Lay me down easy, in the valley or the pines, the Green River gorge above the South Carolina line. Fields filled with gold and junkyards and the rows — Lay me down easy when it's my time to go.

Mama, I dreamed that I had no hand to hold and the land I cut my teeth on wouldn't let me call it home. So lay me down easy, in the valley or the pines, tell me that you'll be there waiting, standing in the light.

When you come for me,
Let the mountains hold my bones.

There's a place for me,
Let me lie down with you in the cove