Coal Miner's Daughter Lyrics

by Loretta Lynn

Well, I was borned a coal miner's daughter

In a cabin, on a hill in Butcher Holler

We were poor but we had love,

That's the one thing that daddy made sure of

He shoveled coal to make a poor man's dollar

My daddy worked all night in the Van Lear coal mines

All day long in the field a hoin' corn

Mommy rocked the babies at night

And read the Bible by the coal oil light

And ever' thing would start all over come break of morn

Daddy loved and raised eight kids on a miner's pay

Mommy scrubbed our clothes on a washboard ever' day

Why I've seen her fingers bleed

To complain, there was no need

She'd smile in mommy's understanding way

In the summertime we didn't have shoes to wear

But in the wintertime we'd all get a brand new pair

From a mail order catalog

Money made from selling a hog

Daddy always managed to get the money somewhere

Yeah, I'm proud to be a coal miner's daughter

I remember well, the well where I drew water

The work we done was hard

At night we'd sleep 'cause we were tired

I never thought of ever leaving Butcher Holler

Well a lot of things have changed since a way back then

And it's so good to be back home again

Not much left but the floor, nothing lives here anymore

Except the memory of a coal miner's daughter

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