

COAL MINER'S WIFE

Everyday is the same, for a coal miner's wife.
Alarm goes off, time to get up. Start another day in your life.

Gather his clothes, fix his bucket or more.
Before you know it, you're there at the door.

With a hug and an extra kiss, he's off on his way.
Leaving to work again, for another long tiresome day.

As you watch him get in his vehicle, then pull from the drive.
You can't help but wonder, "Will I get to again see him alive?"

He travels down the shaft, of that deep dark hole.
Dark enough, for only a mole.

So you go on with your tasks, all through the day.
You catch yourself at times, just to stop and pray.

"Lord protect him in the mines, hide him inside your mighty hand.
Because I sure love him, and want to see him home again."

So don't take it for granite, when he returns home through your door.
It's only the grace of God, that we're together once more.

Written by Elisabeth James

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