

John Henry Lives

Laura Veirs

Hear the whistle blow far off
In the still night without stars
See the tracks laid flat with a hammer's might
They're the spike driver's scars
They're the spike driver's scars

By the railroad ties there a hammer lies it's all painted in red
It's all painted in red, it's all painted in red

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The west springs up from the spike driver's blues
And the captain's new shiny shoes take to him this hat
And hammer and tell him i'm gone i'm gone i'm gone i'm gone i'm
gone

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