

The Last Of A Dying Breed

Dr. Hook

Hey look at that train heading down the track
And look at that smoke coming out the stack
Fifty-five miles an hour, now ain't that speed
Well, she's riding high wide and handsome and she's just what the
country needs
But the times have changed and she's the last of a dying breed

Everybody take a look at that engineer
His face looks worried but his eyes are clear
He got a wife at home and six hungry kids to feed
But his hand is steady on the throttle and he's just what the
country needs
But now the times have changed he's the last of a dying breed

Yeah, now look at that farmer with a two-bottom plow
Three hundred acres an empty hay mow
Two hundred acres ain't nothing but dust and weeds
Well, he's upright, straight and honest and he's just what the
country needs
But the times have changed, he's the last of a dying breed

Hey, hey, hey there goes a fellow in a ten-gallon hat
High heeled boots and a lariat
Six shooter hanging way down around his knees
Well, he cool and independent and he's just what the country
needs
But the times have changed, he's the last of a dying breed

Well, now he out on the highway with his old guitar
Flagging down semi's and travelling far
Talking with farmers and truck-driving men and thieves
Well, the leavings for the old folkies, ain't nothing but stems
and seeds
Cause the times have changed, he's the last of a dying breed