

Flatt And Scruggs, Starlight On The Rails

I can hear the whistle blowin' I am lonesome as can be
Tonight the rain is softly fallin' and it's fallin' just for me
Looking back along the road I travel the miles could tell a million tales
Each year is like some rolling freight train cold as starlight on the rails
[harmonica]

A man who lives out on the highway he's like a flock that can't tell time
A man who spends his life just rambling is like a song without a rhyme
I think about my home and family my house and all the things that mean
The black smoke trailin' out behind me is like a string of broken dreams
Looking back along...