

John Prine, Unwed Fathers

In an Appalachian, Greyhound station
She sits there waiting, in a family way
"Goodbye brother, Tell Mom I love her
Tell all the others, I'll write someday"

Chorus:

From an teenage lover, to an unwed mother
Kept undercover, like some bad dream
While unwed fathers, they can't be bothered
They run like water, through a mountain stream

In a cold and gray town, a nurse say's "Lay down"
'This ain't no playground, and this ain't home'
Someone's children, out having children
In a gray stone building, all alone

On somewhere else bound, Smokey Mountain Greyhound
She bows her head down, hummin' lullabies
'Your daddy never, meant to hurt you ever'
'He just don't live here, but you've got his eyes'

Repeat Chorus:

Well, they run like water,
Through a mountain stream