

Black Lung Heartache

[Joe Bonamassa](#)

Well, I'm a man of the mountain
I'm just made of dirt
Of this earth, I traveled
Like a shepherd and his herd And I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache I sleep in a modest house
These green hills I mined
And if I plow, who'll tend my children
Who will be by their side? And I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache I've shed many tears
Seems I can't shed no more
You can see them on the table
You can see them on the floor And I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache I've seen many men
They become hard as nails
Carrying their hammers
Like keys to a jail Now I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache
Now I said so long, so long
Black lung heartache

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