

# Dark Black Coal

Logan Halstead

Well, you ain't got no life anymore  
Each day in a dark coal mine  
Working away every day  
With your wife and kids on your mind  
You wake up in the morning and grab your hard hat  
Pray that you make it back home  
Your body is aching and you just can't take it  
Mining that dark black coal

Dark black coal, take my soul  
Owe it to you anyways  
Just don't let my children become the victims  
Of the mountain's evil ways

And you miss being younger, a boy with a hunger  
To get far away from this town  
You never knew how or why or when  
Just knew that you'd make it somehow  
Now twenty years older, shoulder to shoulder  
With boys who we're just like you  
And spend their life underground  
Proving their collars are blue

Dark black coal, take my soul  
Owe it to you anyways  
Just don't let my children become the victims  
Of the mountain's evil ways