

The Wilkinsons, Williamstown

(Steve Wilkinson/John Scott Sherrill)

My momma always told me
Don't you hang around those
Williamstown boys
And don't be blind girl they're not our kind
But she never met Willy McCoy

The sun comes up at his house
The same as it does at mine
And why the two of us should never touch
Is something I just can't get through my mind

In a passing car I saw him through the window
I could swear I caught him looking back
If there's a chance for love to grow
I might never know
'Cause I'm stuck here
On the right side of the tracks

Funny how a set of rusty rails
Built a wall that we can't break down
I know my baby's just a stone's throw away
But it's a million miles from here
To Williamstown

And if that train still stopped here at the station
We could hop on board, and never look back
Until love can cross the line
Between his world and mine
I'm stuck here on the right side of the tracks