

## Ruination Line

**Town Mountain**

Dust in the meadow, smoke on the mountainside  
There's an air of desperation coming across the great divide  
Thunder rolling, shaking the valley down  
But it ain't the second coming, man, that's drumming up that sound

No, it's the train of broken dreams, run on misery and woe  
Come to take you downtrodden when you ain't got no place to go  
And there'll be no mistaking when you hear that whistle whine  
You're standing at the station in the ruination line

Tell you, brother, I can't get no sleep  
There's heretics in the Capitol and heroes on the street  
In this corporate prison, what for is my bail?  
It's one twenty nine a barrel, son—your freedom is for sale

Well, they give me excuses, they give me their word  
And it's hard to give a damn when you're unemployed and uninsured  
Can't afford to pay no doctor or no ambulance ride  
Standing at the station in the ruination line

Drive your mule, boy, up that field and back  
Well, you gotta earn your keep here, make no doubt about that fact  
Ain't no time for stalling, no time for to waste  
No time for your lost soul just to try to find its place

Now all I ever wanted was a little peace and quiet  
And a stash of my own, and a good girl to hold tight  
But now I'm broke, dry, and dirty; my good love passed me by  
Feel I'm primed and ready for that ruination line

So lay my head down on that rail  
And maybe she can ease my mind  
Pray she moves me swiftly down the ruination line