

Readin', Rightin', Rt. 23 (Acoustic Version)

Dwight Yoakam

They learned reading, writing, Route 23
To the jobs that laid waiting in those cities' factories
They didn't know that that old highway
Would lead them to a world of misery Have you ever been down Kentucky way,
Say south of Preston Firs,
Have you ever been up in a holler,
Have you ever heard
A mountain man cough his life away
Digging that black coal in those dark mines, those dark mines,
If you had, you might just understand
The reason that they left it all behind'Cuz, they learned reading, writing, Route 23
To the jobs that laid waiting in those cities' factories
They learned reading, writing, roads to the north
To the luxury and comfort a coal miner can't afford They thought reading, writing, Route 23
Ah, would take them to the good life they had never seen
They didn't know that that old highway
Would lead them to a world of misery

Have you ever seen them put the kids in the car
After work on Friday night
Pull up in a holler about two a.m.
See the lights still burning bright
Yeah, those mountain folks sat up that late
To hold those little grand kids in their arms, in their arms
Yet, I'm proud to say that I've been blessed
And touched by their sweet hillbilly charms They learned reading, writing, Route 23
To the jobs that laid waiting in those cities' factories
They learned reading, writing, roads to the north
To the luxury and comfort a coal miner can't afford
They thought reading, writing, Route 23
Ah, would take them to the good life they had never seen
They didn't know that that old highway
Would lead them to a world of misery Yeah, it turns out that that old highway
Will lead you to a world of misery

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