

Joe Bonamassa

"Black Lung Heartache"

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Well, I'm a man of the mountain
I'm just made of dirt
Of this earth, I traveled
Like a shepherd and his herd

And I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache

I sleep in a modest house
These green hills I mind
And if I plow, who'll tend my children
Who will be by the side?

And I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache

I've shed many tears
Seems I can't shed no more
You can see them on the table
You can see 'em on the floor

And I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache

I've seen many men
They become hard as nails
Carrying their hammers
Like keys to a jail

Now I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache
Now I said so long, so long
Black lung heartache

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