

# Drive-By Truckers, Uncle Frank

They powered up the city with hydro-electric juice.  
Now we got more electricity than we can ever use.  
They flooded out the hollow and all the folks down there moved out, but they  
got paid so there ain't nothin' else to think about.

Some of them made their living cutting the timber down, snaking it one log at  
a time up the hill and into town. T.V.A. had a way to clear it off real fast.  
Lots of men and machinery, build a dam and drown the rest.

Uncle Frank lived in a cabin down on Cedar Creek, bought fifteen acres when he  
got back home from overseas. Fifteen rocky acres, figured no one else would  
want, till all that backed up water had to have some place to go.

Uncle Frank couldn't read or write. Never held down a job, or needed one in  
his life. They assured him there'd be work for him in town building cars. It's  
already going down.

The cars never came to town and the roads never got built and the price of all  
that power kept on going straight uphill. The banks around the hollow sold for  
lake-front property where Doctors, Lawyers, and Musicians teach their kids to  
waterski.

Uncle Frank couldn't read or write so there was no note or letter found where  
he died. Just a rope around his neck and the kitchen table turned on it's side

lyrics by Mike Cooley / music by Drive-by Truckers