

Lawrence Jones

Kathy Mattea

Well the night is as thick as silence
You can't cut it with a knife
A man lies in the hospital
Draining out his life
The trucks are on the back road
And in the dark the headlights shine
'Cause there's one man dead
On that Harlan County line Oh anger, like poison
Is eating at your soul
Your thoughts are as loud as gunfire
Your face as hard as coal
Bitterness, like buckshot explodes inside your mind
And there's one man dead
On that Harlan County line Oh a miner's life is fragile
It could shatter just like ice
But those who bear the struggle
Have always pay the price
There's blood upon the contact
Like vinegar in wine
And there's one man dead
On that Harlan County line From the river bridge at Highsplint
To the Brookside railroad track
You can feel the long streak building
That can never be turned back
The dead go forward with us
Not one is left behind
'Cause there's one man dead
On that Harlan County line Where the night is as cold as iron
You can feel it in your bones
It settles like a shroud on the grave of Lawrence Jones
The graveyard shift is walking from the bathhouse into the mine
And there's one man dead
On that Harlan County line
One man dead
On that Harlan County line
One miner dead
On that Harlan County line

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