

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