

# Coal

Tyler Childers

God made coal for the men who sold their lives to West Van Lear  
And you keep on digging til you get down there  
Where it's darker than your darkest fears  
And that woman in the kitchen  
She keeps on cookin', but she ain't had meat in years  
Just live off bread, live off hope, and a pool of a million tears

Now lemme tell you something about the gospel  
And make sure that you mark it down  
When God spoke out "Let there be light"  
He put the first of us in the ground

And we'll keep on digging 'til the coming Lord Gabriel's trumpet sounds  
'Cause if you ain't mining for the company, boy  
There ain't much in this town

We coulda made something of ourselves out there if we'd listened to the folks that knew  
That coal is gonna bury you

Now it's darker than a dungeon  
And it's deeper than a well  
So sometimes I imagine that I'm getting pretty close to Hell  
And in my darkest hour I cry out to the Lord  
He says "Keep on a'mining, boy, 'cause that's why you were born"

We coulda made something of ourselves out there if we'd listened to the folks that knew  
That coal is gonna bury you