

Mining For Gold - Chemical Worker's Song

The Longest Johns

We are miners, hard rock miners
To the shaft-house we must go
Oil bottles on our shoulders
We are marching to the slough

On the line, boys, on the line, boys
Drill your holes and stand in line
'Til the shift-boss comes to tell you
You must drill her out on top

Can you feel the rock dust in your lungs
It'll cut down a miner when he is still young
Two years and the silicosis takes hold
And I feel like I'm dying from mining for gold
Yes, I feel like I'm dying from mining for gold

A process man am I and I'm telling you no lie
I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky
There's thunder all around me and a poison in the air
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell, and dust all in me hair

And it's go, boys go
They'll time your every breath
And every day you're in this place
You're two days nearer death
But you go

I've worked among the spinners and breathed in the oily smoke
I've shoveled up the gypsum and it nigh-on makes you choke
I've stood knee deep in cyanide, been sick with a caustic burn
Been working rough and seen enough to make your stomach turn

And it's go, boys go
They'll time your every breath
And every day you're in this place
You're two days nearer death
But you go

There's overtime and bonus opportunities galore
The young lads like their money, and they all come back for more
But soon you're knocking on, and you look older than you should
For every bob made on this job you pay with flesh and blood

And it's go, boys go
They'll time your every breath
And every day you're in this place
You're two days nearer death
But you go, boys go
They'll time your every breath
And every day you're in this place
You're two days nearer death
But you go