

Michelle Shocked **"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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