

# Norma Jean, Coal Miner's Daughter

Well I was born a 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 shoveled coal to make a poor man's dollar

My Daddy worked all night in the Van Lear coal mine all day long in the field hoein' corn  
Mommy rocked the babies at 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  
Mommy scrubbed our clothes on a wash board everyday  
Well I've seen her fingers bleed to complain there was no need  
She'd smile in mommy's understanding way

In the summer time we didn't have shoes to wear  
But in the wintertime we'd all get a brand new pair  
From the mail order catalog money made from 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 of ever leavin' 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  
Except the memories of a coal miner's daughter