

# 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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