

# Stonewall Jackson, Nashville

In the year of forty three mama finished feedin' me  
And quickly rushed off to her job at Woorden's Backmill  
But at fourth on Monroe's street a faillin' hearts stopped at willin' feet  
And mama gave up the breath of life in the town of Nashville  
Daddy was in the county jail so my older sister Nell  
Took a job at a tavern that some folks called the Trashmill  
And when the welfare agency offered help and smiled at me  
No thanks but we'll get by in this town of Nashville  
As a kid I went to school hurt stood high on a tavern stool  
A listenin' to the songs on the jukebox at the Trashmill  
And that hurtin' in them sad old songs settled deep in a poor boy's bones  
And I vowed I'll someday pick and sing in Nashville  
So my older sister Nell like a true blue southern bell  
Bought me a second handed guitar from the Nashville goodwill  
Heaven would smile and bells would ring when I touched those shiny strings  
And I was the richest poor boy in the town of Nashville  
[ piano ]  
There's a chill down in my bones yes it's my time to go on  
And I'm sure the good Lord knows the way I feel  
So they're callin' me a star I can't forget about that first guitar  
And a lady who helped me to make it big in this town of Nashville