## 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