

Passing Of The Train

Rhonda Vincent

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 feeling
With the passing of the train

That old caboose, they cut it loose
And 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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