

# The Wilkinsons, Williamstown

(Steve Wilkinson/John Scott Sherrill)

My momma always told me  
Don't you hang around those  
Williamstown boys  
And don't be blind girl they're not our kind  
But she never met Willy McCoy

The sun comes up at his house  
The same as it does at mine  
And why the two of us should never touch  
Is something I just can't get through my mind

In a passing car I saw him through the window  
I could swear I caught him looking back  
If there's a chance for love to grow  
I might never know  
'Cause I'm stuck here  
On the right side of the tracks

Funny how a set of rusty rails  
Built a wall that we can't break down  
I know my baby's just a stone's throw away  
But it's a million miles from here  
To Williamstown

And if that train still stopped here at the station  
We could hop on board, and never look back  
Until love can cross the line  
Between his world and mine  
I'm stuck here on the right side of the tracks