

Black Lung Heartache

Joe Bonamassa

Well I'm a man of the mountain
I'm just made of dirt
Of this Earth I traveled
Like a shepherd and his herd

And I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache

I sleep in a modest house
These green hills I mind
And if I plow tend my children
Who will be by the side?

And I said hang on, hang on
Black Lung Heartache

I've shed many tears
Seems I can't shed no more
You can see them on the table
You can see 'em on the floor

Now I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache

I've seen many men
They become hard as nails
Carrying the hammers like keys to a jail

Now I said hang on, hang on
Black lung heartache

Now I said so long, so long
Black lung heartache