

Tom T. Hall

"Kentucky Feb. 27.'71"

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There were signs beside the road like Jesus Saves
And relieve yourself the fast and gentle way
I was looking for an old man who lived way back in
these hills
Who just might have a story I could tell
Pretty soon the blacktop disappeared I felt the car
change to a lower gear
I took a drink of liquor just to chase away the chill
I was twenty seven miles from Olive Hill
Ahead I saw the bridge where I turned right a dirt road
led straight up a mountain side
I pulled up to a farmhouse I thought I had seen before
An old man and his dog were at the door
They told me this old-timer knew this land I told him sir
I just don't understand
Why the kids in this state just grow up and move away
And leave the land where they were born and raised
He said son you can't make it on this land
Unless you're happy working with your hands
There ain't no kids today that want to stay and work it
out
They wanna see the things they hear about
He said I cleared this old farm off myself
And I'd work it now but time has got my health
Then staring out the window resting in his easy chair
He told me what I'd really come to hear
Said you know son people used to tell their kids
My I don't want you to have to work the way I did
They don't and some will tell you that it's a shame
But you have to think before you place the blame
I guess we must've talked a half a day then I told him
that I'd best be on my way
He shook my hand and said I'm glad I met you Mr Hall
But I guess there ain't no song here after all

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