

Murray McLauchlan, Railroad Man

I started with a shovel
I started with a dream
Stoking up the firebox
To get a head of steam
Coal dust on my hands
I had cinders in my eyes
I remember mamma waving
As the train rolled by

I'm a railroad man
I've got steel rails on my mind
Got this engine in my blood
Got to get on down the line
Listen for my whistle
And see my headlight shine
Got to grab on to that Johnson bar
And make those drivers whine

Then one day, that old engine it was mine
Had my hand upon the throttle
And my eyes on the line
Tip my hat to the old-timers
That taught me what I know
Haul down on that whistle
As I haul on down the road

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Got this engine in my blood
Got to get on down the line
Listen for my whistle
And see my headlight shine
Got to grab on to that Johnson bar
And make those drivers whine

Now the steam trains are gone
The way all things have to go
I'm driving a big diesel now
And hauling iron ore
Hauling timber, hauling people
To where they have to go
All the way from Hudson Bay
To the Horth Bay Shore

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