

Mountain Child

[Nora Jane Struthers](#)

Her hair was tangled; her clothes were torn
No pride left to protect
Her mama's last hope; brothers and sisters at home
Praying she brings them back some bread
Woah, Woah
Like a law man hunting down a thief
She was looking for her daddy
Her desperate eyes searched each man's face
But lord, they came up empty
Woah, Woah
You could tell from the red clay on her shoes
She was from down in the holler
A mountain child born to lose
Down in that holler
The bar man signaled, slowly she crossed the room
He leaned in and whispered low
Without one word she turned and climbed the back stairs
Just like I did so many years ago
Woah, Woah
Woah, Woah
Woah, Woah
Woah, Woah
Woah, Woah

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