

Well Hungarians

"Momma Was A Train"

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Well I was born a poor boy, daddy made our toys out of wood and an old jigsaw. Worked on the railroad, sure was a big blow the winter that he got laid off. Momma stood tall gathered us all said don't you worry yourself. There's a gun the rack and some woods out back, we still got water in the well

Us youngin's were the fuel that made Mommas wheels go round. Daddy was a strong back, rough head kinda man that never let his family down. Momma held us all together late at night you could hear her pray. Us youngin's were the coal, Daddy was a track, Momma was a train.

Daddy got a new job digging up black rock from the bottom of the Sturge Coal Mine. He feel the Earth shaken and the mine gave way with 40 men trap inside. The sheriff he shouted "Gonna dig 'em all out, I'll need some men to volunteer" Momma raised up her hand and said I'm not a man but that man that I loves down there.

Well I was just small but I still recall seeing her helmet light. Look like a locomotive comin' down a tunnel pullin' Daddy out of there alive.

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