Clear Cut

Satchel

Way back in the mountains on the High Knob by the ridge
Grandpa built our cabin where he lived for forty years
I spent my happy childhood beneath the hardwood trees
I didn?t know what I had then was all I?d ever need

Mountain laurels blooming it was early in the spring
Looking out my window on a sea of endless green
Rich man from the city came to buy our land today
It took two hundred years to grow, but it?s gone in thirty days

Mud slides down the mountain, there?s no way to stop the flood
Hills without their timber?s like a man without his blood
Scars upon the land, those wounds will never heal
But a greedy man will never get his fill

I can?t go back and I know I never will
I hope someday they know the way I feel

Lyrics submitted by Samdaman.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/