

# Youngstown

## Dred Scott

Here in northeast Ohio  
Back in eighteen-o-three  
James and Dan Heaton  
Found the ore that was linin' Yellow Creek  
They built a blast furnace  
Here along the shore  
And they made the cannonballs  
That helped the Union win the warHere in Youngstown  
Here in Youngstown  
My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin' down  
Here darlin' in YoungstownWell my daddy worked the furnaces  
Kept 'em hotter than hell  
I come home from 'Nam worked my way to scarfer  
A job that'd suit the devil as well  
Taconite coke and limestone  
Fed my children and make my pay  
Them smokestacks reachin' like the arms of God  
Into a beautiful sky of soot and clayHere in Youngstown  
Here in Youngstown  
Sweet Jenny I'm sinkin' down  
Here darlin' in YoungstownWell my daddy come on the Ohio works  
When he come home from World War Two  
Now the yard's just scrap and rubble  
He said "Them big boys did what Hitler couldn't do."  
These mills they built the tanks and bombs  
That won this country's wars  
We sent our sons to Korea and Vietnam  
Now we're wondering what they were dyin' forHere in Youngstown  
Here in Youngstown  
My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin' down  
Here darlin' in YoungstownFrom the Monongahela valley  
To the Mesabi iron range  
To the coal mines of Appalachia  
The story's always the same  
Seven hundred tons of metal a day  
Now sir you tell me the world's changed  
Once I made you rich enough  
Rich enough to forget my nameAnd Youngstown  
And Youngstown

My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin' down  
Here darlin' in Youngstown When I die I don't want no part of heaven  
I would not do heaven's work well  
I pray the devil comes and takes me  
To stand in the fiery furnaces of hell

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