

# John Hiatt, Wrote It Down And Burned It

There's a dead girl's body

By the railroad track

She's waiting for a train

Jimmy left town like a fade to black

In his Camaro in the rain

She wrote it down and burned it

Jimmy loves who knows who

Well he wasn't from around this town

And mister neither are you

She was listening into that Monon line

For the Wabash Cannonball

Put your head on the rail

And you can hear her whine

Just like a caterwaul

She wrote it down and burned it

She clutched it flaming to her chest

It said Jimmy loves cars

And Jimmy loves trains

Ah but Jimmy, Jimmy loves me best

There's a dead girl's body

By the railroad track

Waiting for a train

Well I guess Jimmy never did come back

In his Camaro in the rain

She wrote it down and burned it

Yeah the only way I know

You could still read some words

In the ashes there

But she could not watch him go

She wrote it down and burned it