

Coalmine

Sara Evans

Shotgun houses, shanty shacks
Countin' those ties on the railroad tracks
Thirty-four more, it's almost time
To see my baby walking out of thatCoalmine, covered with dust
T-shirt tired, all muscled up
All mine, head to toe
Come on, come on, whistle blowWell, I can't wait to get him home
Ain't gonna have nothing but the supper on
Gonna keep him busy till it's time
He goes back to that coalmineSome girls like them gussied up
Wearing all that smelly stuff
To me there's nothing quite so fine
As my man standing out in front of thatCoalmine, covered with dust
T-shirt tied, all muscled up
All mine, head to toe
Come on, come on whistle blowPower's out, well, that's all right
We'll make love by a miner's light
Gonna keep him busy till it's time
He goes back to that coalmineShotgun houses, shanty shacks
Countin' those ties on the railroad tracks
Just two more, it's almost time
To see my baby walking out of thatCoalmine, covered with dust
T-shirt tied, all muscled up
All mine, head to toe
Come on, come on whistle blowI don't want no white-collared man
Midnight, I like calloused hands
To keep me busy till it's time
He goes back to that coalmineCoal, coalmine, covered with dust
T-shirt tied, all muscled up
All mine, head to toe
Come on, come on whistle blowWell, I can't wait to get him home
Ain't gonna have nothing but the supper on
Power's out, well, that's all right
We'll make love by a miner's lightDon't want no white-collared man
Midnight, I like calloused handsI can't wait to get him home
Ain't gonna have nothing but the supper on
Power's out, well, that's all right
We'll make love by a miner's lightDon't want no white-collared man
Midnight, I like calloused hands

To keep me bust till it's time
He goes back to that coalmineCoalmine

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