

## Paradise

Pat Green

When I was a child, my family would travel  
To western Kentucky, where my parents were born  
And there's a backward old town that's often remembered  
So many times that my memories are worn

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

Well sometimes we'd float right down the Green River  
To an abandoned old prison down by Atry 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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Then 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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When I die let my ashes float down the Green River  
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam  
I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waitin'  
Just five miles away from wherever I am

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