

# Passing Of The Train

Rhonda Vincent

Way back when it all began  
With muscle, wood and steel  
Mighty man tamed the land  
With a horse that rode on wheels

It broke the heart of the red man  
And made a name for Jesse James  
A mark was left forever  
By the passing of the train

As a little child, my thoughts ran wild  
As I clung to Mama's dress  
As the train grew near the engineer  
Waved my fears to rest

He tipped his hat and pulled the cord  
And blew a long refrain  
Around midnight I'd be dreaming  
Of the passing of the train

Clickety clack heating up the track  
Can't you hear that whistle scream?  
She's a-letting you know just how she feels  
With a belly full of steam

All aboard who's going aboard  
It'll never be the same  
It's a downright lonesome feeling  
With the passing of the train

That old caboose, they cut it loose  
And ain't gonna bring it back  
It sits beside the towns that died  
Along a million miles of track

We're always late when we get there  
So we'd sooner hop a plane  
But anyone who's heard that whistle  
Mourns the passing of the train

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