

The Mountain

[Del McCoury/Steve Earle](#)

I was born on this mountain a long time ago
Before they knocked down the timber and strip-mined the coal
When you rose in the mornin' before it was light
To go down in that dark hole and come back up at night
I was born on this mountain, this mountain's my home
She holds me and keeps me from worry and woe
Well, they took everything that she gave - now they're gone
But I'll die on this mountain, this mountain's my home
I was young on this mountain but now I am old
And I knew every holler, every cool swimmin' hole
?Til one night I lay down and woke up to find
That my childhood was over and I went down in the mine

I was born on this mountain, this mountain's my home
She holds me and keeps me from worry and woe
Well, they took everything that she gave - now they're gone
But I'll die on this mountain, this mountain's my home
There's a hole in this mountain and it's dark and it's deep
And God only knows all the secrets it keeps
There's a chill in the air only miners can feel
And there?s ghosts in the tunnels that the company sealed
I was born on this mountain, this mountain's my home
She holds me and keeps me from worry and woe
Well, they took everything that she gave - now they're gone
But I'll die on this mountain, this mountain's my home

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