

THE GRIMETHORPE MILLIONAIRE Capo III Am
©Elizabeth Padgett 23 May 2006 La Jeusseliniere, France

Am G Am G
Born in Wharncliffe's shadow in the Old Long Row
Am G Am Em
At fourteen I was driving a pony
Am G C D
I followed my father down to the face
C D C D
Chained to the coal, bound to the mine
Am G Am Em
Forty-four years till clocking-off time
Am G Am G
They used me but they didn't own me.

Ena was an orphan by seventeen
We took on her three brothers when we wed
Loved her as my life almost fifty years
The love she gave, the life we made
Still worked at the pit so the bills got paid
But I savoured every minute we shared.

Our own three kids filled the next thirty years
Not poor, not rich but happy we would say
We thrived in our close-knit community
Good neighbours all, we did our bit
I work now with my neighbours at the local pit
Each Grimethorpe Millionaire will have his day.

I thought I'd be lost when retirement came
But God had other plans, it seemed, for me
Ena's health had gone, the kids all grown
Seven days a week, I had to stay strong
No shift down any mine was ever so long
Till after twenty years he set us free.

What can this old miner when his life's work's gone
No pit, no precious Love to hold me here
The kids had other thoughts, still needed me around
With each in turn, I spent my time
Doing my duty like I did down the mine
Still looking to my future without fear.

So now here I lie in my bed of pain
Seeing in their tearful eyes what I well know
They need not worry, I have no regrets
I've lived my life, they will be fine
It won't be long now till clocking-off time
This old miner knows just where he wants to go
This old miner knows just where he wants to go
This old miner's going where he wants to go