Rhonda Vincent, Passing Of The Train

Way back when it all began
With muscle, wood and steel,
Mighty man tamed the land
With a horse that rode on wheels;
It broke the heart of the red man
And made a name for Jesse James;
A mark was left forever
By the passing of the train.

As a little child my thoughts ran wild As I clung to Mama's dress, As the train grew near the engineer Waved my fears to rest; He tipped his hat and pulled the cord And blew a long refrain-Around midnight I'd be dreaming Of the passing of the train.

Clickety clack heating up the track Can't you hear that whistle scream? She's a'letting you know just how she feels With a belly full of steam. All aboard who's going aboard It'll never be the same. It's a downright lonesome feeliing With the passing of the train.

That old caboose, they cut it loose And they ain't gonna bring it back. It sits beside the towns that died Along a million miles of track. We're always late when we get there So we'd sooner hop a plane, But anyone who's heard that whistle Mourns the passing of the train.

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She's a'letting you know just how she feels
With a belly full of steam.
All aboard who's going aboard
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All aboard who's going aboard It'll never be the same. It's a downright lonesome feeling With the passing of the train.