

# 7 Oaks

## Turnpike Troubadours

Well that banker  
He keeps calling  
Telling us our mortgage is overdue  
Gonna plow up the fields  
Gonna burn down the house  
And the banker he can have it when I'm through  
There ain't no silver left in these pockets  
There ain't no cornbread, Lord there ain't no wine  
That train don't stop around here anymore  
It done moved on down the line  
Well the tax man  
He said old Uncle Sam  
Gotta get this share of the rake  
He can come around here  
He can look for himself  
There ain't nothing left he can take  
There ain't no silver left in these pockets  
There ain't no cornbread, Lord there ain't no wine  
That train don't stop around here anymore  
It done moved on down the line  
I'm going to go back to Grandaddy's farm  
On Cherokee allotted land  
It ain't ever been owned by no one but him  
Won't be taxed by no other man  
There ain't no silver left in these pockets  
There ain't no cornbread, Lord there ain't no wine  
That train don't stop around here anymore  
It done moved on down the line

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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