

# No Time for Lovin'

Brian Junker

F C Dm Bb F

Ear-ly in the eve-ning time, sup-per smel-ling migh-ty fine, I come back home from

6 C F C Dm

days of tri-bu-la-tion. Wor-king hard for my paycheck, though I'm not a

12 Bb F C F CHORUS Bb F

rich man yet, my wa-ge-serve to shel-ter me and mine. It's been a long day on the

18 C Dm Bb F C Bb F C Dm

coun-ty line; a long night's a-com in'. If the fore-man says the train must drive, it

23 Bb C F

leaves no time for lov-in'.

2. Hammer to the iron rail,  
Till my arms and fingers fail,  
I do my part to get those cars in motion.  
Be it bright or midnight blue,  
Those wheels have got to roll on through,  
On to move that coal to Hallard Bay.