

Old Train

John Denver

Old Train, I can hear your whistle blow
And I want to be jumping on again
Old Train, I've been everywhere you go
And I know what lies beyond each bend

Old Train, each time you pass
You're older than the last
And it seems I'm too old for running
I hear your rusty wheels grate against the rails
They cry with every mile
And I think I'll stay awhile

Old Train, I grow weary at the miles
And I miss the freedom that was mine
Old Train, just to think about those times
I'll smile when you're highballing by

Old Train, each time you pass
You're older than the last
And It seems I'm too old for running
I hear your rusty wheels grate against the rails
They cry with every mile
And I think I'll stay awhile