

Black Waters

Panopticon

I come from the mountains, Kentucky's my home where the
wild dear the black bear so lately did roam.
By the cool rushing water fall the wild flowers dream
and in every green valley there runs a clear stream.
Now there are scenes of destruction on every hand and
only black waters run down through my land.
Sad scenes of destruction every hand.
Black waters, black waters run down through my land.
Well the quail, she is a pretty bird, she sings a sweet
tongue.
In the roots of the tall timber she nests with her
young.
Then the hillside explodes with a dynamite's roar and
the voice of the small bird will sound there no more.
And the mountain comes a sliding so awful and grand and
the flooding black waters rise over my land.
In the coming of the spring time we planted our corn.
In the end of the spring time we buried our son.
In the summer comes a nice man who says everything's
fine my employer just requires a way to his mine.
Then they tore down the mountain and covered my corn
and the grave on the hillside a mile deeper down.
In the man stands a talking with his hat in his hands
while the poisoned black waters rise over my land.
Sad scenes of destruction every hand.
Black waters, black waters run down through my land.
Well I ain't got no money, not much of a home I own my
own land but my land's not my own but if I had 10
billion or somewhere thereabouts I'd buy Perry County
and run 'em all out and sit on the banks with my bait
and my can and watch the clear waters run down through
my land.
Now wouldn't that be like the old promised land?
Black waters black waters no more in my land.