

# 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