

Dogs at Midnight

Tom Paxton

You might hear dogs at midnight,
High up a treeless hill,
Workin' their own graveyard shift,
And howlin' out their fill,
While down below in Coal Town,
A woman lies awake,
And hears her sleeping husband fight
For every breath he takes.

Oh, the rockslide may not get you,
The fire might pass you by.
When the gas goes up,
It might not be your time to die;
But every year gets harder
To draw a simple breath
When the black lung gets you,
That's the kiss of death.

INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

You might see old men waiting
On the county courthouse green,
Tellin' tales at noontime
Of the bitter sights they've seen.
It makes a postcard picture there
Beside the courthouse door,
Unless you know just why they're waitin'
And what they're waitin' for.

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