

You'll Never Leave Harlan Alive

Montgomery Gentry

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

Well my Granddaddy's dad crossed the Cumberland Mountain
And he asked Nelly Hassell to be his bride
Said, "Won't you walk with me out of the mouth of this holler
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 you're drinking
And you spend your life thinking of 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 minerals"
But he never left Harlan alive

Well Granny sold out cheap and they moved out west of Pineville
To a farm where Big Richland River winds
And I 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
Well he went and dug for Harlan coal and he sent the money back to Granny
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 you're drinking
And you spend your life just thinking of how to get away
And 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 you're drinking
And you spend your life diggin' coal from the bottom of your grave

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