

Traditional Grass

"Sante Fe Train"

Visit "[Sante Fe Train](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I think of times when I was young
I travelled near and far
It doesn't seem so long ago
I saw the world from a railroad car

For many years rode the line
Through the woods the freight train would roll
'Cross fields of grain muddy river plain
My heart would often go

The engineer's hair is gray
Worn out engine can't even go slow
I listen for the lonesome sound
Can't you hear that whistle blow?

I spy ten boxcars silent and still
They remind me of yesterday
Their rusted frames worn and bent
Faded letters read "Santa Fe"

The great steam engines quiet and cold
Metal chimes in the howling wind
The boiler's busted whistle cracked
Never hear her blow again

Visit [Traditional Grass](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.