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411 "Black Lung"

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My daddy he worked in a coal mine Twenty years nine to five It was dark And he died Darker than the lung Inside Darker than his face When he stepped out into the night Wiped the dust from his eyes

They said I cried But I don't remember The day that he died I was nine It was the day before his birthday And the day after mine Oh it was the day after mine

Just in between Isn't it funny how we like To create this balance in life sometimes With a six pack of beer He was spittin' in a tin And kissing my mama goodnight And she said to breathe But his lungs were full Of something instead of air She watched him fall It was sort of sweetly Neath the firelight Over the arm of his chair

And she said to breathe But his lungs were full Of something instead of air It was sort of sweetly She watched him fall And she said to breathe

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