

Railroad Man

Blackfoot

Well, yeah, yeah, yeah
One of these morning, it won't be long
Captain's gonna call and I'll be gone
I'll be nine hundred miles away from home

You can count the days I'm gone
You can tell the train I'm on
You can hear the whistle blow as she rolls by
Hear the whistle blow as she rolls by

My olden shoes are worn
My olden clothes are torn
And I hate to go home now this-a-way
This-a-way, this-a-way
Have to go this-a-way

Well, if my Mama she says so, I'll railroad no more
I'll side-track my train and go home
And go home, and go home
Side-track my train and go home

If I die a Railroad Man
I wanna be buried in the sand
So I can hear old No. 9 as she rolls by
She rolls by, she rolls by
Hear old No. 9 as she rolls by

Words and Music by: Shorty Medlocke