

Fare Thee Well, Cisco

Tom Paxton

While walkin' through the railroad yard
On a cold and a rainy night
I saw a string of old boxcars
As it pulled out of sight
I heard the whistle blowin'
Just as sad as anything
And it made me think of Cisco
And the songs he used to sing
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
Fare thee well, Cisco, fare thee well
Here for just a while
Gone a many a mile
Fare thee well, Cisco, fare thee well
Well, I dreamed that me and Cisco
We were standin' 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"
Fare thee well, Cisco, fare thee well
Here for just a while
Gone a many a mile
Fare thee well, Cisco, fare thee well
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 everywhere he rambled
He made friends of many men
And Cisco's friends can tell us
We won't see his kind again
Fare thee well, Cisco, fare thee well
Here for just a while
Gone a many a mile
Fare thee well, Cisco, fare thee well
Fare thee well, Cisco, fare thee wel