

The Grateful Dead

"Casey Jones"

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I can't stay here much longer, Melinda
The sun is getting high
I can't help you with your troubles
If you won't help with mine
I gotta get down I gotta get down
Gotta get down to the mine
You keep me up just one more night
I can't stop here no more
Little Ben clock says quarter to eight
You kept me up till four
I gotta get down I gotta get down
Or I can't work there no more
Lotta poor man make a five dollar bill
Will keep him happy all the time
Some other fellow's making nothing at all
And you can hear him cry
Can I go, buddy, can I go down
Take your shift at the mine
Gotta get down to the Cumberland mine
That's where I mainly spend my time
Make good money, five dollars a day
If I made any more I might move away
Lotta poor man got the Cumberland Blues
He can't win for losing
Lotta poor man got to walk the line
Just to pay his union dues
I don't know now, I just don't know
If I'm coming back again
I don't know now, I just don't know
If I'm coming back again

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