

The L & N Don't Stop Here Anymore

Jean Ritchie

Nashville Strum throughout - D DUDUDU

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

I was [G]born and raised in the mouth of Hazard [Am]hollow [Am]
[G]Coal cars roaring and rumbling past my [Am]door [Am]
[Am]Now they're standing [G]rusty rolling [Am]empty [Am]
And the [F]L&N don't [G]stop here any[Am]more [Am]

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

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[Am]Now they're standing [G]rusty rolling [Am]empty [Am]
And the [F]L&N don't [G]stop here any[Am]more [Am]

Last [Am]night I dreamt I [G]went down to the [Am]office [Am]
To [Am]get my payday [G]like I've done be[Am]fore [Am]
Them old [Am]kudzu vines had [G]covered up the [Am]doorway [Am]
And there were [F]trees and grass [G]growing right through the [Am] floor [Am]

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And the [F]L&N don't [G]stop here any[Am]more [Am]

I [Am]never thought I'd [G]live to love the [Am]coal dust [Am]
I never [Am]thought I'd pray to [G]hear that whistle [Am]roar [Am]
But [Am]Lord, how I wish the [G]grass could change to [Am]money [Am]
And the [F]green backs fill my [G]pockets once [Am]more

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