

Lost Town

by Rick Lang

Sure am glad to meet you, Doubleday's my name
First time I've been back here since 1938
I'll tell you a story that happened long ago
When they flooded this here valley... and covered up my childhood home

Now our great granddad settled here is 1863
He plowed these fields and raised the crop that fed his family
The stonewall that you're lookin' at, he built with his own hands
It's all that still remains... of life way back then

I was only eight years old when we got the news
The vote had passed to seal our fate, there was nothing we could do
Of all the places they could put that damned ol' reservoir
It had to be our little town... now it will be no more

I could not believe my ears when I heard daddy say
Every building on these streets must be hauled away
The old town hall, general store, and little two-room school
When they tore down the old home place... there was nothing we could do

I'm the 4th generation to live inside those walls
The stories they could tell, Lord knows they seen it all
(Goin' back to the days of the civil war)
I watched as the wrecking crew worked to take her down
Until there was nothin' left... but a big hole in the ground

Funny how your mind works the older that you get
The things you remember, the things that you forget
You know, the worst of it all is to be taken from your kin
And the thought of knowin'... that you can't go home again

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