

Blackfoot, Railroad Man

Well, yeah, yeah, yeah, One of these mornings, it won't be long
Captain's gonna call and I'll be gone
I'll be nine hundred miles away from home
You can count the days I'm gone
You can tell the train I'm on
You can hear the whistle blow as she rolls by
She rolls by, she rolls by
Hear the whistle blow as she rolls by
My olden shoes are worn
My olden clothes are torn
And I hate to go home now this-a-way
This-a-way, this-a-way
Hate to go home this-a-way
Well, if my Mama she says so, I'll railroad no more
I'll side-track my train and go home
And go home, and go home
Side-track my train and go home
If I die a Railroad Man
I wanna be buried in the sand
So I can hear old No. 9 as she rolls by
She rolls by, she rolls by
Hear old No. 9 as she rolls by