

# 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