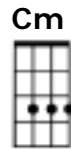
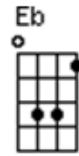


# The L & N Don't Stop Here Anymore - Kathy Mattea

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



## CHORUS:

I was born and raised in the mouth of the Hazard Hollow,  
Coal cars roared and rumbled past my door,  
Now they stand in a rusty row all empty,  
 'cos the L & N ..... don't stop here anymore.

2. Well, I used to think my daddy was a black man,  
 With script enough to buy the company store.  
Now he goes to town with empty pockets,  
 And his face is white as February snow. + CHORUS:

3. I never thought I'd learn to love the coal dust  
 Never thought I'd pray to hear that whistle roar  
 Lord God I wish the grass would turn to money  
 And those greenbacks filled my pockets up once more. + CHORUS:

4. Last night I dreamed I went down to the coal yard  
 to draw my pay like I'd done before.  
 Them kudzu vines were cov'ring all the windows,  
 There were weeds and grass growing right up through the floor. + CHORUS: