Below

Slaid Cleaves

There's an old dirt road, just off route nine
Fades into the lake, at the low water line
Sometimes I wander down that road alone
Remembering the town, that I once called homeI grew up in the valley, every neighbor a friend
Until the modern world started creeping in
One day came the lawyers, with cash in hand
They swore that our village would light up the landThe dusky waters move cold and slow
And the ghosts of a village still wander below
Homesteads of families and friends forever more
Haunting the valley below this sparkling shoreSurrounding the valley was a painted red line
Drawn by company men like marking a crime
A silent reminder that all inside it must go
Or be lost to the rising dead river's flowSome folks too the money, started grinding gears
While the rest of us held out, twenty odd years
We watched our town, like a photograph fade
As the company came, to take it all awayThey tore down the church, the schoolhouse burned
They dug up the graves, the wheels of progress turned
They got Dutchie's store, and Haven's pool hall
When the dozers rolled, it shattered us allThe dusky waters move cold and slow
And the ghosts of a village still wander below
Homesteads of families and friends forever more
Haunting the valley below this sparkling shoreOld May Savage stayed as long as she could
Her house on the hill towered over the flood
It rose up alone, in the dark of night
Its face on the water, the cold moonlightI shake off the memories, on my lips a prayer
Thanks for the grace, and the beauty down there
And while the porch lights glow, all over the state
There's nothing but darkness, under the lakeThe dusky waters move cold and slow
And the ghosts of a village still wander below
Homesteads of families and friends forever more
Haunting the valley below this sparkling shoreThey haunt the valley below this sparkling shore

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