

The Road Not Taken

Bruce Hornsby

Down in the southwest Virginia town of Richlands
I fell in love with an Appalachian girl
She lived in a long line of little row houses
On the side of an old strip mining hill
She walked along on the jagged ridge
And looked as far as she could see
But the hills out there so up and down
You only see as far as the next big ridge

Everytime I see her face
On the street in the hollow of on the hill
Another time and another place
I feel her in my heart still
Everytime I see her face
On the street in the hollow in the bend
I see her in my mind and then
I go down the road not taken...again

Oh the coal dust settles on the window display
They have to change it about every other day
Some things never change way out here
An outsider could always remain that way
She walked along on the jagged ridge
She told me she was thinking of me
But every time I tried to take her away
She always ran back to the rocks and the trees

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Oh I went back there after many years
So curious and so secretly
As I looked on I held back a tear
The road not taken overcoming me
Oh I saw her she was sitting there
Older, thinner on the front porch
It seemed the light a little brighter there
Or maybe I still carried the forgotten torch

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