




ERIK VINCENT HUEY

APPALACHIAN

GOTHIC



THE APPALACHIAN BLUES
WINONA
YOU CAN'T DRINK ALL DAY
DEAR DAD
THAT'S WHAT JUKEBOXES ARE FOR
THE DEVIL IS HERE IN THESE HILLS

THE BRIDE OF APPALACHIA
A HEART DISEASE CALLED LOVE
DEATH COUNTY
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THE BATTLE OF UNIONTOWN
YOURS IN THE STRUGGLE
A COAL MINER'S SON

PRODUCED BY ERIC "ROSCOE" AMBEL

"All the devils in hell would not get me out of West Virginia while I had my duty there to perform."

"Let me warn you right here and now that any fellow who is not willing to go up against all these forces had better stay out of West Virginia; don't go over there, for we don't want you unless you are willing. We want fighters."

"There is never peace in West Virginia because there is never justice."

"Medieval West Virginia! With its tent colonies on the bleak hills! With its grim men and women! When I get to the other side, I shall tell God Almighty about West Virginia!"

—MOTHER JONES (MARY HARRIS JONES)

Speech to the United Mine Workers of America (UMWA)

July 19, 1902

THE APPALACHIAN BLUES

The ghosts they haunt these hills
You can hear 'em in the twilight
Howlin' when the
Working day is through

It's a lonesome mournful cry
Like a distant coal train whistle
Calling out to warn us
Bout the Appalachian Blues
(Beware of the Appalachian Blues)

My daddy worked the mines
And I followed him down under
The foreman said
"Get used to the view"

One day I'll make it outta here
But every road I travel
Leads me right back to these hills
To sing the Appalachian Blues
(Just can't escape these Appalachian Blues)

The mountains here rise steep
So the darkness descends early
The tavern's full
Most every afternoon

We're all looking for deliverance
In the bottom of a bottle
Then we stagger through these hollers
Wrecked on Appalachian Blues
(We're all wrecked now on the Appalachian Blues)

There's nothin' left downtown
but churches, bars, and pawn shops
These creeks ain't seen
A fish since '82

A Creeker kid O.D.'d
That's the third one since last summer
"One more victim" says the preacher
"Of the Appalachian Blues"
(We're all victims of the Appalachian Blues)

Now they're closing down the mines
And those jobs are gone forever
They said nothin' 'til we
Saw it on the news

As the last coal train leaves town
I can hear that grievous howlin'
As the ghosts dance in the tunnels
To the Appalachian Blues
(The ghosts dance to the Appalachian Blues)

Now the ghosts dance in the tunnels
To the Appalachian Blues
(We're all ghosts now with the Appalachian Blues)



WINONA

Workin' summer days
Comin' home late
I start my drinkin'
When the sun goes down

I gave up the brown liquor
For your brown eyes
It's either love or the bottle
In a minin' town
Your voice still echoes
Through the hollers at night
I remember the heat
Of your touch
And that night you told me
That I loved the bottle
Too much
To ever love you enough

Why Winona?
Why, why Winona?
Hey, I made a mistake
Why Winona?
Why, why Winona?
I'm wastin' my nights
Just lyin' awake
I tried to get you back
But you drifted away
Hey, Winona went away

Life's been tough
Since you left me girl
The nighttime finds me
Drunk & lonely

Gonna give up the bottle
This time I swear
Come back and be
My one & only
Workin' in the mines
Hey it's a tough life
It ain't too pretty
But it's all I got and
You were the light of
In my darkest night
Now it's all gone black
Have you forgotten?
(CHORUS)

Now I'm stuck in this burned-out town
Wish I never saw these hills
I took too many dead-end roads
I took too many pills
But in the hot West Virginia sun
You can still give me the chills
You drilled a hole in my soul
Only you can fill
(CHORUS)

**YOU CAN'T DRINK ALL DAY
(IF YOU DON'T DRINK IN THE MORNIN')**

You can't drink all day
If you don't drink in the mornin'

