

## Mill Towns

Del McCoury

Heard a voice call down  
From the lonesome north  
Singin' songs of the work and worth  
Hard edged stories from  
The hard rock towns  
I can picture Saturday night  
Tires squealin' from the main street lights  
Hear the crackin' of the cables  
On the cage as it's lowered down  
Hard edged stories from  
The streets of the mining town

Don't follow me in boys  
Don't follow me in boys  
Don't follow me in boys  
Don't follow me down

I was raised by the seaway side  
Staring out a the river wide  
Rode my bike up the bridge  
Looked back at the paper mill  
Through the windows I'd try and see  
What the future held for the likes of me  
I can hear the shift change siren still  
In the seaway city by the stacks  
Of the paper mill

And the towns that rose with the mines and mills  
Watch the future pass  
Like they're standin' still  
And the kids all leave  
Like light when the sun goes down  
When you go back now  
And you walk the streets  
There's parking lots  
Where the buildings used to be  
Night still falls  
But it doesn't make a sound  
Long shadows fall  
On the streets of the cold mill towns