

## Kingston Trio "Cortelia Clark"

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Mickey Newbury

I was just a boy the year the Blue Bird Special came  
through here on its first run South to New Orleans.  
A blind old man and I, we came to Guthrie just to see  
the train. He was black and I was green.

"Tell me what you see," said he. "Is the engine black or  
red, son? That's the loudest thing I've ever seen."  
Then he picked his guitar up and sat on the fender of a  
truck. Then his eyes lit up as he began to sing.  
I remember when that old man's dreams were chained  
to a depot down in Guthrie and a Blue Bird Special train

Then he picked his guitar up and shuffled down the  
walk to the cars of town wound 'round the building at  
his feet  
Looking mighty proud, that old man, with his battered  
hat in his hand. Lord, he sang a song that made me  
weep.  
Yes, he made me weep.

I read it in a week-old paper. No one made it for his  
death or even lay a flower at his feet.

He was just a blind old beggar. He was sad, but, Lord,  
I'll wager he won't beg for nothing on his street.  
You will find him, Lord, this morning. He'll be stepping  
from your door.  
Can you save a street in glory for Cortelia Clark?

'Cause I was just a boy the week the Blue Bird Special  
came through here on its first run South to New  
Orleans.  
A blind old man and I, we came to Guthrie just to see  
the train. He was black and was I green.

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