

## 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**  
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...

