

Steve Earle, The Mountain

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
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
There're ghosts in the tunnels that the company sealed