In the key of F (capo 5^{th} fret), shapes shown.

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Em
Well they built the street I live on for the gold they found beneath it
For to house the men who risked their lives to bring it over ground
And communities were built upon the passing generations
                         Am
Like the father like the son for there was nothing else around
                          Em
As the greedy mouth of industry ate all they put before it
                         Em
It was hard and it was dangerous but it fed the family
And they sacrificed their health upon the alter of the black dust
For the town would go on breathing whilst the pithead wheels turned 'round
                       Em
Well as the years advanced so did the way we'd heat our houses
                              Am
Did the way we fuelled the lamps that lit the streets, that lit the town
And they talked of cleaner, safer ways; they talked of economics
So in preparation of the ire, their stockpile was abound
                             Em
And as Margaret looked on with disdain, communities divided
                          Em
There was violence; there was terror, accusation and blind fear
So they scrapped and scraped and stood their ground for twelve long months like brothers
For the town would go on breathing, whilst the pithead wheels turned 'round.
                       Em
Now some will say it had to be, the unions needed breaking
But that doesn't help the innocent when work cannot be found
Men who worked the face for thirty years, unskilled in other matters
                          Am
Told to train again near fifty years to earn an honest pound
How it broke my heart to hear a broken man recount the story
"It was always winner take all; well we lost and they took it all
So two decades on when Ellington's last shift rose to the surface
Many towns no longer breathing, no more pithead wheels turned 'round
All the ruin, all the broken shattered lives that she delivered
Many towns no longer breathing, no more pithead wheels turned 'round
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