

# Coalmine

## Armchair Cynics

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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