

## Coal Not Dole

Chumbawamba

They stand so proud, the wheels so still  
A ghost-like figure on the hill  
It seems so strange there is no sound  
Now there are no men underground  
What will become of this pit yard?  
Where men once trampled faces hard  
So tired and weary their shift's done  
Never having seen the sun  
There'll always be a happy hour  
For those with money, jobs and power  
They'll never realise the hurt  
They cause to men they treat like dirt  
Will it become a sacred ground?  
Foreign tourists gazing round  
Asking if men once worked here  
Way beneath this pit-head gear  
Empty trucks once filled with coal  
Lined up like men on the dole  
Will they ever be used again?  
Or left for scrap just like the men?  
There'll always be a happy hour  
For those with money, jobs and power  
They'll never realise the hurt  
They cause to men they treat like dirt