

Norman Blake

"Southern Railroad Line"

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

Standing at the sidetrack at the south end of the town
On a dry hot dusty August day the steam pipe blowing
down

The fireman with his long oil can oiling the old valve
gear

Waiting for the fast mail train the semaphore to clear.

The engineer in the old high cab his gold watch in his
hand

Looking at the water glass and letting down the sand
Rolling out on the old main line and taking up the slack
Gone today so they say but tomorrow he'll be coming
back.

Oh if I could return to those boyhood days of mine
And the green light on the southern Southern Railroad
Line.

Creeping down the rusty rails of the weed grown
branch line

The section houses gray and white by the yard and
limit sign

The hoppers call the old highball no more time to wait
Rolling down to Birmingham with a ten car load of
freight.

The whistle screamed with a hiss of steam the
headlight gleams clear

The drivers roll on the green go getting mighty near
Handing out the orders to the engine crew on time
It's the Alabama Great Southern AGS Railroad Line.

(Chorus)

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