

The L&N Don't Stop Here Anymore

Jean Ritchie

[Am] When I was a [G] curly-headed [Am] baby,
My daddy set me [G] down upon his [Am] knee.
Saying "Son you go to [G] school, you learn your [Am] letters.
Don't you be [F] no dusty [G] miner boy like [Am] me".

I was [G] born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard [Am] Holler.
Where the [G] coal carts rolled and rumbled past my [Am] door.
But now they [G] stand in a rusty row of all [Am] empties.
Because the [F] L&N don't [G] stop here [Am] anymore.

I used to think my [G] daddy was a [Am] black man.
With scrip enough [G] to buy the company [Am] store.
But now he goes down [G] town with empty [Am] pockets.
And his face [F] is as white as the [G] February [Am] snow.

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But now they [G] stand in a rusty row of all [Am] empties.
And the [F] L&N don't [G] stop here [Am] anymore.

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

{Break}

Never thought [G] I'd live to love the [Am] coal dust.
Never thought [G] I'd pray to hear the tippie [Am] roar.
But lord I wish [G] the grass would turn to [Am] money.
And them [F] greenbacks would [G] fill my pockets once [Am] more.

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