

New Cut Road

Guy Clark

Coleman Bonner was a fiddle playin' fool
A backwoods rounder and a breaker of mules
Coleman Bonner's got a wore out bow
He's been playin two days down the new cut road

Coleman's little sister said you better act right Coleman
Daddy;s gone to Louisville He'll be back tonight
He's gonna get another wagon and a good pair of mules
And we gonna move to Texas we just waitin' on you

Coleman's daddy he pulled up in the yard
He said pack up you lives kids it's gettin' to hard
Kentucky's alright but there's too many people
Just the other day I thought I saw a church steeple

Coleman said daddy you don't neet to worry 'bout me
I'm gonna stay here in Kentucky till the day I d.
I'm gonna drink that sourmash and race that mare
I got me a woman with the fox red hair

Y'all been movin' west since the day you go married
Well I'm gettin' off the wagon daddy I'm too old to be carried
I'm gonna stay here in Kentucky where the bluegrass grows
And I'm gonna play it all night down the new cut road

Coleman's daddy said now what's it all comin' to
Young people these days are as stubborn as mules
You can't make him go he's too old for that
It's that damned old fiddle and that bowler hat

Coleman's mama said le the boy stay cause
He's raised up right and he can find his own way
But as for me honey I'm with you
I always thought Kentucky was just passin' through

Coleman's little sister started in a crying
And his daddy shook his head for the very last time
Coleman's mama said somebody's gotta do it
There wouldn't be no Kentucky unless you didn't stick to it Col
eman

Coleman Bonner stood on the porch of that cabin
And watched em all go to Texas in a covered wagon
He pulled out his fiddle and rosined up his bow
And played a little tune called the New Cut Road