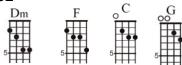
You'll Never Leave Harlan Alive • in D minor

words and music by Darrell Scott mandolin chord arrangement by John Tauxe 23 Feb 13: mando.tauxe.net

VERSE



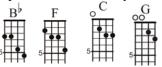
In the deep, dark hills of eastern Kentucky







That's the place where I trace my bloodline



And it's there I read on a hillside gravestone



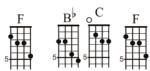




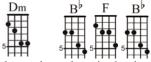
You will never leave Harlan alive

Well, my granddad's dad walked down Katahrin's Mountain And he asked Tillie Helton 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

CHORUS



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 drinkin'







And you spend your life just thinkin' of how to get away

VERSE

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 ya for your minerals

But he never left Harlan alive

Granny sold out cheap and they moved out west of Pineville

To a farm where big Richland River winds
I bet they danced them a jig, and they laughed and sang a new song

Who said we'd never leave Harlan alive?

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

But the times they got hard and tobacco wasn't selling

And ole granddad knew what he'd do to survive He went and dug for Harlan coal and sent the money back to granny But he never left Harlan alive

CHORUS

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 thinkin' 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 digging coal from the bottom of your grave

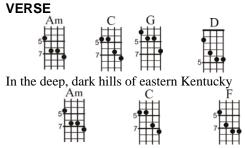
RECAP

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

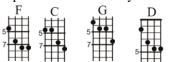
You'll Never Leave Harlan Alive • in A minor

words and music by Darrell Scott

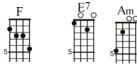
mandolin chord arrangement by John Tauxe 2 Apr 13: mando.tauxe.net



That's the place where I trace my bloodline



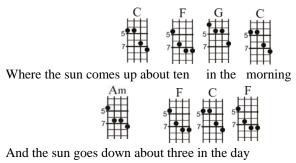
And it's there I read on a hillside gravestone

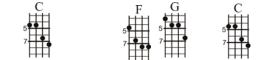


You will never leave Harlan alive

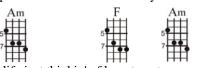
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