

Jim Croce, Railroads And Riverboats

The railroads, and the riverboats, that bred the mighty man
That we read about, and we dream about
The men who built this land
And the farmers and the lumbermen and the men who worked the mills
And the poor hard working miners
Who died inside the hills

While the rivers that flow
Are the blood of our land
And the trucks they keep rumbling
On the great concrete band
And the railroads keep pushing
To be all they once were
And nature is calling
No one's listening to her

And the immigrants, by the boat load, in a dozen different tones
Sang of freedom, in the new land
Climbed the ladder rung by rung
Some to Boston, some to Pittsburg, Philadelphia and St. Paul
And the old ways, led to new days
They were welcome one and all.

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With the railroads, and the riverboats, and the bread lines far behind
And the days we sang together
Long gone but still in mind
And the men who, came before us, men who brought us to today
And the story, still unravels, from the dreams of yesterday

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