And it don't mean a thing
Unless you're drinkin' all night long
Now you can start out nice and slow
But it will hit you without warnin'
I drink all day now
Like I'm in a country song

Now I'm no stranger to
A little shot of whiskey
And it's rare that I turn
Down a glass of wine
But before you left
I never hit the bottle before noon
Now I start early
And don't stop 'til closin' time

(CHORUS)
Sometimes you need a breakfast beer
To take the edge off
And a couple more at lunch
To power through

I'll be buying rounds when the sun goes down
Thrown outta every bar in town
But I'll keep drinking
Til I drink my way back to you

To drink like this
Might seem a bit excessive

I'm told normal people
They don't live like this
But to hell with moderation
To drink all day takes dedication
Cuz if you're not wasted
Then the day most surely is

(CHORUS)
I drink day now
Like I'm in country song
If you're not doin' it all day
Then you're doing it all wrong



Dear Dad

When my dad walked out
I couldn't wait
To never see him again
He taught me all about
What not to do
When I became a man
He beat me like a drum
And treated my mom
Just like a slave

Only gift he ever gave me
Was a lifetime full of rage

(He used to say)

"I'd rather kick your ass
Than kiss it"
He never took his shot
For fear he'd miss it
Even sober he was
Meaner than a snake

(He'd say)

"You play with fire,
That's what you get"
I heard that sonofabitch
He ain't dead yet
But when he goes
I'm pissin' on his grave

He beat the draft in Vietnam
By getting' thrown in jail
He bragged that Charlie
couldn't kill him
If he never made his bail
Swore the world
Was stacked against him
So he could

Never get ahead
So he spent
Every wakin' hour
Draggin' us down
With him instead

(CHORUS)





THAT'S WHAT JUKEBOXES ARE FOR

As I sit here by the jukebox
There's an angel spinning songs
That rain teardrops from her eyes
In a run-down honkey tonk

Playing singles, drinking doubles
One sad song at a time
I tell her that's a lot of heartaches
For a dime

And she said:
"It was perfect til it wasn't
It was right til it went wrong
It's been said a thousand ways
Across a hundred thousand songs
"When someone's never comin' back
And it makes you want 'em more
Oh baby
That's what jukeboxes are for"

Soon we're dancing in the beer light
And she tells me her routine
C-20's for the good times
A-11 kills the pain
B-17 still breaks her heart
Can't play it to this day
She puts her sweet lips a little closer
And repeats her sad refrain
(CHORUS)

I hate to see your blue eyes crying
Cuz somebody done you wrong
You picked a bad time to be in love
Let me be your good time song

She said:
"I'll always be a one-man woman
One day he'll come back for my hand
'Til then I'll be here at this jukebox
Singing 'Stand by Your Man'"
(CHORUS)

The Devil's Here in These Hills

My great granddaddy
Came from County Cork
Into these hills
For an honest day's work

Sent down in the mines
With a pick and an axe
He went in pure
And he came out black

Worked six days a week
Only paid him four
So he went and burned down
Their company store

When he went on strike
They sent mine guards in
Killed my great granddaddy
And eight of his friends

The devil is here
(Deep underground)
The devil is here
(And he don't make a sound)

The devil is here
(Way up in these hills)
If the work don't kill you
Being outta work willv

All the men in my family's
Been miners since then
Matewan to Blair Mountain
Down to Cabin Creek Bend



Went down in the hole
When I turned twenty-one
Where the worth of a man
Gets weighed by the ton

Through black lung, cave-ins
And hundred year floods
We built this country
On iron and blood

We'd holler in the hollows
When the work whistle chimed
When it got unfair
We hit the picket line
(CHORUS)

Now I'm loading crates
At the Wal-Mart store
Guess the world don't want
Our coal no more

Can't take no pride
In the wage they pay
Take ten Percocet
Just to get through the day

We fought the mine owner
Who we gonna fight now?
In the new world order
We're the new ghost town

No reason to stay
Nowhere to go next
Guess me and the devil
are the last ones left
(CHORUS X2)

