

Last Train From Poor Valley

-Norman Blake

I V IV I
It was good one time everything was mighty fine

V I
The coal temples roared day and night

V IV I
But things they got slow for no reason that I know

V I
And ill winds they hove into sight

The mines all closed down everybody laid around
There wasn't very much left to do
But stand in that line get your ration script on time
And woman I could see it killing you

Chorus

I V I
Now the soft new snows of December

vi IV I
Lightly fall my cabin 'round

I7 IV
And the last train from Poor Valley

I IV I V I
Taking brown-haired Becky Richmond bound

It's been a coming on that soon you would be gone
Leaving crossed your mind every day
Then you said to me things are bad back home you see
I guess I better be on my way

I should blame you know but I never could somehow
A miner's wife you weren't cutout to be
It wasn't what you thought just some dreams that you
bought
When you left home and ran away with me

Chorus

Chart - Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I | V | IV | I |

| I | V | I | I |

| I | V | IV | I |

| I | V | I | I |

Chart - Verse

| I | I | V | I | I |

| vi | IV | I | I |

| I | I7 | IV | IV |

| I IV | I V | I | I |