

# Appalachian Rain

Matraca Berg

He came into town in the early springtime  
To work with my daddy down in the mines  
It was hot in the summer when he said goodbye  
And he left me a secret I can no longer hide  
Now the only thing here that is welcoming me  
Is a cold rainy morning, and a Greyhound bus seat  
He just had to come back and try to explain  
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain

Mountains of sorrow, mountains of pain  
You'll never give for my baby a name  
My family's honor took it away  
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain

I was washed in the blood of the river you filled  
Now the sound of a shotgun rings through the hills  
And the blood of her father runs through its veins  
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain

Mountains of sorrow, mountains of pain  
You'll never give for my baby a name  
My family's honor took it away  
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain

Tears in the hollow, tears of my shame  
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain