

# U.S. Steel

Tom Russell

Homestead Pennsylvania, the home of the U.S. Steel  
And the men down at the Homestead Works  
Are sharing one last meal  
Sauerkraut and kielbasa, a dozen beers or more  
A hundred years of pouring slab,  
They're closing down the door  
And this mill won't run no more. There's silence in the valley, there's silence in the streets  
There's silence every night here upon these cold white sheets  
Were my wife stares out the window with a long and lonely stare  
She says "you kill yourself for 30 years but no one seems to care" You made their railroads rails and bridges,  
you ran their driving wheels  
And the towers of the Empire State are lined with Homestead Steel  
The Monongahela valley no longer hears the roar  
There is cottonwood and suemacway inside the slab mill door  
And this mill won't run no more.

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