Coal Miner's Daughter – Loretta Lynn

G C G
Well, I was born a coal miner's daughter…
(G) A D
In a cabin on a hill in Butcher Holler…
(D) G
We were poor but we had love…
(G) C G
That's the one thing my Daddy made sure of…
(G) D G
He shoveled coal to make a poor man's dollar…

G C G
My daddy worked all night in the Van Lear coal mine…
(G) A D
All day long in the field hoeing corn…
(D) G
Mama rocked the baby at night…
(G) C G
Read the Bible by a coal oil light…
(G) D G
And everything would start all over come break of morn…

G C G
Daddy loved and raised eight kids on a coal miner's pay…
(G) A D
Mama scrubbed our clothes on a washboard every day…
(G) C G
I've seen her fingers bleed…
(G) C G
To com-plain there was no need…
(G) D G
She'd smile in Mama's understanding way…

G C G
In the summertime we didn't have no shoes to wear…
(G) A D
But in the wintertime we'd all get a brand new pair…
(G) C G
From a mail-order catalogue, money made by selling a hog…
(G) D G
Daddy always seemed to get the money somewhere…
Coal Miner's Daughter – continued…

G C G
I'm proud to be a coal miner's daughter…

(G) A D
I remember well, the well where I drew water…

G
The work we done was hard…

(G) C G
At night we'd sleep, cause we were tired…

(G) D G
I never thought I'd ever leave Butcher Holler…

G C G
Well a lot of things have changed, since way back when…

(G) A D
And it's so good to be back home a-gain…

G
Not much left but the floor…

G C G
Nothing lives here any-more…

G D G
Just a memory of a coal miner's daughter…

The End….

Chord & Lyrics sheet by Tom Arri: www.banjotom2.com