

Potter's Field

Railroad Earth

I'm just a traveler passing through I wont haunt or bother you
Though you could put an end to my story. You could call me ol' Jack. You might have seen me caped in black.
As I roam the streets of the village. And in her long flowing hair. You might find my story there.
Though it was not my own hand that killed her.
I went down to the moonlight trail. Road out on the rail
And began my long life of journey, And the ripple that rose on the water
And the high rolling wave out at sea.
And the Shadow that flies on the valley
In the middle is where you'll find me. In a bath tube for a boat, my passage I did float
On the banks of the dock of he city
Cuz in the fire of the devils den, life the gray coated men
That lost all my hopes and my two brothers. So I wondered in the west settled down. Did my best.
But my heart was unsteady and restless.
To the room on Houston street. Where the pawn poets would meet
And we poured out the wine of the ages. And the ripple that rose on the water
And the hard hearted moon of the sea
And the shadow that falls on the valley
In the middle is where you find me. Ten little flavors
Ten little stones
Sleep little babies. You'll never know, where you ever know. Years ago my lid was sealed
Through me down in the Potters field
We're the souls of the long and forgotten. Though my name is dead and gone
I remain a carryin on and I roam with an old band of brothers. If you strum that ancient stream, you may call my
spirit in
Or if you blow on the horn of the whistle.
By an old pile of nails. I might stop and listen there
Where the wren pulls her nest from the thistle. And the ripple that rose on the water
And the high rolling wave out at sea
And the Shadow that falls on the valley
I'm the middle is where you'll find me. High above the Cullin wharf . Stands the ol' mound of stone.
In the mist and the stone and the mountain
If you scramble up the street
Wont you stay a while for me
Watch the while rolling winds was the island.

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