

Trip to Hyden

Tom T. Hall

Tossed and turned the night before in some old motel
Subconsciously recallin' some old sinful thing I'd done
My buddy drove the car and those big coal trucks shook us up
As we drove on into hyden in the early morning sun

Past the hound dogs and some domineckered chickens
Temporary-lookin' houses with their lean and bashful kids
Every hundred yards a sign proclaimed that christ was coming so
on
And I thought, "well, man, he'd sure be disappointed if he did."
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On the way we talked about the 40 miners
Of the 39 who died and one who lived to tell the tale
We stopped for beans and cornbread at the ed & lois cafe
Then went to see the sherrif at the leslie county jail

They took us to the scene of that disaster
I was so surprised to not find any sign of death at all
Just another country hillside with some mudholes and some junk
The mines were deadly silent like a rathole in the wall

"It was just like being right inside of a shotgun."
The old man coughed and lit a cigarette that he had rolled
Back in town I bought a heavy jacket from a store
It was sunny down in hyden but somehow the town was cold

The old man introduced the undertaker
Who seemed refreshed despite the kind of work I knew he did
We talked about the pretty lady from the grand ole opry
An' we talked about the money she was raisin' for the kids

Well, I guess the old man thought we were reporters
He kept reminding me of how his simple name was spelled
Some lady said, "they worth more money now than when they's a-
livin'".

And I'll leave it there 'cause I suppose she told it pretty wel
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