

Train Forty Five

Oh, you ought to been updown
To see that train come down
And hear the whistle blow a hundred times
Oh, hear that train coming round the bend
Blow like she'll never blow again
I'm going up the track bring my little girlie back
I'm tired of living this a way
Train Forty Five, just as sure as you're alive
She blows like she'll never blow no more
If the train runs right
See mu woman Saturday night
About a hundred miles away from home