Coal War

Joshua James

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I ain't cutting my hair till the good lord comes.
I ain't cutting my hair till the good lord comes.I ain't cutting my hair till the good lord comes
Arrive upon the mountain just to see what we have done,
I ain't cutting my hair, cutting till the good lord comes.
I ain't open my eyes till we all walk free.I ain't cutting my hair till the good lord comes
Arrive upon the mountain just to see what we have done,
I ain't cutting my hair, cutting till the good lord comes.
I ain't open my eyes till we all walk free.I ain't open my eyes till we all walk free
Till the color of our skin it don't mean a damn thing.
I ain't open my eyes, open till we all walk free.
I ain't pickin' up a paper till the wild wind blows.I ain't open my eyes till we all walk free
Till the color of our skin it don't mean a damn thing.
I ain't open my eyes, open till we all walk free.
I ain't pickin' up a paper till the wild wind blows.I ain't pickin' up a paper till the wild wind blows
Till we should say what we should say, till we know what we should know.
I ain't pickin' up a paper, pickin' till the wild wind blows.
'Cause it's a coal, it's a coal war.
'Cause it's a coal, it's a coal war.I ain't cutting my hair till the good lord comes
Arrive upon the mountain just to see what we have done,
I ain't cutting my hair, cutting till the good lord comes.I ain't cutting my hair till the good lord comes
Arrive upon the mountain just to see what we have done,
I ain't cutting my hair, cutting till the good lord comes.If we don't walk free with hand in heart, it's time.
If we cannot see all we destroy, we're blind.
It's not the hand that cuts, it's the heart we left behind
It's not the hand that cuts, it's the hatred deep inside.
Five dollars and a head to keep,
With dull black scissors and some kerosene
You burnt the house, but you came to bid him well.What a thing to tell, "Store poison in the well."
Just to say, just to say, just to say, just to say
I ain't cutting my hair till the good lord comes.What a thing to tell, "Store poison in the well."
Just to say, just to say, just to say, just to say
I ain't cutting my hair till the good lord comes.I ain't cutting my hair till the good lord comes

Arrive upon the mountain just to see what we have done,
I ain't cutting my hair, cutting till the good lord comes.
Til the good lord comes.

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