

Badlees, Diamonds in the Coal

My name is Jackson Jameson, a coal miner by trade
From a part of Pennsylvania even Jesus couldn't save
With towns named after Indian chiefs and Union Army generals
It's nowhere in particular but everywhere in general

History says Americans, we have the right to choose
But they never mention those of us whose opinions aren't used

Well, the big flood came in '72 and tore the railroad bridges down
Washed away our only means of getting shipments out of town
And the government won't subsidize rebuilding the Central Line
So there's barroom fights and anthracite and loads of extra time

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There's diamonds in the coal everybody ignores
A man never finds what he ain't looking for
A tree only grows if you nurture the seed
There's too many gems this world doesn't need

The people left like rainwater flowing through an open drain
But here I sit too proud to admit and too damn old to change
Now, the monuments at Gettysburg keep the tourists going there
But we died too slow and quietly for anyone to care

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