

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 that
Coalmine, covered with dust
T-shirt tired, all muscled up
All mine, head to toe
Come on, come on, whistle blow
Well, 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 coalmine
Some 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 that
Coalmine, covered with dust
T-shirt tied, all muscled up
All mine, head to toe
Come on, come on whistle blow
Power'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 coalmine
Shotgun houses, shanty shacks
Countin' those ties on the railroad tracks
Just two more, it's almost time
To see my baby walking out of that
Coalmine, covered with dust
T-shirt tied, all muscled up
All mine, head to toe
Come on, come on whistle blow
I 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 coalmine
Coal, coalmine, covered with dust
T-shirt tied, all muscled up
All mine, head to toe

Come on, come on whistle blow
Well, 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 light
Don't want no white-collared man
Midnight, I like calloused hands
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 light
Don't want no white-collared man
Midnight, I like calloused hands
To keep me bust till it's time
He goes back to that coalmine
Coalmine

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