

The Road Not Taken

Bruce Hornsby

Down in the southwest Virginia town of Richlands
I fell in love with an Appalachian girl
She lived in a long line of little row houses
On the side of an old strip mining hill Oh, she walked along on the jagged ridge
And looked as far as she could see
But the hills out there so up and down
You only see as far as the next big ridge Every time I see her face
On the street in the hollow on the hill
Another time and another place
I feel her in my heart still Every time I see her face
On the street in the hollow 'round the bend
I see her in my mind and then
I go down the road not taken again, taken again Oh, the coal dust settles on the window display
Gotta change it about every other day
Oh, some things never change way out here
But outsider could always remain that way Oh, she walked along on the jagged ridge
She told me she was sittin' there thinkin' of me
But every time I tried to take her away
She alway ran back to the rocks and the trees Every time I see her face
On the street in the hollow on the hill
Another time and another place
I feel her in my heart still Every time I see her face
On the street in the hollow 'round the bend
I see her in my mind and then
I go down the road not taken again
Oh, not taken, taken again, not taken again Oh, I went back there after many years
Oh, so, so curious and so secretly
Oh, as I looked on, I held back a tear
Oh, the road not taken overcoming me Oh, I saw her, she was sittin' there
Older, thinner on the front porch
It seemed the light a little brighter there
Or maybe, I still carried the forgotten torch Every time I see her face
On the street in the hollow on the hill
Another time and another place
I see her in my heart still Every time I see her face
On the street in the hollow 'round the bend
I see her in my mind and then
I go down the road not taken again Oh, I go down the road not taken, yeah
Taken again not taken, taken again

Yeah yeah yeah

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