

7 Oaks

Turnpike Troubadours

Well that banker
He keeps calling
Telling us our mortgage is overdue
Gonna plow up the fields
Gonna burn down the house
And the banker he can have it when I'm through

There ain't no silver left in these pockets
There ain't no cornbread, Lord there ain't no wine
That train don't stop around here anymore
It done moved on down the line

Well the tax man
He said old Uncle Sam
Gotta get his share of the rake
He can come around here
He can look for himself
There ain't nothing left he can take

There ain't no silver left in these pockets
There ain't no cornbread, Lord there ain't no wine
That train don't stop around here anymore
It done moved on down the line

I'm gonna go back to Granddaddy's farm
On Cherokee allotted land
It ain't ever been owned by no one but him
Won't be taxed by no other man

There ain't no silver left in these pockets
And here ain't no cornbread and there ain't no wine
That train don't stop around here anymore
It done moved on down the line
I said that train don't stop around here anymore
It done moved on down the line