

## Walkabouts "Wreck Of The Old #9"

Visit "[Wreck Of The Old #9](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

T'was a cold wintry night  
Not a star was in sight  
And he north wind was howling down the line  
Went a brave engineer  
With a sweetheart so dear  
With an order to pull Old # 9.  
His heart hung with his song  
And his train rolled along  
Black smoke was pouring from his stack  
His headlight it seemed  
To brighten his dream  
Of tomorrow, when he'd be coming back  
Well he sped round the hill  
And his brave heart stood still  
A headlight flashing in his face  
He threw only air  
And he murmured a prayer  
'Cause he knew this would be his final race  
(The crash...)  
In the wreck he was found  
Lying dying on the ground  
And he asked them to raise his weary head  
As his breath slowly went  
This message he sent  
To the maiden who thought she would be wed  
"I leave a white home  
That I bought for your own  
And I dreamed we'd be happy by-and-by.  
I'm gonna leave it all to you  
'Cause I know that you'll be true  
'Til we meet at the pearly gates -- good-bye."

Visit [Walkabouts](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.