

Dwight Yoakam, Floyd County

It's a sad day in Floyd County, Mr. Jones
Yeah, the grief is strong for the man that's gone
And at the grave his woman cries and she moans
'Cause it's a sad day in Floyd County, Mr. Jones

The six children he raised are all weepin'
For this soft-spoken mountain man
Who fed them with the money
he earned in those black mines
And the food he could raise with his hands

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Though the world knew nothing of his wisdom
Or the honest and simple things he did
There's some folks cryin' on this hillside today
That know about the humble way he lived

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Instrumental

Now this house in the holler stands empty
Though his presence in my memory is plain
You know that I'd swear that
I just saw him walkin' up that hill
I guess this place just won't never be the same

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