

**WEST VIRGINIA  
MUSIC  
HALL OF FAME**



**Song  
Lyrics**

# Hazel Dickens



## **Clay County Miner**

by Hazel Dickens

He's a poor man 'cause mining's all he's known  
And miners don't get rich loadin' coal.  
He's a sick man 'cause that coal dust took its stand  
And he don't expect to get no help from that operator man.

Chorus:

Well, it's goodbye old-timer, I guess our time has come.  
Those waterholes, that dirty coal dust eatin' up our lungs.  
We'll leave this world just as poor as the day we saw the sun.  
Well, it's goodbye, old-timer, all your mining is done.

I remember the time when I could load more coal than any man.  
Now my health is gone buried in, down in that dirty ground.  
And they've taken away my rights and privilege to be a man.  
But I know that I can't tell all that to that operator man.

Remember, old timer, when we were little kids  
And we'd talk about mining days when we got grown and big.  
But now we're old broken men. They don't need us around  
Though we gave our lives to make them rich, they won't give us a  
dime.

Chorus