

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.