

Working Man

Chorus

G
It's a workin' man I am
C G
And I've b'n down under-ground,
D
And I swear to God if I ever see the sun,
G
Or for any length of time,
C G
I can hold it in my mind,
D G
I never again will go down under-ground.

At the age of sixteen years,
C G
He quarrelled with his peers,
D
Who vowed they'd never be another one.
G
In the dark recess of the mine,
C G
Where you age before your time,
D G
And the coal dust lies heavy on your lungs.

Chorus

At the age of sixty-four,
C G
He will greet you at the door,

And he will gently lead you by the arm, ^D
Through the ^G dark recess of the mine,
He will take you back in time, ^C ^G
And tell you of the hardships that were had. ^D ^C

Chorus x2