

Danny Michel

"Thunder In The Mountain"

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I was ninety-five feet under and twenty years of age.
Working in the copper mines for less than living wage.
With my uncle, father, brother, and our grandfather
too,

Everybody pulled their weight 'cause that's the right
thing to do.

But oh my legs are tired and my face is filthy black,
Won't someone bring me water and pour it down my
back.

It was early in the morning and I just got off the line,
My father and brothers were punching in at nine.

"Go home and sleep my son," my daddy said to me.
Tell your sister that you love her, kiss your mama on
the cheek.

Oh my legs are tired someone take me to my bed,
Mama bring me water and pour it on my head.
Mama dropped the gravy, I never seen her look so
scared.

The telephone was dangling as she reached out to the
air.

She didn't have to say a thing, I knew what was said.
There was thunder in the mountain and there's nintey
men dead.

Oh my mama's shaking, she's gonna fall apart..
Someone bring her whiskey and pour it on her heart.
But oh my legs are tired and my face is filthy black.
There's thunder in the mountain and their never
coming back.

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