

Harlan County Line

Dave Alvin

Another morning, another motel bed,
another city waitin' up ahead...
Light another menthol, to clear my mind...

Of those memories I pretend to forget,
cause I always want to live with out regrets
but... yeah...
I still think of her from time to time
Only she's still livin' across the Harlan County Line

Now when we met we were both livin' far from home
tryin' to get by and tired of being alone,
for a moment I thought she was mine...
Cause she had a voice I just wanted to believe...
She said her mother was full blood Cherokee and her
Daddy was a union man down in the mines...
Fighting the good fight across the Harlan County Line...

People can be Noble, and People can be Cruel
they'll make you President or they'll make you a fool but,
she always treated me nice and kind...
Until that day she left me on my own said there
was trouble she had to handle back home...
Then she gave me a number and said call any time
if I ever made it across the Harlan County Line...

Now the years disappear out on the highway
And I lost her number somewhere along the way
So I'll say a little prayer that she's doing fine...

Another morning, another motel bed,
another city waitin' up ahead...
And another small memory to leave behind
somewhere across the Harlan County Line...

across the Harlan County Line...