

Appalachian Pride

June Carter Cash

Now I'll tell you in Chicago boys, I was broken man
Dirty movies, credit cards and bills past due again
And that son of mine spit in my face and then I tanned his eye
He got a taste of Appalachian pride

That sassy son of mine, he was more than I could take
I loaded wife and kids and dogs and then I pulled up stakes
Back home here in the old home 'stead I've kept him by my side
And filled him with my Appalachian pride

We're praising God in everything we do
Thankful we had this to come back to
We don't have much money, but we're dignified
And happy in our Appalachian pride

There's hell mud in the smoke house, some flower in the ban
Molasis, cans and beans until crop comes in
The kids back in that bedroom, they finally understand
The pride of an Appalachian man

Now we don't live on welfare, we don't need the checks no more
We got sick of bill collectors a-banging on the door
We'll break our backs from dusk till dawn and God is on our side
And we'll make it just on Appalachian pride

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