**Willisburg in Tennessee**

Willisburg in Tennessee, the mail comes in on the 403

Hours before the dawn, the station lights are on

From a rail along the boarding dock, staring at the station clock

Maybe the dripping rain has slowed the morning train

Maybe a letter for Jessie Black, maybe his son is coming back

Maybe she’s runnin bad, maybe his son is dead

Or catalogs from the Sears store with fancy things we can’t afford

She could’ve lost a car — maybe lose the farm

Maybe some news from the company man gonna open up the mine

Maybe Sammy’s drunk again, the shaft is all caved in

Maybe good news for Mrs. Wayne, they’re going to let young Johnny out of jail Maybe a heavy load — life without parole

Rustling noise by the water tank, probably old Mississippi Hank

Waiting for the early train, going south again

Been seen around for several days, out by Annie Goodrell’s place

Don’t help to pay the rent — helps to have a friend

Maybe a letter from the county seat, going to give us government relief

Maybe the tracks are blocked — maybe we’re outta luck

Maybe a package for the Reverend Sand’s, some medicine from his Indian friend Maybe they’re low on coal, medicine for the soul

Back of the station in the burner room, telegraph is coming through

Message dreadful clear, no one there to hear

403’s not coming in, not tonight not ever again

Southern lines been sold, their closing up the road

Maybe something for me in there, a letter from a friend somewhere

Maybe the drippin rain, maybe she forgot my name

Stories of the good times way back when, things have changed a lot since then

Maybe the whole damn world — no longer-turns

Poor coyote he sound so depressed, caught himself in a trap I guess

Maybe the trestle’s down — God, I hate that sound

Lights are coming on in town, all the people waiting round

Maybe the drippin rain has slowed the morning train