

Laura Gibson "Grande"

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When the moon carves a trail down the pine-bearded
hills

And a ghost-wind hollers to the early morn
And the starlings return to the old sugar mill
Stealing their corn from the grower's field

Oh, I'll be no more

When we've covered our hands in the bone-white clay
And we've shaken the dust from every boot and spur
We have counted our days in planks and rails
We have kept our spirits in the dancing halls

Oh, I'll be no more

When a cold corner stage in the back of the room
Holds a house band carrying an orphan tune
I would swing, I would sway, I would pull my hips
To the sad chorus playing on the overheads

Oh, I'll be no more

Oh, I'll be no more

Still to this day
I can hear the whistle blow
I can smell the sage burn
I may be as old and stubborn as a pine
But I am just as wild as the young

When a ribbon is curved round the blue-shadowed hills
And the hot steel is humming down the Union Line
Whip-thin, hickory-black, tap-tapping
Our sad-faced chatter into rhythm and rhyme

Oh, I'll be no more

Oh, I'll be no more

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