

Train, Train

The Oak Ridge Boys

I lost a pretty penny on my daddy's farm
To the railroad tracks that ran between the back porch and the
barn
Every time that locomotive would start to shake the ground
I'd beat it to the backyard and I'd lay my Lincoln down
I'd signal to the engineer, he'd always let her blow
I'd count the cars, one by one, wishin' I could go

Train train choo-choo train
Heard that oooh oooh oooooohhhhhh
And I've never been the same
Train train choo-choo train
There's still a little rambling round running through my veins

From the Blue Ridge Smoky Mountains on L&N's old rails
To the Kansas City Southern sleepin' with the mail
I cut steel through Pennsylvania on the P&LE too
Saw the Colorado River from a Rio Grande caboose
Now every time that iron horse is comin' 'round the bend
I hear that lonesome sound oh Lord, and there I go again