

# 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 Sheriff 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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