

Youngstown

Mark Gothard

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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