

## Dover Mine

The Cowsills

East toward a stream of meadows  
Four miles from Dover Mines  
I built a small gray cottage  
In the country, I would die  
Soon I would die

Wandered through the forest at night  
'Cause I could not take to sleep  
I'd be thinking when would death come  
Frustrated I would weep  
I would weep

When will my turn come  
I wait so long a time  
I think it's unfair  
That I pay such a fine  
When will that turn be mine

One night I woke up knowing  
Came running out my door  
Rambled blindly through the forest  
Until I stood before  
My death in store