It was good one time...

The coal tip-plies was migh-ty

But things they got slow...

For no reason that I know...

Now the mines all closed down...

round... There wasn't ver-y much that you could do...

'Cept stand in that line... get your ration script on
Last Train From Poor Valley - Norman Blake

Chorus...

And woman... I could see it kil-lin' you...

Now the soft, new snows of Dec-em-ber...

Light-ly... fall... my cab-in

'round... I saw the last train... From Poor Valley...

Tak-in' brown-haired Becky Richmond

It's been com-in' on... I knew you

soon would be gone... 'Cause leavin' crossed your mind ev'ry
day...
Then you said to me... Things are bad at home you see...
I think I'd better be on my way....
I should blame you now...
I never could some how.... For a miner's wife you weren't cut out to be...
It wasn't what you thought... just some dreams that you bought...
When you left your home and ran away with me...
Now the soft, new snows of De...
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