Hickory County Mud

By Leroy McCarty. May 18, 2026

[Verse 1]

From the backwoods of Kentucky to the banks of Pomme de Terre

Down around McCarty Bend, Abraham and Sally settled there

Four generations, kinship mattered, the hardwoods were their home

It was the only life they would ever know

[Chorus]

Grandpa's old johnboat resting on the bank in the sycamore shade

Running trotlines, noodling catfish in the holes the river made

They lived, they loved, sent their praise to God above

I still hear their voices standing, in the Hickory County mud

[Verse 2]

The kindest man in the county, Boss became his name

Lost his leg out on the river, Carrie loved him just the same

They raised a son named Thomas, curly hair and bright blue eyes

When he lost his life in the war, part of Hickory County died

[Verse 3]

Son of Irene, Dwight was raised by grandparents strong

Spent his life hearing stories 'bout the father who was gone

Put on a flight suit in Vietnam, tail gunner in a B-52

His heart never left the County or the backwoods that he knew

[Chorus]

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[Verse 4]

Four generations, on their shoulders now I stand

Husband, father, brother, son, doing the best I can

Those stories, those memories shaped who I am

Now the ones I leave behind are the mark of this Hickory County man

[Chorus]

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[Fade Out]

[End]