

Doc Watson, Greenville Trestle High

I remember as a boy
How I'd wander and enjoy
I'd watch the trains as they'd go by
And the whistle's lonely sound
You could hear for miles around
As they rolled across that Greenville trestle high.

But the whistles don't sound like they used to
Lately not many trains go by
Hard times across the land
Mean no work for the railroad man
And the Greenville trestle now don't seem so high.

On the river bank I'd stand
With a cane pole in my hand
Watch the freight trains up against the sky
With black smoke trailing back
As they moved along the track
That runs across that Greenville trestle high.

But the whistles don't sound like they used to
Lately not many trains go by
Hard times across this land
Mean no work for the railroad man
And the Greenville trestle now don't seem so high.

When the lonesome whistles wind
I get ramblin' on my mind
Lord, I wish they still sounded that way
As I turned to head for home
Lord, she'd rumble low and long
Towards the sunset at the close of day

No, the whistles don't sound like they used to
Lately not many trains go by
Hard times across the land
Mean no work for the railroad man
And the Greenville trestle now don't seem so high.

No, the Greenville trestle now don't seem so high.