THE BRIDE OF APPALACHIA

The setting of the sun
Paints the bleached bricks
Of the buildings orange
And at the end of the bar
Sits the Bride of Appalachia

Face rugged and steep like the
Walls of the holler
Dreams ground down or sheared off
Like mountain tops

You go into any watering hole
Up and down this river
And you'll find at least three people
With their heads down on the bar
Doesn't matter what time of day
The local boys joke
More tattoos than teeth
But they don't know the half of it
Everyone's talking about
The mines opening up
Coal: It was always a bad deal
And it's only gotten worse
Opioids and corn squeezins
They're the only bridge
Outta here on most days
All these forgotten people

In these burned-out towns
We're just some politician's data point
The inner city gets all the headlines
But they've got nothing on us
When it comes to desolation
The lost and the lonesome
And the lovelorn
Gathering by the jukebox
The only future in here
Is the past

Everyone around here has a date
The date they coulda gotten out of here
But didn't
Talk to anyone in here
Talk to them for a half hour
They'll tell you all about it...

She and I met at the Jacktown Fair
By the Himalayan ride
There was this Carnie
Built like chain-smoker
Taunting the crowd
Between Billy Squire songs
"Did someone say go backwards?"



She and I used to go up
Into the hills
Spyin' for shooting stars
There was nary a soul around

There was this hidden little creek
We called "Buttermilk"
With a waterfall we could hide behind

She used to sneak out
Of her Mother's house at midnight
With a flashlight
To signal me
And I'd stand along the railroad tracks
Staring into the distance
Waiting for a sign
Nearly twenty years back now
I don't pay it no never mind
On most nights
But it creeps into your thoughts
A little too often these days
Now it's just lead in the water
And devils in the hills
And nothing changes
Until it does

I put down my money
And take a last drink
And head out into the evening

Twilight paints
The hilltops purple
As the sidewalk ends

At the water's edge

As the moon rises and
I find myself down
At the railroad tracks again
Staring into the distance
Looking for a sign



A HEART DISEASE CALLED LOVE (John Cooper Clarke)

One kiss became a weapon
And I don't want to bleed in vain
Clouds collide up in the heavens
I surrender to the rain

The death bells that also rang
Like madness from above
I'm going out with a bang
And a heart disease called love

Ninety-nine, below zero
Would seem like fever now
You know me... I'm no hero
Don't even ask me how

I'm down in the deep deep freeze
What was I thinking of...
In the painful breeze
By the frozen trees
With a heart disease called love

After dinner. Drinks. A new lover
With the Guinness so bitter and black
Your fingerprints, they cover
This knife sticking out of my back

You overlooked the fine details
You shoulda worn your gloves
Now I've got a girl in jail,
and a house for sale
And a heart disease called love



DEATH COUNTY

From Mingo to Death County
Folks been looking at me strange
Cross the street just to avoid me
Or they cast away their gaze

I am everywhere but nowhere
As I roam this wretched land
Guided only by the fire
And the trail of the lawman

They call me "Drifter"
Sometimes worse
But I got a name
It ain't a curse
Been hard done by
And beaten down
They will remember
My name now

As I wander into Bluefield
They're so pious and so vain
From the train tracks to the chapel
They all greet me with disdain
For the wicked and self-righteous
There will come a reckonin'
I got the burnin' deep inside me
And it beckons me again
(CHORUS)

People down in Bluefield
Won't be judging me no more
Since I took this tin of kerosene
From behind the hardware store
As they gather for the service
And the evening turns to night
I calmly bolt the doors
And cast this town into the light



LUCY

I call upon Miss Lucy
She says the fire burns no more
Roses wilt upon her touch
As she nails them to her door

She says "a darkness comes a-calling
At the mention of your name"
But the burning lingers well beyond
The dousing of the flame

Don't go seeking redemption
On the wicked side of town
Don't make a promise standing up
That you can't keep when you lie down

There's a howling in the distance
We can hear it closing in
To deliver retribution
On the occasion of our sin

