

Appalachia Haze

Ian Noe

Morning's gone
And the TV's on
Been raining for a week
There's coffee cans
And an old box fan
Floating in the creek
No better time
To ride the line
Ain't seen the law in days
It's your own town
When the mountain sounds
This Appalachia haze

Well, Bobby dreams
On the back porch swing
We keep an eye on him
He's counting all
The basketballs
Brushing past the limbs
And remembers when
He was only ten
They left the homestead crazed
In that busted Ford
Just a-flying towards
This Appalachia haze

And Sarah goes
When the whiskey flows
Says she goes too hard
There's plastic pets
And a blue swing set
Rusted in the yard
Said, "Oh, that child
She was always wild
Set in her own ways"
Sleeps downtown
With her arms around
That Appalachia haze

And here comes John
With his buttons on
He's optimistic still
Stand in the rain
For a good campaign
They tell him how he feels
Said "You see
They're just like me
We're in for the glory days"
The saviors come
To lead us from
This Appalachia haze

Now they're cutting pines
And power lines
And I watch the gutter drain
Down every ridge
There's a washed out bridge

Covered up in cane
But I've got a friend
Just around the bend -
You oughta hear her play
I pick along
While she hammers on
This Appalachia haze