

Johnny Cash "Ride This Train (Part 1)"

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Ride this train up and down and across a strange
wonderful land
It's almost like a fairyland when you to think about it
You go through places with names like Tuscaloosa
Kokomo Muskogee Oshkosh Saginaw
Eureka Bandera Battle Creek Sioux City Chattanooga
Hattiesburg Lynchburg and Baltinare Arkansas
You see I'm a million different people from all over the
world
And I've been coming to this country for hundreds of
years
This was the Promised Land for me
But let's not forget that when I came here
There were already millions of people living in teepees
along the rivers
And hunting deer and buffalo for food and shelter
And it's with a little regret that I think of how I pushed
them back
And crowded them out to claim this land for myself or
for another country
But the Indians' hearts must have been full of music
For they left names with me that seem to sing
Names like Mohawk Mandan Kickapoo Cree Yacoma
Seminole Crow Shawnee
Choctaw Delaware Fox Paiute Winnebago Cheyenne
Blackfoot
Navajo Ute Comanche Quapaw Creek Apache Sioux
Chippewa
Ardua Hupa Shoshone Mow Hicano Sage Menomini
Shinouk Arapaho Nez Perce Iroquois Pony Cutenai
Flathead Chickasaw Pueblo Yuma Pima Pomo Caddo
Well a lot of them are still with me and I'm glad
It's for sure their names will always be with me
But let's look a little at the heart and muscle of this land
Few things you don't read in books things that aren't
taught in school

Now you take this little town we're goin' through here
this is Beach Creek Kentucky
And right down there in the valley that's where our
house used to be
It was a little shotgun shack with a spring out back

And a smokehouse and another little bitty house and
that's about all
My pa was a coalminer like most everybody in
Mulengerg County
Worked in the mines all his life
I guess he didn't have much ambition to do anything
else
Cause they say coalmining kinda gets in your blood
Matter of fact pa said if they ever drained the blood out
of him
It would be blacker than black strap moulesen
When I was a kid I used to sit at the fireplace there with
mom
And wait on pa to get in from the mine
And we'd sure get anxious if he was ever late
Ma would rock back and forth and watch the clock listin'
for pa to hit the front porch
Then he'd come in nothin' clean but the whites of his
eyes
And he'd reach for that lie-soap and starts scrubbin'
And I'd stand back and watch him and say to myself
Boy I'll be glad when I get big enough to work in the
mines

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