

# 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 Highsplant  
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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