No Brass Band

Jeannie C. Riley

The train whistle blew for Coal Road Crossin' in a few more minutes we'll pull into town
I'll have to face the folks who'll come to meet us
I'll try to keep the tears from fallin' down
It won't be the way we always had it pictured the day me and daddy went away
He told 'em we'll come back so rich and famous
And you'll have a big brass band all set to play
But there'll be no brass band at the station there'll be no smiles and no celebration
For daddy there'll just be a black hearse waiting and no brass band at the stationWe left two years ago come next September the letters I wrote were full of lies
For me and daddy never hit the big time we got our meals down in a Welfare Line
Daddy met up with some men who planned a robbery
They said with daddy's brains he'd go real far
But he never got beyond the first Colt bullet
Now daddy's in a pinebox in the baggage car
And there'll be no brass band...
And no brass band at the station

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