

## 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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