

## New Cut Road

Guy Clark

Coleman Bonner was a fiddle playin' fool  
A backwoods rounder and a breaker of mules  
Coleman Bonner's got a wore out bow  
He's been playin two days down the new cut road

Coleman's little sister said you better act right Coleman  
Daddy;s gone to Louisville He'll be back tonight  
He's gonna get another wagon and a good pair of mules  
And we gonna move to Texas we just waitin' on you

Coleman's daddy he pulled up in the yard  
He said pack up you lives kids it's gettin' to hard  
Kentucky's alright but there's too many people  
Just the other day I thought I saw a church steeple

Coleman said daddy you don't neet to worry 'bout me  
I'm gonna stay here in Kentucky till the day I d.  
I'm gonna drink that sourmash and race that mare  
I got me a woman with the fox red hair

Y'all been movin' west since the day you go married  
Well I'm gettin' off the wagon daddy I'm too old to be carried  
I'm gonna stay here in Kentucky where the bluegrass grows  
And I'm gonna play it all night down the new cut road

Coleman's daddy said now what's it all comin' to  
Young people these days are as stubborn as mules  
You can't make him go he's too old for that  
It's that damned old fiddle and that bowler hat

Coleman's mama said le the boy stay cause  
He's raised up right and he can find his own way  
But as for me honey I'm with you  
I always thought Kentucky was just passin' through

Coleman's little sister started in a crying  
And his daddy shook his head for the very last time  
Coleman's mama said somebody's gotta do it  
There wouldn't be no Kentucky unless you didn't stick to it Col  
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Coleman Bonner stood on the porch of that cabin  
And watched em all go to Texas in a covered wagon  
He pulled out his fiddle and rosined up his bow  
And played a little tune called the New Cut Road