

C.W. McCall **"Camp Bird Mine"**

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(C.W. McCall, Bill Fries, Chip Davis)

'Way out in Colorado
In the Camp Bird Mine
Down deep in the darkness
On level nine
Where the water trickles
An' your blood runs cold
There's a lonesome miner
Still lookin' for gold

He's way down deep...
In the Camp Bird Mine

He never sees the snowfall
Never knows the spring
'Cause its eternal midnight
Where he does his thing
He never feels the sunlight
Doesn't need the moon
He's had his lamp a-burnin'
Since 'ninety-two

He's way down deep...
In the Camp Bird Mine

Way down deep...
Way down deep...
Way down deep...
Way down...
In the Camp Bird Mine

They say you never see 'im
You just know he's there
But you can hear his hammer
In the devil's lair
Where the silver sparkles
An' your blood runs cold
There's a phantom miner
Still lookin' for gold

He's way down deep

In the Camp Bird Mine

Way down deep...

Way down deep...

Way down deep...

Way down deep...

In the Camp Bird Mine

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