

Shannon Curfman, No Riders

I am just a poor girl

Trying to get back home

Waiting by the station

Barefoot on the stones

Seven years from Ponchatoula

Not one penny in my hand

Please mister help me

I come so far I cannot stand

He said We don't take no riders

No riders on this train

Go on ask the brakeman

He'll tell you just the same

I don't take no riders

Don't take no riders on this train

Best move on down the line, mama

Go on back from where you came

I done left my mama

When I was but a child

Took off with a young man

Started running wild

Seven years from Ponchatoula

Ain't nothin' gone my way

Please mister help me

Can't you hear a word I say?

He said We don't take no riders

No riders on this train

Go on ask the brakeman

He'll tell you just the same

I don't take no riders

Don't take no riders on this train
Best move on down the line, mama
Go on back from where you came