

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 station
We 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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