

## Prospector's Blues

Jamestown Revival

I been swinging this hammer for a mighty long time  
What I wouldn't give for a nickel and a dime  
I was up there in the hills where the colored bands run  
Fanning cross the mountain and a shining in the sun

I came across a mountain it was leaning tall  
One wrong look and she was bound to fall  
But I couldn't resist where my fortune lie  
Now I'm bound to get rich if I keep from dyin'

Well I keep on chipping and a chipping away  
There's a little more gold left here today  
All I got to do is just pull it right from the ground  
And every time I take a little piece I know  
I'm toeing the line with the ol pick hoe  
And sooner or later this whole thing is coming down

Well I heard a little crack, heard a creak, and moan  
Sounded like thunder and it shook me to the bone  
Just got a little bit more to go  
Ten thousand dollars and I'm headed back home

I finally had my fill I was on my way  
And that mountain started falling as I ran and I prayed  
Lord if you let me make it out alive  
I'll never chase another poke for my whole damn life

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