

# Black Waters

Kathy Mattea

I come from the mountains, Kentucky's my home  
Where the wild deer and the black bear so lately did roam  
By the cool rushing waterfall the wildflowers dream  
And through every green valley, there runs a clear stream  
Now there's scenes of destruction on every hand  
And only black waters run down through my land

Sad scenes of destruction on every hand  
Black waters, black waters, run down through my land

Oh the quail, she's a pretty bird, she sings a sweet tongue  
In the roots of tall timber she nests with her young  
Then the hillside explodes with the dynamite's roar  
And the voice of the small bird is heard there no more  
Then the mountain comes tumbling so awful and grand  
And the poison black waters run down through my land

Sad scenes of destruction on every hand  
Black waters, black waters, run down through my land

In the coming of the springtime we planted our corn  
In the ending of the springtime we buried a son  
In the summer come a nice man, says everything's fine  
My employer just requires a way to his mine

Then they blew down the timber and covered my corn  
And the grave on the hillside's a mile deeper down  
And the man stands and talks with his hat in his hand  
As the poison black waters rise over my land

Sad scenes of destruction on every hand  
Black waters, black waters, run down through my land

Well I don't have much money, not much of a home  
I own my own land, but my land's not my own  
But, if I had ten million, somewhere's thereabouts  
Well, I'd buy Perry county and I'd drive 'em all out  
Then I'd sit on the bank with my bait and my can  
And watch the clear waters run down through my land

Well, wouldn't that be just like the old promised land?  
Black waters, black waters no more in my land  
Black waters, black waters no more in my land