

# Jeannie C. Riley, No Brass Band

The train whistle blew for Coal Road Crossin' in a few more minutes we'll pull into town  
I'll have to face the folks who'll come to meet us  
I'll try to keep the tears from fallin' down  
It won't be the way we always had it pictured the day me and daddy went away  
He told 'em we'll come back so rich and famous  
And you'll have a big brass band all set to play  
But there'll be no brass band at the station there'll be no smiles and no celebration  
For daddy there'll just be a black hearse waiting and no brass band at the station

We left two years ago come next September the letters I wrote were full of lies  
For me and daddy never hit the big time we got our meals down in a Welfare Line  
Daddy met up with some men who planned a robbery  
They said with daddy's brains he'd go real far  
But he never got beyond the first Colt bullet  
Now daddy's in a pinebox in the baggage car  
And there'll be no brass band...  
And no brass band at the station