

Twisted Laurel ?

Robert Earl Keen

Just across the blue ridge, where the high meadows lay
And the galax spreads through the new mown hay
There"s a rusty iron bridge, cross a shady ravine
Where the hard road ends and turns to clay
With a suitcase in his hand there the lonesome boy stands
Gazing at the river sliding by beneath his feet
But the dark water springs from the black rocks and flows
Out of sight where the twisted laurel grows

Past the coal-tipple towns in the cold December rain
Into Charleston runs the New River train
Where the hillsides are brown, and the broad valley"s stained
By a hundred thousand lives of work and pain
In a tar-paper shack out of town across the track
Stands an old used-up man trying to call something back
But his old memories fade like the city in the haze
And his days have flowed together like the rain

And the dark water springs from the black rocks and flows
Out of sight where the twisted laurel grows