

Mike Stout

"29 Miners Buried And Gone"

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Twenty-nine more miners buried and gone;
Twenty-nine more miners never going back home.
Everyday workers, just like you and me,
Tryin' to bring home a paycheck to their family.

The coal dust and methane at too high a level,
At the Upper Branch Creek mine explodes in the well.
Sucks out the life from their lungs and their souls;
Twenty-nine more miners for a bucket of coal.
For two or three weeks, they're all over the news;
Call 'em heroes and martyrs, and victims too.
But when the media frenzy and circus subsides,
Who's gonna remember these guys?
Who's gonna remember these miners who died?

Mr. Blankenship and Massey at a press conference
declares,
With crocodile tears he acts like he cares.
Said he'll pay for the funerals and with the families he'll
mourn;
Then it's business as usual, there's profits to earn.
They'll pay off the judges and politicians they own;

The greed and corruption is very well known.
On a consumer code of silence is what they depend;
We know it, so let's don't pretend.
You and me know it so let's don't pretend.

They got the science, the knowledge, technology
today,
To make every coal mine productive and safe.
But when there's no regulation or enforcement in
place,
The miners' health and safety get's buried away.
Words will be written, songs will be sung;
Promises made, threats will be flung.
But when the dust settles, and all's said and done,
Where's the justice for the miners who are gone?
Who's gonna get justice for these miners who're gone?

Twenty-nine miners buried and gone;
Twenty-nine more miners never coming back home.

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