

Stonewall Jackson "Nashville"

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In the year of forty three mama finished feedin' me
And quickly rushed off to her job at Woorden's
Backmill
But at fourth on Monroe's street a faillin' hearts
stopped at willin' feet
And mama gave up the breath of life in the town of
Nashville
Daddy was in the county jail so my older sister Nell
Took a job at a tavern that some folks called the
Trashmill
And when the welfare agency offered help and smiled
at me
No thanks but we'll get by in this town of Nashville
As a kid I went to school hurt stood high on a tavern
stool
A listenin' to the songs on the jukebox at the Trashmill
And that hurtin' in them sad old songs settled deep in a
poor boy's bones
And I vowed I'll someday pick and sing in Nashville
So my older sister Nell like a true blue southern bell
Bought me a second handed guitar from the Nashville
goodwill
Heaven would smile and bells would ring when I
touched those shiny strings
And I was the richest poor boy in the town of Nashville
[piano]
There's a chill down in my bones yes it's my time to go
on
And I'm sure the good Lord knows the way I feel
So they're callin' me a star I can't forget about that first
guitar
And a lady who helped me to make it big in this town of
Nashville

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