

The Kingston Trio

"The Golden Spike"

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J. Pike

Gang man, make the bed. A cross tie at your head. For
we can't lay the track 'til the benders off your back.

Gang man, make the bed. Carry man, get the feel.
Heave that ply of steel. We can't get to town 'til I bring
my hammer down.

Carry man, get the feel.

Spiker, place your nail. Right beside the rail. I can drive
all you've got 'cause I keep my hammer hot. Spiker,
place your nail.

Big train, stay off my back. You got a thousand mile of
track. I can hear your whistle blow but there ain't no
where to go.

Big train, stay off my back. Captain let it be. You know
you can't hurry me. You won't give me my time 'cause
you know I'm in my prime. Captain, let it be.

Listen to my hammer whine. We got ninety mile of track
to line. We can do what we like when we drive the
golden spike.

Listen to my hammer whine.

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