

Band Of Heathens, The

"Jackson Station"

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Mama got a voice like sugar so sweet and fine
Sister singing Amazing Grace, right in time
They're laying poor papa low, in the ground that he
worked and sowed
They waitin' at the Jackson Station for the train to roll
She been up all night, she got crows walking round her
eyes
She can still raise a cup in a toast to a well run dry
He left her on a Tuesday still, Gin, Whiskey and a bottle
of pills
Now she's waitin' at the Jackson Station looking over
the hill

Take me away, hear that whistle play a sad, sad song
Lay me down, where the river runs wide and strong
Sometimes she rides a ticket home
Other times she'll leave you all alone
Just waitin' at the Jackson Station for the train to go
The 4:19 rolls on the Red Ball Line
The backwater shacks been waking to the 419
She got the smoke coming out of the stack, dead
running on a 10-mile track
Waitin' at the Jackson Station never coming back

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