

Fare Thee Well, Cisco  
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

While walking through the railroad yards on a cold and a rainy night,  
I saw a string of old boxcars as it pulled out of sight.  
I heard the whistle blowing just as sad as anything.  
And it made me think of Cisco, and the songs he used to sing.

Chorus:

Fare thee well, Cisco, fare thee well.  
Here for just a while,  
Gone a many a mile.

Fare thee well, Cisco, fare thee well.  
He walked down every highway in this great and mighty land.

He sang the songs of what he saw, he sang for every man.

He had no truck with nonsense, he sang 'em straight and plain.

He got his greatest music from the whistle of a train.

Chorus:

Well I dreamed that me and Cisco, we were standing in some town.

The good clean air was in our lungs And the sun was a-shining down.

He said "This land has lots of room, It stretches far and wide.

There's a lonesome freight at six-o-eight, Let's grab that train and ride."

Chorus:

Well, he rambled 'round with Woody, just to see what he could see.

And when the Fascist tide was high, he rambled out to sea.

And every where he rambled, he made friends of many men.

And Cisco's friends can tell us we won't see his kind again.

Chorus:

Fare thee well, Cisco. Fare thee well.