

Cliff Martinez

"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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