

Nashville

Stonewall Jackson

In the year of forty three mama finished feedin' me
And quickly rushed off to her job at Woorden's Backmill
But at fourth on Monroe's street a faillin' hearts stopped at w
illin' feet
And mama gave up the breath of life in the town of Nashville
Daddy was in the county jail so my older sister Nell
Took a job at a tavern that some folks called the Trashmill
And when the welfare agency offered help and smiled at me
No thanks but we'll get by in this town of Nashville
As a kid I went to school hurt stood high on a tavern stool
A listenin' to the songs on the jukebox at the Trashmill
And that hurtin' in them sad old songs settled deep in a poor b
oy's bones
And I vowed I'll someday pick and sing in Nashville
So my older sister Nell like a true blue southern bell
Bought me a second handed guitar from the Nashville goodwill
Heaven would smile and bells would ring when I touched those sh
iny strings
And I was the richest poor boy in the town of Nashville

There's a chill down in my bones yes it's my time to go on
And I'm sure the good Lord knows the way I feel
So they're callin' me a star I can't forget about that first gu
itar
And a lady who helped me to make it big in this town of Nashvil
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