

# Loretta Lynn, Coal Miner's Daughter

(Loretta Lynn)

Well I was born the coal miner's daughter in a cabin on a hill in Butcher Holler  
We were poor but we had love that's the one thing that daddy made sure of  
He shovel coal to make a poor man's dollar  
My daddy worked all night in the Vanleer coal mine all day long in the field hoein' corn  
Mommie rocked the baby that night and read the Bible by the coal oil light  
And everything would start all over come break of morn  
Daddy loved and raised eight kids on a miner's pay  
Mommie scrubbed our clothes on a washboard everyday  
Why I've seen her fingers bleed to complain there was no need  
She's smiled in mommie's understanding way  
In the summertime we didn't have shoes to wear  
But in the wintertime we'd all get a brand new pair  
From a mail order catalog money made by selling a hog  
Daddy always managed to get the money somewhere  
Yeah I'm proud to be a coal miner's daughter  
I remember well the well where I drew water  
The work we done was hard at night we'd sleep cause we were tired  
I never thought I'd ever leave the Butcher Holler  
But a lots of things have changed since the way back then  
And it's so good to be back home again  
Not much left but the floor nothing lives there anymore  
Just the mem'ries of a coal miner's daughter