

# Coalmine

Sara Evans

Shotgun houses, shanty shacks  
Countin' those ties on the railroad track  
Thirty-four more, it's almost time  
To see my baby walking out of that

Coalmine, covered with dust  
T-shirt tired, all muscled up  
All mine, head to toe  
Come on, come on, whistle, blow  
I can't wait to get him home  
Ain't gonna have nothing but the supper on  
Gonna keep him busy 'til its time  
He goes back to that coalmine

Some girls like them gussied up  
Wearing all that smelly stuff  
To me there's nothing quite so fine  
As my man standing in front of that

Coalmine, covered with dust  
T-shirt tied, all muscled up  
All mine, head to toe  
Come on, come on whistle, blow  
Power's out, well that's all right  
We'll make love by a miner's light  
Gonna keep him busy 'til its time  
He goes back to that coalmine

Shotgun houses, shanty shacks  
Countrin' those ties on the railroad track  
Just two more, it's almost time  
To see my baby walking out of that

Coalmine, covered with dust  
T-shirt tied, all muscled up  
All mine, head to tow  
Come on, come on whistle, blow  
Don't want no white-collared man  
Midnight, I like calloused hands  
To keep me busy 'til its time  
He goes back to that coalmine

I can't wait to get him home  
Ain't gonna have nothing but the supper on  
Power's out, well that's all right  
We'll make love by a miner's light  
Don't want no white-collared man  
Midnight, I live calloused hands  
To keep me bust 'til its time  
He goes back to that coalmine