Railroad Earth "Potter's Field"

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I'm just a traveler passing through I wont haunt or bother you

Though you could put an end to my story.

You could call me ol' Jack. You might have seen me caped in black.

As I roam the streets of the village.

And in her long flowing hair. You might find my story there.

Though it was not my own hand that killed her.
I went down to the moonlight trail. Road out on the rail
And began my long life of journey,

And the ripple that rose on the water And the high rolling wave out at sea. And the Shadow that flies on the valley In the middle is where you'll find me.

In a bath tube for a boat, my passage I did float On the banks of the dock of he city Cuz in the fire of the devils den, life the gray coated men

That lost all my hopes and my two brothers.

So I wondered in the west settled down. Did my best. But my hear was unsteady and restless. To the room on Houston street. Where the pawn poets would meet

And we poured out the wine of the ages.

And the ripple that rose on the water And the hard hearted moon of the sea And the shadow that falls on the valley In the middle is where you find me.

Ten little flavors Ten little stones Sleep little babies. You'll never know, where you ever know.

Years ago my lid was sealed

Through me down in the Potters field We're the souls of the long and forgotten.

Though my name is dead and gone
I remain a carryin on and I roam with an old band of brothers.

If you strum that ancient stream, you may call my spirit in

Or if you blow on the horn of the whistle.

By an old pile of nails. I might stop and listen there

Where the wren pulls her nest from the thistle.

And the ripple that rose on the water And the high rolling wave out at sea And the Shadow that falls on the valley

I'm the middle is where you'll find me.

stone.

High above the Cullin wharf . Stands the ol' mound of

In the mist and the stone and the mountain
If you scramble up the street
Wont you stay a while for me
Watch the while rolling winds was the island.

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