

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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