

Daddy, What's a Train?

John Denver

Daddy what's a train? Is it something I can ride?
Does it carry lots of grown-up folks and little kids inside?
Is it bigger than our house? Well, how can I explain
when my little boy and girl ask me "Daddy what's a train?" G

When I was just a boy and living by the track,
us kids would gather up the coal in big old gunnysacks.
Then we heard the warning sound as the train pulled into view,
the engineer would smile and wave as she went rolling through.
She blew so loud and clear, we had to cover up our ears
and we counted cars just as high as we could go.
I can almost hear the steam those big old drivers scream,
sounds my little kids will never know.

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I guess the times have changed, kids are different now.
'Cause some don't even seem to know that milk comes from a cow.
My little boy can tell the names of all the baseball stars,
I remember how I memorized the names on railroad cars.
The Wabash and the TP, Lackawanna, the IC,
the Nickel-Plate and the good old Santa Fe,
just names out of the past, I guess they're fading fast.

Every time I hear my little boy say,
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We climbed into the car, drove down into town,
right up to the depot house, but no one was around.
We searched the yard together for something I could show,
but I know there hadn't been a train for a dozen years or so.
All the things I did when I was just a kid,
how far away those memories appear.
I guess it's plain to see they still mean a lot to me
because my ambition was to be an engineer.

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