

BLACK WATERS

Jean Ritchie

D D A7 D D
I COME FROM THE MOUNTAINS, KENTUCKY'S MY HOME
D D A7 D D
WHERE THE WILD DEER AND THE BLACK BEAR SO LATELY DID ROAM
G G G D D D
BY COOL RUSHING WATERFALLS THE WILDFLOWERS DREAM
D D D A7 A7 A7
AND THROUGH EVERY GREEN VALLEY THERE RUNS A CLEAR STREAM
D D G G G
NOW THERE'S SCENES OF DESTRUCTION ON EVERY HAND
D D A7 D
AND THERE'S ONLY BLACK WATERS RUN DOWN THROUGH MY LAND

D G G G D D D
SAD SCENES OF DESTRUCTION ON EVERY HAND
D D D A7 D D D D
BLACK WATERS, BLACK WATERS RUN DOWN THROUGH MY LAND

D D A7 D D
OH THE QUAIL, SHE'S A PRETTY BIRD, SHE SINGS A SWEET TONGUE
D D A7 D D
IN THE ROOTS OF TALL TIMBERS SHE NESTS WITH HER YOUNG
G G G D D D
BUT THE HILLSIDE EXPLODES WITH THE DYNAMITE'S ROAR
D D D A7 A7
AND THE VOICES OF THE SMALL BIRDS WILL SOUND THERE NO MORE
D D G G
AND THE HILLSIDES COME A-SLIDING SO AWFUL AND GRAND
D D A7 D
AND THE FLOODING BLACK WATERS RISE OVER MY LAND

D G G G D D D
SAD SCENES OF DESTRUCTION ON EVERY HAND
D D D A7 D D D D
BLACK WATERS, BLACK WATERS RUN DOWN THROUGH MY LAND

D D A7 D D
IN THE RISING OF THE SPRINGTIME WE PLANTED OUR CORN
D D A7 D D
IN THE ENDING OF THE SPRINGTIME WE BURIED A SON
G G G D D D
IN THE SUMMER COME A NICE MAN SAID "EVERYTHING'S FINE;
D D D A7 A7
MY EMPLOYER JUST REQUIRES A WAY TO HIS MINE"
D D G G G
THEN THEY THREW DOWN MY MOUNTAIN AND COVERED MY CORN
D D A7 D A7
AND THE GRAVE ON THE HILLSIDE'S A MILE DEEPER DOWN
D D G G G
AND THE MAN STANDS AND TALKS WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND
D D A7 D D
AS THE POISONOUS WATER SPREADS OVER MY LAND.

D G G G D D D
 SAD SCENES OF DESTRUCTION ON EVERY HAND
 D D D A7 D D D D
 BLACK WATERS, BLACK WATERS RUN DOWN THROUGH MY LAND
 D D A7 D D
 WELL, I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY AND NOT MUCH OF A HOME
 D D A7 D D
 I OWN MY OWN LAND, BUT MY LAND'S NOT MY OWN.
 G G G D D D
 BUT IF I HAD TEN MILLION - SOMEWHERE THEREABOUTS -
 D D D A7 A7
 I WOULD BUY PERRY COUNTY AND I'D RUN 'EM ALL OUT
 D D D G G
 SET DOWN ON THE BANK WITH MY BAIT IN MY CAN
 D D A7 D D
 AND JUST WATCH THE CLEAR WATERS RUN DOWN THROUGH MY LAND!

 D G G G D D D
 WELL WOULDN'T THAT BE LIKE THE OLD PROMISED LAND
 D D D A7 D D D D
 BLACK WATERS, BLACK WATERS NO MORE IN MY LAND

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