

Death of Floyd Collins

John Prine

Oh, come all ye young people and listen while I tell,
The fate of Floyd Collins, the lad we all knew well,
His face was fair and handsome, his heart was true and brave,
His body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.
Oh , mother don't you worry, dear father don't' be sad,
I'll tell you all my troubles in an awful dream I had,
I dreamed I was a prisoner, my life I could not save,
I cried "Oh must I perish within this silent cave.

The rescue party labored, they worked both night and day,
To move the mighty barrier that stood within their way,
To rescue Floyd Collins, it was their battle cry,
"We'll never, no we'll never, let Floyd Collins die."

But on that fateful morning, the sun rose in the sky,
The workers still were busy, "we'll save him by and by,"
But oh how sad the ending, his life could not be saved,
His body was then sleeping in the lonely sandstone cave.

Young people, all take warning from Floyd Collin's fate,
And get right with your maker before it is too late.

It may not be a Sand Cave in which we find our tomb,
But on that day of judgment, we too must meet our doom.