

# Fire On the Mountain

Hank Williams

Took my fam'ly away from my Carolina home  
Had dreams about the West and started to roam  
Six long months on a dust covered trail  
They say heaven's at the end but so far it's been hell  
And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air  
Gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me thereWe were diggin' and siftin' from five to five  
Sellin' everything we found just to stay alive  
Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bars  
Sinnin' was the big thing, lord and Satan was his star  
And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air  
Gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me thereDance hall girls were the evenin' treat  
Empty cartridges and blood lined the gutters of the street  
Men were shot down for the sake of fun  
Or just to hear the noise of their forty-four guns  
And there's fire on the mountain, lightnin' in the air  
Gold in them hills and it's waitin' for me thereNow my widow she weeps by my grave  
Tears flow free for her man she couldn't save  
Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame  
All for a useless and no good worthless claim

Songwriters

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