

The Golden Spike

The Kingston Trio

Gang man, make the bed. A cross tie at your head.
For we can't lay the track 'til the benders off your back.
Gang man, make the bed. Carry man, get the feel.
Heave that ply of steel.
We can't get to town 'til I bring my hammer down.
Carry man, get the feel.

Spiker, place your nail. Right beside the rail.
I can drive all you've got 'cause I keep my hammer hot.
Spiker, place your nail.

Big train, stay off my back. You got a thousand mile of track.
I can hear your whistle blow but there ain't no where to go.
Big train, stay off my back.
Captain let it be.
You know you can't hurry me.
You won't give me my time 'cause you know I'm in my prime.
Captain, let it be.

Listen to my hammer whine. We got ninety mile of track to line.

We can do what we like when we drive the golden spike.
Listen to my hammer whine.