I fall on my knees before her
She said "that's not the way I pray"
In this communion of the flesh
I'd sell my soul for one more taste
(CHORUS)

She's the devil at my crossroads
She's the knife piercing my back
The hellhound on my trail of tears
As she paints my daytime black

She's the murder in my midnight
She's the corkscrew to my heart
Blood drips out on the pure white sheets
Like a vicious work of art
(CHORUS X2)



THE BATTLE OF UNIONTOWN

I was born in Uniontown
When the Union was still here
Now these days here in Uniontown
The future ain't so clear

The downtown streets are whispers
And your senses start to deaden
There's a darkness taking hold round here
And I can feel it spreadin'

Now no one comes to Uniontown
If they ain't prepared to fight
But we're droppin' dead, two, three a week
And we're fightin' for our lives

From pain pills to pandemics
It's the same sad tale to tell
I was born in Uniontown
Ain't dyin' here as well

In the Battle of Uniontown
The town was lost somehow
The union's gone but we're still here
Who's fightin' for us now?

Jobs have come and gone so fast
From fracking back to coal
They chewed us up and spit us out
Left nothing but a hole

Banks and politicians
Ravaged all that they could see
The Monongahela River could never
Wash their vile souls clean
(CHORUS)

The people here are made of steel
But steel in time will rust
They say the future's "post-industrial"
What the hell's that mean for us?

For hard people in hard times
It's getting hard to hide the shame
You'll turn to almost anything
To have something to blame
(CHORUS)

What used to be the Promised Land
Is now a dead-end road
I swear one day I'm gonna leave
But I got no place to go

Winds lash the Alleghenies
But not the winds of change
So the Battle for Uniontown
Still rages to this day
(CHORUS X2)

YOURS IN THE STRUGGLE

Now I was born a long way
From where I was meant to be
I been searching my true home
Since they stood me on my feet

Every hard road I had traveled
Led to heartbreak or to trouble
But I've never been lost again
Since the day I joined The Struggle

I'll be yours in The Struggle
Out on the front lines
I'll be yours in The Struggle
In the deepest dark mine

At the barricade walls
Until freedom descends
I'll be yours in The Struggle
'Til the end

You found me in Kanawha
Back when I was on the run
You said "it's time to band together
Trade that bottle for a gun."

From Calumet to Ludlow
We battled for our lives
We got battered, bruised and bloodied
But we got organized

(CHORUS)

Toiling underground
Most days we never saw the sun
When freedom can't be won with words
You gotta win it with a gun

From Paint Creek to Blair Mountain
We took an oath and took a stand
A red scarf around each neck
And a gun in every hand

Now some say The Struggle's over
The banners have come down
But I still see injustice
As roam from town to town

And so the fight continues
Raise your fist and stand up strong
Until the world is level
The Struggle will live on

(CHORUS)

