

# Johnny Cash, The L & N Don't Stop Here Anymore

(Jean Ritchie)

When I was a curly headed baby  
My daddy sat me down on his knee  
He said, "son, go to school and get your letters,  
Don't you be a dusty coal miner, boy, like me."

[Chorus:]

I was born and raised at the mouth of hazard hollow  
The coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door  
But now they stand in a rusty row all empty  
Because the l & n don't stop here anymore

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

[Chorus]

I never thought I'd learn to love the coal dust  
I never thought I'd pray to hear that whistle roar  
Oh, god, I wish the grass would turn to money  
And those green backs would fill my pockets once more

[Chorus]

Last night I dreamed I went down to the office  
To get my pay like a had done before  
But them ol' kudzu vines were coverin' the door  
And there were leaves and grass growin' right up through the floor

[Chorus]