

## Pure Prairie League "Kansas City Southern"

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When I was a young man and the evening sun went  
down  
I'd walk along those railroad tracks and I'd listen for  
that sound  
Kansas City Southern, man, and that's a lonesome  
sound  
Well I'd sit and watch those trains go by and I'd wish  
That I was onward bound

Well, I dream about the big cities and the pleasures  
that I keep  
Along about 12:30 through the phases of my sleep I  
hear that  
Kansas City Southern, man, and that's a lonesome  
sound  
Well, I sit and watch those trains go by and I wish  
That I was onward bound

Won't you blow, whistle blow?  
Won't you blow, whistle blow?

I been a couple a places, I seen a lotta things  
Whenever I reach back in time my memory starts to  
ring

Kansas City Southern, man, and that's a lonesome  
sound  
Now, I sit and watch those trains go by and I wish  
That I was homeward bound

Won't you blow, whistle blow?  
Won't you blow, whistle blow?  
Won't you blow? Won't you blow?

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