

Ln Dont Stop Here Anymore
Michelle Shocked

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From: Ugo Piomelli

{title: The L&N don t stop here anymore}
{st:Jean Ritchie}

W[Em]hen I was a c[D]urly-headed ba[Em]by
My daddy set me d[D]own on his kn[Em]ee
Saying ``Son you go to sch[D]ool, you learn your le[Em]tters
Don t you be[C] no dusty mi[D]ner, boy like m[Em]e

{C:Chorus}

I was bo[D]rn and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Ho[Em]ller
Where the co[D]al carts rolled and rumbled past my d[Em]oor
But now they stand in a ru[D]sty row of all em[Em]pties
Because the L[C]&N don t st[D]op here an[Em]ymore

I used to think my father was a black man
With scrip enough to buy the company store
But now he goes to town with empty pockets
And his face is as white as the February snow

{C:Chorus}

Never thought I d live to lean to love the coaldust
Never thought I d pray to hear those temples roar
But God I wish the grass would turn to money
And then them greenbacks would fill my pockets once more

{C:Chorus}

Last night I dreamed I went down to the office
To get my payday like I done before
But them old kudzu vines was covering the doorway
And there was leaves and grass growing up through the floor

{C:Chorus}

Submitted to the ftp.nevada.edu:/pub/guitar archives
by Ugo Piomelli
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