

Blood On the Coal

The Folksmen

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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