

Blue Diamond Mines

Kathy Mattea

I remember the ways in the by gone days
When we were in our prime
How us and John L
Give the old man hell
Down in the blue diamond mine

Well the whistle blowed
And the rooster crowed
Two hours before daylight
When a man done his best
And he earned his good rest
Made seventeen dollars at night

In the mines, in the mines
In the blue diamond mines
I worked my life away
In the mines, in the mines
In the blue diamond mines
Fall on your knees and pray

You old black gold
You've taken my lungs
And your dust has darkened my home
And now that we're old
Your turning your back
Where else can an old miner go?

Well its almalblock and big leatherwood
And now it's blue diamond too
Well the pits are all closed
And it's get another job
What else can an older miner do?

John M had a dream
But it is broken it seems
Mining has had it's day
But they're stripping off my mountaintop
And they pay me eight dollars a day

I've did a little pogo of welfare meals
A little pogo of welfare flour
But I tell you right now
You won't qualify until you work for a quarter an hour