

## Kathy Mattea

### "Gone, Gonna Rise Again"

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I remember the year that my granddad died,  
Gone, gonna rise again.  
They dug his grave on the mountain side,  
Gone, gonna rise again.

I was too young to understand  
The way he felt about the land,  
But I could read his history in his hands,  
Gone, gonna rise again.

There's corn in the crib and apples in the bin,  
It's ham in the smokehouse and cotton in the gin,  
It's cows in the barn and hogs in the lot,  
But he worked like the devil for the living (little?) he  
got,  
Gone, gonna rise again.

These apple trees on the mountain side,  
Gone, gonna rise again.  
He planted the seeds just before he died,  
Gone, gonna rise again.

I guess he knew that he'd never see,  
The red fruit hanging from the tree  
But he planted the seeds for his children and me,  
Gone, gonna rise again.

It's high on the ridge above the farm,  
Gone, gonna rise again  
I think of my people who had gone on,  
Gone, gonna rise again.

Like a tree that grows in the mountain ground,  
Storms of life have cut him down,  
But the new wood springs and the roots in the gal,  
Gone, gonna rise again.  
Gone, gonna rise again.  
Gone, gonna rise again.

