Black Waters

Kathy Mattea

I come from the mountains, Kentucky's my home
Where the wild deer and the black bear so lately did roam
By the cool rushing waterfall the wildflowers dream
And through every green valley, there runs a clear stream
Now there's scenes of destruction on every hand
And only black waters run down through my landSad scenes of destruction on every hand
Black waters, black waters, run down through my landOh the quail, she's a pretty bird, she sings a sweet tongue
In the roots of tall timber she nests with her young
Then the hillside explodes with the dynamite's roar
And the voice of the small bird is heard there no more
Then the mountain comes tumbling so awful and grand
And the poison black waters run down through my landSad scenes of destruction on every hand
Black waters, black waters, run down through my landIn the coming of the springtime we planted our corn
In the ending of the springtime we buried a son
In the summer come a nice man, says everything's fine
My employer just requires a way to his mineThen they blew down the timber and covered my corn
And the grave on the hillside's a mile deeper down
And the man stands and talks with his hat in his hand
As the poison black waters rise over my landSad scenes of destruction on every hand
Black waters, black waters, run down through my landWell I don't have much money, not much of a home
I own my own land, but my land's not my own
But, if I had ten million, somewhere's thereabouts
Well, I'd buy Perry county and I'd drive 'em all out
Then I'd sit on the bank with my bait and my can
And watch the clear waters run down through my landWell, wouldn't that be just like the old promised land?
Black waters, black waters no more in my land
Black waters, black waters no more in my land

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