

## Mickey Newbury

### "East Kentucky"

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East Kentucky, threads of silver,  
Down a rusty railroad track.  
Dusty highway, take me to Denver,  
I will not be comin' back.

To the mountains of Colorado,  
Like a bandit I will run.  
To the beauty of the mountains,  
To undo what she has done.

East Kentucky, threads of silver,  
Down a rusty railroad track.  
Dusty highway, take me to Denver,  
I will not be comin' back.

[Whistling chorus.]

East Kentucky, I knew your daughter,  
In the early morning rain.  
And in the shadow of the tall pines,  
I did love her with no shame.

Now the cold, gray hands of winter,  
Lay upon the mountain side.  
There's a bluebird seekin' shelter,  
She ain't got no place to hide.  
She ain't got no place to hide.

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