

Chris LeDoux, Raised By The Railroad Line

The clickety sound of the southbound freight
And the high speed hum of a passenger train
Becomes a part of the soul and a heart and the mind
Of a boy who's raised by the railroad line
The sound of a whistle at the crossin' road
And the tanks and the trucks and the tractors on the flatcar load
Becomes a part of the soul and a heart and the mind
Of a boy who's raised by the railroad line
And the big round penny that you lay on the rails
And the wheels mash flat
And a glimpse of the faces of the ladies
And the picture of the men in the engineer's hat
And the brakeman waves from the red caboose
He's a part of the past, never quite turns loose
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