

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