# jackson station

## orchard & ponds

Mama got a voice like sugar so sweet and fine
Sister singing Amazing Grace, right in time
They're laying poor papa low, in the ground that he worked and sowed
They waitin' at the Jackson Station for the train to rollShe been up all night, she got crows walking round her eyes
She can still raise a cup in a toast to a well run dry
He left her on a Tuesday still, Gin, Whiskey and a bottle of pills
Now she's waitin' at the Jackson Station looking over the hillTake me away, hear that whistle play a sad, sad song
Lay me down, where the river runs wide and strong
Sometimes she rides a ticket home
Other times she'll leave you all alone
Just waitin' at the Jackson Station for the train to goThe 4:19 rolls on the Red Ball Line
The backwater shacks been waking to the 419
She got the smoke coming out of the stack, dead running on a 10-mile track
Waitin' at the Jackson Station never coming back

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