**The Rothes Colliery**

The carriage hall’s three stories high

*Deep down under the ground*

Strip lights hanging from a coal black sky

*Down the Rothes Colliery*

Forbes promised them work for 100 years

*Deep down under the ground*

They built a town for volunteers

*Down the Rothes Colliery*

Even the monarch put in a shift

*Deep down under the ground*

Swapped her dress for a boiler suit

*Down the Rothes Colliery*

But Mother Nature got in the way

*Deep down under the ground*

And tried to wash that pit away

*Down the Rothes Colliery*

Saw it once when I was thirteen

*Deep down under the ground*

Changing bulbs on the end of a crane

*Down the Rothes Colliery*

No one there but my dad and me

*Deep down under the ground*

And the dark old promise of what could have been

*Down the Rothes Colliery*