Old King Coal

Sturgill Simpson

Many a man down in these here hills
made a living off that old black gold
Now there ain't nothing but welfare and pills
and the wind never felt so coldI'll be one of the first in a long long line
not to go down from that old black lung
My death will be slower than the rest of my kind
And my life will be sadder than the songs they all sungOld King Coal what are we gonna do
when the mountains are gone and so are youThey come from the city to lend a hand
carrying signs saying, Shut the mines down
We ain't looking for pity and you don't understand
So go back to your city now cause this ain't your town
My Great Grandfather spent his days in a coal mine
and his nights on the porch in a chair
Now he's in heaven and down here in hell
the rivers run muddy and the mountains are bare
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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