

Loretta Lynn "Coalminers Daughter"

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Coalminer's Daughter

Well I was born a coalminer's daughter
in a cabin on a hill in Butcher Holler
we were poor but we had love
that's the one thing that daddy make sure of
he shoveled coal to make a poor mans dollar
my daddy worked all night on in the Van Lear coalmine
all day long in the field a'howing corn
mommy rocked the babes at night
and read the bible by the coal oil light
and everything would start all over come break of
morn'
daddy loved and raised us kids on a miners pay
and mommy scrubed our clothes on a washboard
every day
well I'd seen her fingers bleed
to complain there was no need
she'd smile in mommies understanding way
In the summertime we didn't have shoes to wear
but in the wintertime we'd all got a brand new pair
from a mail order catalog, money made from sellin' a
hog
daddy always managed to get the money somewhere
Yeah I'm proud to be a coalminer's daughter
I remember well the well where I drew water
the work we've done was hard
at night we'd sleep 'cause we were tired
I never thought of ever leavein' Butcher Holler
Well a lot of things have changed since way back then
and it's so good to be back home again
not much left but the floor, nothin lives here any more
exept the memories of a coalminer's daughter

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