**Mining Cropping**

*March 18, 2015*

Broke Out At Four.

Woke Up Old Cock To Crow.

Off To Gray Mountain Three Mile Deep Mine.

Just Like Each Day Next And To Come.

As Great Grand Pap. Grand Pap. Dad.

Before. Shovel Twenty Ton.

Number Nine Coal. Four Bits. An Hour.

Twelve Hours A Day.

Rent For An Old Company Shotgun Shack.

Bill At The Company Store.

Takes All Of My Pay.

Still Leaves. I.O.U.

Pick. Shovel. Sweat.

Can't Keep Up With Interest.

Not Sure Why Each Week More Shortfall Is Due.

Get Back At Five.

More Dead Than Alive.

Grab Three Hours Of Sleep.

Hitch Up The Mule.

Promises Yet To Keep.

Work Not Over Soon.

Share Cropping Back Woods Twenty Acre Patch.

Walk Hand Plow By Light Of The Moon.

Broken Soul. Spirit. Back.

Maybe Finish By One.

Sleep In My Clothes.

Two More Hours Before.

Up At Three. Chicory. White Bread. Lard Gravy.

Out The Door. N'er See The Sun.

Running Fast As I Can Run.

Still Falling Back.

Fate Won't Cut Me No Slack.

Still Got To Walk. Tow The Line.

Off To The Mine. Seven Mouths To Feed.

Trying To Scrounge Up Some Cheap Cotton Shirts.

Sack Cloth Overalls. Sow Hide Shoes.

Not Much Hope In My Head.

Half Done. Walking Dead.

Life Is Dark. Sad. Rough. Blue.

Don't Do No Good To Moan. Cry. Whine.

Just Plod On Alone.

Die Each Day In Dark Of Grey Mine.

Work Red Clay Neath The Moon.

Pray. For Deliverance. Soon.

No Hope. Nothing Looking Up. Nothing New.

Nothing Else I Can Do.