

## The Folkmen "Blood On The Coal"

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It was April 27 in the year of 91  
Bout a mile below the surface and the warm kentucky  
sun  
The late shift was ending and the early shift was late.  
The foreman ate his dinner on a dirty tin plate

(Chorus:)

Blood on the tracks, blood in the mine,  
Brothers and sisters what a terrible time.  
Ole 97 went in the wrong hole,  
Now my number 60 has blood on the coal,  
Blood on the coal, blood on the coal.

The slag pits were steamin' it was 7:25,  
Every miner worked the coal face,  
Every one of them alive  
The train came round the corner,  
You could hear the tressel groan,  
But the switcher wasn't listnin' so he left the switch  
alone!

(Chorus)

The walls began to tremble and the men began to yell,  
You could hear that lonesome whistle like an echo  
out...well  
They dropped their picks and shovels and to safety  
they did run,  
For to stay among the living in the year of 91!

(Chorus)

An Irishman named Murphy said "I'll stop that iron  
horse!"  
And he stood to thwart it's passage,  
And it crushed him dead of course.

And I hope he hears the irony when e're this tale is told,  
The train that took his life was burning good  
Kentucky coal, Hey!

(Chorus)

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