

## **Ramblin' Jack Elliot**

### **"Pastures Of Plenty"**

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I'm walking down this track,  
I've got tears in my eyes,  
Trying to read a letter from my home.  
If this train runs me right  
I'll be home tomorrow night.  
I'm nine hundred miles from my home.  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

I'll pawn you my watch  
And I'll pawn you my chain;  
Pawn you my gold diamond ring.  
If this train runs me right  
I'll be home tomorrow night.  
I'm nine hundred miles from my home.  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

The rain I ride on  
Is a thousand coaches long.  
You can hear that whistle blow a hundred miles.  
If this train runs me right  
I'll be home tomorrow night.  
I'm nine hundred miles from my home.  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

If my woman says so  
I will railroad no more  
I'll sidetrack my wheeler and go home.  
If this train runs me right  
I'll be home tomorrow night.  
I'm nine hundred miles from my home.  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

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