

Heading Back to Reedville (The Stack Song)

by Janie Meneely

Headin' back to Reedville, ton of bunker in the hold
Hear a clap of thunder, and it's windy wet and cold
Try to see the shoreline in the late November rain
Site that big old smoke stack and we know we're home again

CHORUS:

It ain't seen smoke for 80 years, but still holds up the sky
That old tall stack from far and near, first thing to catch your eye
No matter if we come or go, how far away we roam
That tall stack says we're Reedville bound.
We know we're almost home

Grandad worked a fishboat out before the dawn
Hauling nets or dragging lines till daylight's all but gone
He didn't need a SATNav, no compass or Loran
Just see that tall stack rising up when he headed back to land

CHORUS

Some say it's just a ghost stack, a relic from the past
Pointing ever skyward like a tall and lonely mast
But it's watched over the harbor, seen a lot of ebb and flow
Been standing for a hundred years, with a hundred more to go

CHORUS

They thought she just might tumble, breath of wind could knock her down
And they shored her up right steady so she'd never hit the ground
Now she stands there watchin', like a beacon sure and proud
A monument to Reedville and the fish that built the town

CHORUS

CHORUS