

## Come All Ye Coal Miners

Panopticon

Come all you coal miners wherever you may be and listen  
to a story that I'll relate to thee.

My name is nothing extra, but the truth to you I'll  
tell I'm a coal miner's son. I'm sure I wish you well.  
I was born in old Kentucky, in a coal camp born and  
bred.

I know all about the pinto beans, bulldog gravy and  
corn bread.

And I know how the coal miners slave and work in the  
coal mines every day for a dollar in the company store,  
for that is all they pay.

Coal mining is the most dangerous work in our land  
today with plenty of dirty, slaving work and very  
little pay.

Coal miner, won't you wake up and open your eyes and  
see what the dirty capitalist system is doing to you  
and me.

They take your very life's blood, they take our  
children's lives.

They take fathers away from children, and husbands away  
from wives.

Oh miner, won't you organize wherever you may be and  
make this land of freedom for workers like you and me.  
Dear miner, they will slave you till you can't work no  
more.

And what'll you get for your living but a dollar in the  
company store?

A rundown shack to live in, snow and rain pours in the  
top.

You have to pay the company rent, your payin' never  
stops.

I am a coal miner's son. I'm sure I wish you well.  
Let's sink this capitalist system in the darkest pits  
of hell.