

# You'll Never Leave Harlan Alive

Darrell Scott

In the deep, dark hills of eastern Kentucky  
That's the place where I trace my bloodline  
And it's there I read on a hillside gravestone  
"You'll never leave Harlan alive"

Well my grandfather's dad crossed the Cumberland Mountains  
And he took a pretty girl to be his bride  
He said, "Won't you walk with me out of the mouth of this holle  
r  
or we'll never leave Harlan alive"

Where the sun comes up about ten in the morning  
And the sun goes down about three in the day  
And you fill your cup with whatever bitter brew your drinking  
And you spend your life just thinking how to get away

No one ever knew there was coal in them mountains  
'Til a man from the northeast arrived  
Waving hundred dollar bills, he said "I'll pay you for your min  
erals"  
But he never left Harlan alive

Well Grandma sold out cheap and they moved out west to Pinevill  
e  
To a farm where Big Richland River winds  
And I'll bet they danced them a jig, and they laughed and sang  
a new song  
"Who said we'd never leave Harlan alive?"

But the times, they got hard and tobacco wasn't selling  
And old Granddad knew what he'd do to survive  
He went and dug for Harlan coal and sent the money back to Gran  
dma  
But he never left Harlan alive

Where the sun comes up about ten in the morning  
And the sun goes down about three in the day  
And you fill your cup with whatever bitter brew your drinking  
And you spend your life digging coal from the bottom of your gr  
ave