

# The Mountain

Steve Earle

I was born on this mountain, a long time ago  
Before they knocked down the timber and they strip-  
mined the coal  
When you rose in the mornin', before it was light  
To go down in that dark hole, come back up at night

I was born on this mountain, this mountain's my home  
And she holds me and keeps me from worry and woe  
Well, they took everything that she gave, now they're gone  
But I'll die on this mountain, this mountain's my home

I was young on this mountain, now I am old  
And I knew every hollow, every cool swimmin' hole  
'Til one night I lay down and woke up to find  
That my childhood was over, I went down in the mine

I was born on this mountain, this mountain's my home  
And she holds me and keeps me from worry and woe  
Well, they took everything that she gave, now they're gone  
But I'll die on this mountain, this mountain's my home

There's a hole in this mountain, dark and it's deep  
And God only knows all the secrets it keeps  
There's a chill in the air, only miners can feel  
And there're ghosts in the tunnels that the company sealed

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