

Raised by the Railroad Line

The clickety sound of the southbound freight
And the high speed hum of the passenger train
Becomes a part of the soul and the heart and the mind
Of the boy who's raised by the railroad line
The sound of the whistle at the cross in the road
And the tanks and the trucks and the tractors on the flat car load
Becomes a part of the soul and the heart and the mind
Of the boy who's raised by the railroad line
And the big round penny that you lay on the rails
And the wheels smash flat
And the glimpse of the ladies and the pictures of the men in the engineer's hat
And the brakeman waves from the red caboose
He's a part of the past and never quite turns loose
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