

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