

Bernd Wahlbrinck, Industrial Revolution

I ain't gonna work in this coalmine no more
I said, I ain't gonna work in this-here coalmine no more
I'm working all my fingers simply down to the bone
Here at this dark coal-face, always alone

There's coal dust in my lungs
And coal dust in my brain
"Why, that's all part of a revolution
Called Industrial", they claim.

My wife ain't gonna work in this coalmine no more
I said, my wife ain't gonna work in this-here coalmine no more
She's going down to the mine shaft all day
She's harnessed like a horse, so why should she expect more pay?!

There's coal dust in her lungs
And coal dust in her brain
"Why, that's all part of a revolution
Called Industrial", they claim.

My kids ain't gonna work in this coalmine no more
I said, my kids ain't gonna work in this-here coalmine no more
They're lowered into Hell before the sun begins to rise
Crawlin' out like rats they see the moon up in the sky.

There's coal dust in their lungs
And coal dust in their brain
"Why, that's all part of a revolution
Called Industrial", they claim.