

## Tull Jethro

### "Raising Steam"

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Over high plains, through the snow...  
roll those tracks out, don't you know  
I'm raising steam.  
Thin vein creeping, hot blood flow...  
spill a little where the new towns grow.  
I got my whole life hanging in a sack,  
heading out into that wide world wide.  
You got your locomotive sitting on your track  
and I don't care which way I ride.  
I may not be coming back.

Left a lady with a heart  
all in pieces come apart  
raising steam.  
That engine up front must  
have a heart big enough for the both of us.  
Riding shotgun on the sunset, stare it in the eye  
rocking on my heels out to the west.  
Funny how the whole world, historically,  
feels the urge to chase the sun to rest.  
We may not be coming back.

Let me be your engineer...  
have you smiling ear to ear  
raising steam.  
And will you tell me how it feels  
when you're up and rolling on your driving wheels?  
I got my whole life hanging in a sack,  
heading out into that wide world wide.  
I'll be your locomotive blowing off its stack  
and I don't care which way I ride.  
I may not be coming back.  
Raising steam.

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