

Kathy Mattea

"Black Lung/Coal"

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He's had more hard luck than most men could stand
The mines was his first love but never his friend
He's lived a hard life and hard he'll die
Black lung's done got him his time is nigh
Black lung, black lung, oh you're just bidin' your time
Soon all of this sufferin' I'll leave behind
But I can't help but wonder what God had in mind
To send such a devil to claim this soul of mine
He went to the boss man but he closed the door
Well, it seems you're not wanted when you're sick and
you're poor
You ain't even covered in their medical plans
And your life depends on the favors of man
Down in the poor house on starvation's plan
Where pride is a stranger and doomed is a man
His soul full of coal dust till his body's decayed
And everyone but black lung's done turned him away
Black lung, black lung, oh your hand's icy cold
As you reach for my life and you torture my soul
Cold as that water hole down in that dark cave
Where I spent my life's blood diggin' my own grave
Down at the graveyard the boss man came
With his little bunch of flowers, dear God what a shame
Take back those flowers, don't you sing no sad songs
The die has been cast now, a good man is gone
He's had more hard luck than most men could stand
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