

The Song of the Rail
By:Ralph Chaplin
Music by Mark Ross

Life here in town is too damn monotonous,
Stickin' around at a regular job.
All the time somebody bossin' and spottin' us,
We don't fit in on a laborin' job.
Things here is too much precise and persnickity.
Say, 'Bo, I'd just as soon be in jail.
Us for the road and the wheels that go clickity,
Clickity click on the glimmerin' rail.

Us for the road and the old hobo way again,
Loafin' around in the wind and the sun,
Floppin' at night in the soft of the hay again,
Nary a worry of work to be done.
Say, ain't you ready to beat it by crickity,
Jump on a freight and be off on the trail,
Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickity,
Clickity click on the glimmerin' rail?

Judges will call you a shame to society;
Brakemen will bounce you off onto the ground.
Trampin's no cinch, but it's full of variety;
Here, we're just ploddin' around and around.
Honest, I'm getting all feeble and rickity.
Say, 'Bo, we'll wither up sure if we stick.
Let's grab a rattler with wheels that go clickity,
Clickity clickity, clickity, click.

Say, are you ready to beat it by crickity,
Jump on a freight, be off on the trail,
Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickity,
Clickity click on the glimmerin' rail.