

Trip to Hyden

Tom T. Hall

Tossed and turned the night before in some old motel
Subconsciously recallin' some old sinful thing I'd done
My buddy drove the car and those big coal trucks shook us up

As we drove on into Hyden in the early morning sun
Past the hound dogs and some domineckered chickens
Temporary lookin' houses with their lean and bashful kids

Every hundred yards a sign proclaimed that Christ was coming soon

And I thought, "Well man, He'd sure be disappointed if He did"
On the way we talked about the 40 miners
Of the 39 who died and one who lived to tell the tale

We stopped for beans and cornbread at the Ed & Lois Cafe

Then went to see the Sherrif at the Leslie County Jail
They took us to the scene of that disaster

I was so surprised to not find any sign of death at all

Just another country hillside with some mud holes and some junk

The mines were deadly silent like a rat hole in the wall
It was just like being right inside of a shotgun
The old man coughed and lit a cigarette that he had rolled

Back in town I bought a heavy jacket from a store

It was sunny down in Hyden but somehow the town was cold
The old man introduced the undertaker
Who seemed refreshed despite the kind of work I knew he did

We talked about the pretty lady from the Grand Ole Opry

An' we talked about the money she was raisin' for the kids
Well, I guess the old man thought we were reporters
He kept reminding me of how his simple name was spelled
Some lady said, "They worth more money now than when they's livin'"
And I'll leave it there 'cause I suppose she told it pretty well

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