

Kathy Mattea

"Blue Diamond Mines"

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I remember the ways in the bygone days
when we was all in our prime
When us and John L. we give the old man hell
down in the Blue Diamond Mine

Well the whistle would blow 'for the rooster crow
full two hours before daylight
When a man done his best and earned his good rest
at seven dollars a night

In the mines in the mines
in the Blue Diamond Mines
I worked my life away
In the mines in the mines
In the Blue Diamond Mines
I fall on my knees and pray.

You old black gold you've taken my lung

your dust has darkened my home
And now I am old and you've turned your back
where else can an old miner go

Well it's Algomor Block and Big Leather Woods
now its Blue Diamond too
The bits are all closed get another job
what else can an old miner do?

Now the union is dead and they shake their heads
well mining has had it's day
But they're stripping off my mountain top
and they pay me eight dollars a day

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