

James Taylor, Letter In The Mail

If I could go down now while the whole town is sleeping, see the sun creeping up on the hill,
I know the river and the railroad would run through the valley still.
I guess it never was much to look at, just a one-horse town,
the kind of place young people want to leave today,
store fronts pretty much boarded up, Main Street pretty much closed down.
The church bell still rings on Sunday, old folks still go, the young ones listen on the radio.
Saturday night nothing but a stray dog running wild like nobody's child.

And little by little, light after light, that's how it died.
They say you never go home again, that's no lie.
Its like a letter in the mail to a brother in jail,
it's a matter of time until you can do a little bit better time.

It used to be part of the heartland, awful proud and strong.
But deep, deep down peaceful and serene.
When people used to talk about the country that's what they used to mean.
I might go down come the weekend, go on my own,
drop off Annie and the baby, maybe drive alone.
Pay my last respects to a time that has all but gone.
We said, Mama come look at the mountain, fire in the sky, it's lit up like the Fourth of July,
the mill burning down, the jobs leaving town, the trains rolling by.

And little by little, light after light, that's how it died.
They say you never go home again, that's no lie.
Its like a letter in the mail to a brother in jail,
it's a matter of time until you can do a little bit better time.