

# Paradise

John Denver

When I was a child, my family would travel  
Down to western Kentucky where my parents were born  
And there's a backwards old town that's often remembered  
So many times that my mem'ries are worn

And daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay  
Well, I'm sorry, my son, but you're too late in asking  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

Well sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River  
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill  
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols  
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill

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And the coal company came with the world's largest shovel  
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land  
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken  
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man

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