

# 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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