

Coal

Tyler Childers

God made coal for the men who sold their lives to West Van Lear
And you keep on digging til you get down there
Where it's darker than your darkest fears
And that woman in the kitchen
She keeps on cookin', but she ain't had meat in years
Just live off bread, live off hope, and a pool of a million tears

Now lemme tell you something about the gospel
And make sure that you mark it down
When God spoke out "Let there be light"
He put the first of us in the ground

And we'll keep on digging 'til the coming Lord Gabriel's trumpet sounds
'Cause if you ain't mining for the company, boy
There ain't much in this town

We coulda made something of ourselves out there if we'd listened to the folks that knew
That coal is gonna bury you

Now it's darker than a dungeon
And it's deeper than a well
So sometimes I imagine that I'm getting pretty close to Hell
And in my darkest hour I cry out to the Lord
He says "Keep on a'mining, boy, 'cause that's why you were born"

We coulda made something of ourselves out there if we'd listened to the folks that knew
That coal is gonna bury you