

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