

# Coalman Blues

Ralph McTell

Woke up this morning 'bout five o'clock  
Got me some eggs and a nice pork chop  
Cheap cigar and a magazine  
Had to run pretty fast to catch the five-fifteen

Let me tell you something that I've seen  
The coal man got run over by the five-fifteen  
It cut off his arms and it crushed his ribs  
Did the poor man die? No, the poor man lived

Let me tell you something that I know  
The coal man got run over by the five-fourty-four  
It cut off his arms and it crushed his head  
Did the poor man die? No, the poor man lived

Hard coal and your stovewood, ma'am  
Hard coal and your stovewood, ma'am  
I ain't got but a little bit left  
If you don't come get it, gonna burn it myself

Put the wood in the stove and the match in your hand  
The wood in the stove and the match in your hand  
The wood in the stove and the match in your hand  
You run to the door and stop the coal man

I sell it to the rich and I sell it to the poor  
I sell it to the rich and I sell it to the poor  
I sell it to the rich and I sell it to the poor  
I sell it to the nice brown standing in the door

Furnish your wood and furnish your coal  
I furnish your wood and I furnish your coal  
I furnish your wood and I furnish your coal  
I make you love me, doggone your soul

Got your water, I've got your gas  
I've got your water and I've got your gas  
I've got your water, I've got your gas  
You mistreat me, mama, well, that's your last

Let me tell you, mama, what's the matter now?  
Let me tell you, mama, what's the matter now?  
Let me tell you, mama, what's the matter now?  
You don't want me? Take me anyhow

Sweet mama, sweet mama, what is on your mind?  
Sweet mama, sweet mama, what is on your mind?  
Sweet mama, sweet mama, what is on your mind?  
You can't quit me, no need of tryin'

I went down the road, I was feelin' bad  
Went down the road, I was feelin' bad  
I went down the road, I was feelin' bad  
And I feel so worried as I ever have had

Goin' away and it won't be long  
Goin' away and it won't be long

Goin' away and it won't be long  
Don't believe I'm leavin', count the days I'm gone