

Shredhead

"Black Lung"

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My daddy he worked in a coal mine
Twenty years nine to five
It was dark
And he died
Darker than the lung
Inside
Darker than his face
When he stepped out into the night
Wiped the dust from his eyes

They said I cried
But I don't remember
The day that he died
I was nine
It was the day before his birthday
And the day after mine
Oh it was the day after mine

Just in between
Isn't it funny how we like
To create this balance in life sometimes
With a six pack of beer
He was spittin' in a tin
And kissing my mama goodnight
And she said to breathe
But his lungs were full
Of something instead of air
She watched him fall
It was sort of sweetly
Neath the firelight
Over the arm of his chair

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But his lungs were full
Of something instead of air
It was sort of sweetly
She watched him fall
And she said to breathe

