

Shocked Michelle

"Black Widow"

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Michelle Shocked

(Poly Gram Songs, Inc)

Time is red

Time is deadly

Time under glass

Time will tell

Time will tell

The tale of the widow

Who walks her web

Mourning the night

Mourning her dead

Mourning her dead

Did you lose him to a broom

Trapped in a corner of the room

Or was it under the foot

Of the marching black boot

Marching black boot

Is it the loneliness of the night

That makes you reach out and bite

The unawakened flesh

You lady in distress

You poor suffering Murderess

Em D C B7

The L & N don't stop here anymore

Jean Ritchie

(Geordie Music Pub. Co)

Em D Em

When I was a curly-headed baby

D Em

My daddy set me down on his knee

D Em

Saying "Son you go to school, you learn your letters

C D Em

Don't you be no dusty miner, boy like me"

D Em

I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Holler

D Em

Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door

D Em

But now they stand in a rusty row of all empties

C D Em

Because the L & N don't stop here anymore

I used to think my father was a black man

With scrip enough to buy the company store

But now he goes to town with empty pockets

And his face is as white as the February snow

I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Holler
Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door
But now they stand in a rusty road of all empties
Because the L & N don't stop here anymore
Never thought I'd live to lean to love the coaldust
Never thought I'd pray to hear those temples roar
But God I wish the grass would turn to money
And then them greenbacks would fill my pockets once
more

I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Holler
Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door
But now they stand in a rusty road of all empties
Because the L & N don't stop here anymore
Last night I dreamed I went down to the office
To get my payday like I done before
But them old kudzu vines was covering the doorway
And there was leaves and grass growing up through
the floor

I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazard Holler
Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door
But now they stand in a rusty road of all empties
Because the L & N don't stop here anymore

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