

# 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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I go down the road not taken...again

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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