

# Harlan Blues (River Made of Stone)

## The Whiskey Riders

He grabs his pick axe and goes down to where the light will cease  
This ole mountain's gonna bury that boy deep where nobody can reach  
His daddy died on the job when them rocks fell on his head  
He was one wrong turn from goin' down and findin' himself dead

You better run boy far from Harlan  
Make your peace with God and quit coal minin'  
Run boy far from Harlan  
Before the Devil gets you down

Well don't get buried by a river made of stone  
Don't get buried no!

On the day they laid his daddy to rest nobody made a sound  
All that was there was an empty pine box he was already underground  
So he grabbed his suitcase, turned his back, said I'm gonna make it on my own  
Ain't no fuckin' way I'm gonna die in Harlan with that mine as my grave stone

You better run boy far from Harlan  
Make your peace with God and quit coal minin'  
Run boy far from Harlan  
Before the Devil gets you down

Well don't get buried by a river made of stone  
Don't get buried no!  
I won't be buried by a river made of stone  
I won't get buried no!

He can hear the ghosts of tear drops fallin' on his Mama's heart  
Are you better off just shatterin' quick  
Or slowly fallin' apart?  
And to this day not a second goes by that he don't think about his home  
Where he left his life on the mountain side  
Beneath the river of stone

You better run boy far from Harlan  
Make your peace with God and quit coal minin'  
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Don't get buried no!  
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Lyrics Submitted by J Blaze

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