

Neil Young & Crazy Horse "Southern Pacific"

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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

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