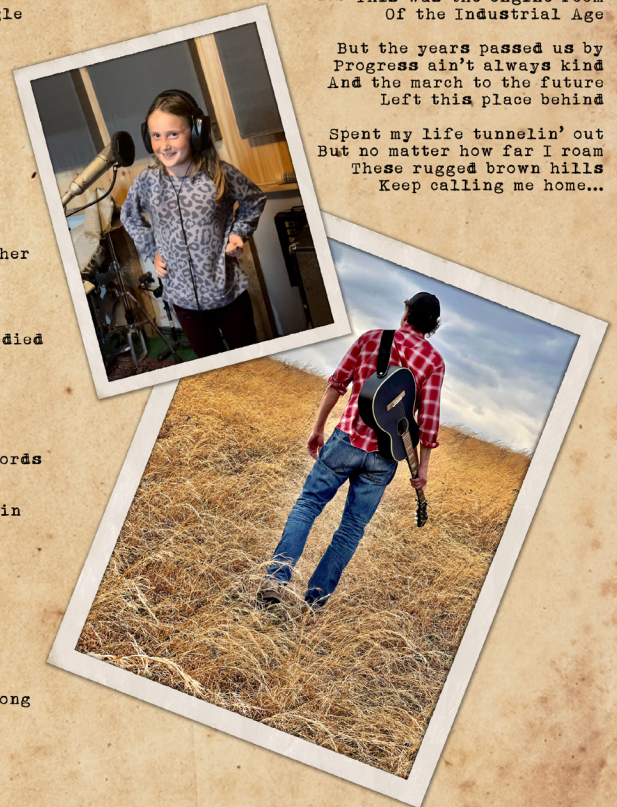
A COAL MINER'S SON

On the Western slopes
Of the Eastern Divide
Where the storm clouds crash into
The steep mountainside

Where the rivers run North
And the South leaves the stage
This was the engine room
Of the Industrial Age

But the years passed us by
Progress ain't always kind
And the march to the future
Left this place behind

Spent my life tunnelin' out
But no matter how far I roam
These rugged brown hills
Keep calling me home...



THE APPALACHIAN BLUES (HUEY/AMBEL)

Jeremy Chatzky: bass, Kenny Soule: drums,
Roscoe: dulcitar, electric guitars, lap steel,
programming and harmony, Erik: Vocals

WINONA (HUEY/FUENTES)

Jeremy Chatzky: bass, Kenny Soule: drums,
Roscoe: electric guitars, baritone guitar, acoustic
guitar, hand claps, harmonies, Erik: vocal

YOU CAN'T DRINK ALL DAY (HUEY)

Jeremy Chatzky: bass, Kenny Soule: drums,
Roscoe: electric guitar, acoustic guitars,
harmonies, Neil Thomas: piano, Cody Nilsen:
steel guitar, Erik: vocal

DEAR DAD (HUEY)

Jeremy Chatzky: bass, Kenny Soule: drums, Roscoe:
guitars and harmonies, Erik: vocals

THAT'S WHAT JUKEBOXES ARE FOR (HUEY)

Jeremy Chatzky: bass, Kenny Soule: drums, Roscoe:
electric guitar, acoustic guitar, harmonies, Rob
Arthur: piano, Laura Cantrell: vocal, Erik: vocal

**THE DEVIL'S HERE IN THESE HILLS
(HUEY/AMBEL)**

Keith Christopher: bass, Phil Cimino: drums and
cowbell, Roscoe: dulcitar, electric 6 and 12 string
guitars, vocals, Erik: vocals

THE BRIDE OF APPALACHIA (HUEY/AMBEL)

Roscoe: dulcitar, harmonium and cajon
Erik: spoken word

DEATH COUNTY (HUEY/AMBEL)

Jeremy Chatzky: bass, Kenny Soule: drums,
Roscoe: electric guitar, acoustic guitar, lap steel,
organ and harmonies, Erik: Vocal

**A HEART DISEASE CALLED LOVE
(JOHN COOPER CLARKE)**

Jeremy Chatzky: bass, Kenny Soule: drums,
Roscoe: electric, acoustic guitar and piano,
Steve Berlin: baritone saxophone, Erik: vocals

LUCY (HUEY/AMBEL)

Keith Christopher: bass, Phil Cimino: drums,
Roscoe: electric guitars and percussion,
Andy York: lead guitar, Erik: vocals

THE BATTLE OF UNIONTOWN (HUEY)

Jeremy Chatzky: bass, Kenny Soule: drums,
Roscoe: electric guitar, acoustic guitars, percussion and
harmonies, Rob Arthur: Hammond organ, Erik: Vocal

YOURS IN THE STRUGGLE (HUEY)

Jeremy Chatzky: bass, Kenny Soule: drums,
Roscoe: electric guitar, acoustic guitars, harmonies,
Neil Thomas: accordion,
Mary Lee Kortess: harmony, Erik: vocal

A COAL MINER'S SON (HUEY)

Roscoe: acoustic guitar, harmonica, harmonium,
harmonies, upright bass, bass drum Erik: Vocal

Produced by Eric "Roscoe" Ambel

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and by Eric Ambel at Evie's Terrace in Brooklyn, NY

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