi
s dog was inside
So I told 'em 'bout seeing the dog and how he ran off on that r
oad to the South
And they said that the way he was running was towards a mine th
ey call the "Devils mouth"
We headed out that way and about three hours later we got to th
e site
And they opened that Devil's mouth with about 50 pounds of dyna
mite
The rising purple smoke basked in the burning red of the dying
sunlight
There inside, barely alive, was that old miner trapped under th
e rocks

Said he'd been wasting there for over a week with no food or water,
help or sleep
Since the rockslide trapped him underneath
Killing his old black dog