

Working Man

Rita MacNeil & The Men of the Deeps

It's a working man I am
And I've been down under ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the sun
Or for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
I never again will go down under ground
At the age of sixteen years
Oh, he quarrels with his peers
Who vowed they'd never see another one
In the dark recess of the mines
Where you age before your time
And the coal dust lies heavy on your lungs

It's a working man I am
And I've been down under ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the sun
Or for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
I never again will go down under ground
At the age of sixty four
Oh, he'll greet you at the door
And he'll gently lead you by the arm
Through the dark recess of the mines
Oh, he'll take you back in time

And he'll tell you of the hardships that were had
It's a working man I am
And I've been down under ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the sun
Or for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
I never again will go down under ground

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It's a working man I am
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Or for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind

I never again will go down under ground
God, I never again will go down under ground
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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