Letter In The Mail

James Taylor

If I could go down now
While the whole town is sleeping
See the sun creeping up on the hill
I know the river and the railroad
Would run through the valley still
I guess it never was much to look at
Just a one-horse town
The kind of place young people want to leave today
Store fronts pretty much boarded up
Main street pretty much closed down
The church bell still rings on sunday
Old folks still go
The young ones listen on the radio
Saturday night nothing but a stray dog running wild
Like nobody's child
And little by little, light after light
That's how it died
They say you never go home again
That's no lie
Its like a letter in the mail
To a brother in jail
It's a matter of time
Until you can do a little bit better time

It used to be part of the heartland
Awful proud and strong
But deep, deep down peaceful and serene
When people used to talk about the country
That's what they used to mean
I might go down come the weekend
Go on my own
Drop off annie and the baby
Maybe drive alone
Pay my last respects to a time
That has all but gone
We said, mama come look at the mountain
Fire in the sky
It's lit up like the fourth of july
The mill burning down

The jobs leaving town
The trains rolling by
And little by little, light after light
That's how it died
They say you never go home again
That's no lie
It's just a letter in the mail
To a brother in jail
It's a matter of time
Until you can do a little bit better time

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