

Blue Highway "Clear Cut"

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Way back in the mountains on the high knob by the
ridge

My grandpa built our cabin where we lived for 40 years

Spent my happy childhood beneath the hardwood trees

I didn't know what I had then was all I'd ever need

Mountain laurels blooming, it was early in the spring

Lookin' out my window on a see of endless green

Rich men from the city came to buy our land today

Took 200 years to grow, but it's gone in 30 days

Mud slides down the mountain, there's no way to stop
the flood

Hills without their timbers, like a man without his blood

Scars upon the land, those wounds will never heal

But a greedy man will never get his fill

(Musical Break)

Mud slides down the mountain, there's no way to stop
the flood

Hills without their timbers, like a man without his blood

Scars upon the land, those wounds will never heal

But a greedy man will never get his fill

I can't go back and I know I never will

I hope someday they know the way I feel

