

L&N Don't Stop Here Anymore Billy Bragg

Capo #3

[Em] When I was a [D] curly headed [Em] baby,
My daddy sat me [D] down upon his [Em] knee.
He said, "Boy, you go to [D] school and learn your [Em] letters,
Don't be-[C]-come a dusty [D] miner, boy, like [Em] me."

I was [D] born and raised in the mouth of the Hazard [Em] Hollow,
Where the [D] coal carts rumbled past my [Em] door,
Now they're standing in an [D] rusty row all [Em] empty,
and the [C] L & N.... don't [D] stop here any-[Em]-more.

Well, I [Em] used to think my [D] daddy was a [Em] black man,
with script enough to [D] buy the company [Em] store.
Now he goes to [D] town with his empty [Em] pockets
and his [C] face is white as the [D] February [Em] now.

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Where the [D] coal carts rumbled past my [Em] door,
Now they're standing in an [D] rusty row all [Em] empty,
and the [C] L & N.... don't [D] stop here any-[Em]-more.

Never [Em] thought I'd [D] learn to love that [Em] coaldust
Never thought I'd pray to [D] hear those temples [Em] roar
But God I wish the [D] grass would turn to [Em] money
And then them [C] greenbacks would fill my [D] pockets once [Em] more

Last [Em] night I dreamed I [D] went down to the [Em] coal yard
to draw my pay just [D] like I'd done be-[Em] fore.
Them ol' kudzu vines were [D] coming through the [Em] window,
and the weeds and grass were [Dm] growing through the [Em] floor.

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and the [C] L & N... don't [D] stop here any-[Em]-more.