

# Silver Ghost

Merle Haggard

On a cold and rainy night I was sittin' in the light  
Oh my switchman shack of mine post on the mountain  
The storms were pretty bad and the telephone was dead  
But it was just eleven hours till the dawn.

Then much to my surprize the telegraph jumped in the light  
As I read the code I thought could this be true  
The train was on its way headed up to mountain grade  
But she didn't have no engineer or crew.

At the other switch they tried to put her on the mountain side  
But she kept on coming up the mountain grade  
But I quickly douse the light to try to see into the night  
Maybe I could spot her headlight in the rain.

She was poundin' down below I could hear her whistle blow  
And I thought Lord that's a high and mournful sound  
Then the telegraph again there's a caving in the mine  
And the hundred men have burried neath the ground.

Lord, she's coming now I see her round the bend and straight at  
me  
And her ballet is glowin' red as coal in hell  
The headlinght switchin' wide searchin' all the mountain side  
But the only sound she's making it's a wail.

Then I recognized the train by the number and the name  
It's from miners Silver Ghost 0-40-1  
Then she vanished up the track by the lonely swutchman shack  
Like a mother who was looking for her son.

Now I heard the story how an engine went to glory  
Over fifty years ago in the same line  
It was steaming for the caving there were men needed saving  
But it missed the curve in trestle near the mine.

And every now and then you'll hear a whistle on the wind  
It's from mountail slides where many men're lost  
It's a high and lonely wail and searching up and down the mount  
ain  
It's the train they call the Miners Silver Ghost.

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