

# John Hiatt, Wrote It Down & 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 camero 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