

Blue Foundation

"Clear Cut"

Visit "[Clear Cut](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Blue Foundation](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.