

Ricky Skaggs, Greenville Trestle High

Doc Watson & Ricky Skaggs

I remember as a boy how in wonderment and joy,
I'd watch the trains as they'd go by,
And the whistle's lonesome sound, you could here from miles around,
As they rolled across that Greenville Trestle high.

But the whistles don't sound like they used to,
Lately not many trains go by,
Hard times across the land mean no work for a railroad man,
And the Greenville Trestle now don't seem so high.

On the riverbank I'd stand with a cane pole in my hand,
And watch the freight trains up against the sky,
With the black smoke trailing back as they moved along the track,
That runs across that Greenville Trestle high.

When the lonesome whistles whined I'd get rambling on my mind,
Lord I wish they still sounded that way,
As I turned to head for home Lord she'd rumble low and long,
Toward the sunset at the close of day...