

Unknown

"Daddy Whats A Train"

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DADDY, WHAT'S A TRAIN?
(Utah Phillips)

Daddy, What's a train? Is it something I can ride?
Does it carry lots of grown up folks and little kids inside
Is it bigger than our house? - oh, how can I explain
When my little boy asks me, "Daddy, what's a train?"

I remember when I was a boy living by the track
Us kids'd gather up the coal in a great big gunny sack
And then we'd hear the warning sound as the train
pulled into
view
And the engineer would smile and wave as she went
rolling through
She blew so loud and clear
That we covered up our ears
And counted cars as high as we could go
I can almost hear the steam
And the big old drivers scream
With a sound my little boy will never know
I guess the times have changed and kids are different
now
Some don't even seem to know that milk comes from a
cow
My little boy can tell the names of all the baseball stars
And I remember how we memorized the names on
railroad cars
The Wabash and TP
Lackawana and IC
Nickel Plate and the good old Sante Fe
Names out of the past
And I know they're fading fast
Everytime I hear my son look up and say

Well, we climbed into the car and drove down into the
town
Right up to the depot house but no one was around
We searched the yard together for something I could
show
But I knew there hadn't been a train for a dozen years

or so
All the things I did
When I was just a kid
How far away the memories appear
And it's plain enough to see
They mean a lot to me
'Cause my ambition was to be an engineer

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