

# Coal Miner's Daughter

Conway Twitty

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 Vanleer coal mine  
All day long in the field a-hoin' corn  
Mommie rocked the babies at night  
And read the Bible by the coal-oil light  
And ever'thing would start all over come break of morn'.

Daddy loved and raised eight kids on a miner's pay  
Mommie scrubbed our clothes on a washboard ever' day  
Why, I've seen her fingers bleed  
To complain there was no need  
She'd smile in Mommie's understanding way.

In the summertime we didn't have shoes to wear  
But in the wintertime we'd all get a brand new pair  
From a mail order catalog  
Money made from sellin' 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 leaving Butcher Holler.

Well, a lot of things have changed since way back then  
And it's so good to be back home again  
Not much left but the floor  
Nothing lives here anymore  
Except the mem'ries of a coal miner's daughter.