

Statler Brothers

"How Are Things in Clay, Kentucky?"

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(written by: Harold & Don Reid)

How are things in Clay, Kentucky?
Bet you thought I'd never care
There was a time when I felt lucky
Just to be away from there.

I've had all of what I wanted,
But what I want, I just can't find
And how things are in Clay, Kentucky,
Has been lately on my mind.

All alone in New York City,
Searchin' for that pot of gold
Now I'm at the end of all my rainbows,
And all at once I'm feelin' old.

I count the times of how I'm livin',
Of what I am and what I'm not
And the only gold in New York City
Is in a Salvation Army pot.

I'm gettin' blue for the bluegrass
And how the old folks are at home
Just let me do the talkin',
'Cause I know you're all alone.

I hear kids back there playin';
I won't be, don't notice me
Jesus knows I still love you,
But I just had to call and see.

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There was a time when I felt lucky
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