

Neil Young "Southern Pacific"

Visit "[Southern Pacific](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Down the mountainside
To the coastline
Past the angry tide
The mighty diesel whines.

And the tunnel comes
And the tunnel goes
Round another bend
The giant drivers roll.

I rode the Highball
I fired the Daylight
When I turned sixty-five
I couldn't see right.

It was Mr. Jones,
We've got to let you go
It's company policy
You've got a pension though.

Roll on, Southern Pacific
On your silver rails

On your silver rails
Roll on, Southern Pacific
On your silver rails
Through the moonlight.

I put in my time
I put in my time
Now I'm left to roll
Down the long decline.

I ain't no brake man
Ain't no conductor
But I would be though
If I was younger.

Roll on, Southern Pacific
On your silver rails
On your silver rails
Roll on, Southern Pacific

Roll on, on your silver rails.

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.