Last Train From Poor Valley

-Norman Blake

But things they got slow for no reason that I know

And ill winds they hove into sight

The mines all closed down everybody laid around There wasn't very much left to do But stand in that line get your ration script on time And woman I could see it killing you

Chorus

It's been a coming on that soon you would be gone Leaving crossed your mind every day Then you said to me things are bad back home you see I guess I better be on my way

I should blame you know but I never could somehow A miner's wife you weren't cutout to be It wasn't what you thought just some dreams that you bought When you left home and ran away with me

Chorus

Chart - Verse

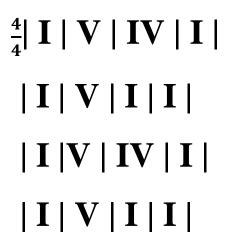


Chart - Verse

