

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