

Joe Ely, Crawdaddy Train

Hey, Whistle Man, what's that on the track?
Looks like a crawdaddy sunnin' on his back.
Hey, Whistle Man, why don't he run?
Looks like he's darin' this train to come.

Blow your whistle, blow it low.
Looks like he's rarin' up some more.
Crawdaddy, crawdaddy you better hide.
Crawdaddy opened his pintchers wide.
Lord, he opened his pintchers wide.

Whistle Man, Whistle Man, wasn't he brave?
A little crawdaddy tried to whoop this train.
He was brave all right, brave as any man,
But his judgement, Lord, wasn't worth a damn.

Whistle Man, Whistle Man, blow it low,
Crawdaddy ain't in this world no more.
Whistle Man, Whistle Man, Whistle Man,
Blow it for the crawdaddy in the promised land.
Blow it for the crawdaddy in the promised land.
(Train whistle) Blow it for the crawdaddy in the promised land.