

A Working Man

Written by: Rita MacNeill



It's a [G] working man I [G7] am
And I've [C] been down under [G] ground
And I swear to God if ever see the [D7] sun
Or for [G] any length of [G7] time
I can [C] hold it in my [G] mind
I never again will [D7] go down under [G] ground

At the [G] age of sixteen [G7] years
Oh he [C] quarrels with his [G] peers
Who vowed they'd never see another [D7] one
In the [G] dark recess of the [G7] mines
Where you [C] age before your [G] time
And the coal dust lies [D7] heavy on your [G] lungs

It's a [G] working man I [G7] am
And I've [C] been down under [G] ground
And I swear to God if ever see the [D7] sun
Or for [G] any length of [G7] time
I can [C] hold it in my [G] mind
I never again will [D7] go down under [G] ground

At the [G] age of sixty-[G7] four
Oh he'll [C] greet you at the [G] door
And he'll gently lead you by the [D7] arm
Through the [G] dark recess of the [G7] mines
Oh he'll [C] take you back in [G] time
And he'll tell you of the [D7] hardships that were [G] had

It's a [G] working man I [G7] am
And I've [C] been down under [G] ground
And I swear to God if ever see the [D7] sun
Or for [G] any length of [G7] time
I can [C] hold it in my [G] mind
I never again will [D7] go down under [G] ground

I never again will [D7] go down under [G] ground
God I [G] never again will [D7] go down under [C] gro[G]nd