

Rhonda Vincent

"Kentucky Borderline"

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She pulled out of Mobile Moving through the darkness
in the pouring rain, like a hurricane. From southern New
Port waters to the Cumberland so green, and all points
in between. Louisville by Nashville Pounding out a
rhythm making up lost time, {Chorus} Heading for that
bluegrass state of mine. White smoke a rollin' Whistle a
blowin' Kentucky borderline. Listening to her engine
keeping time Birmingham by noon, Montgomery my
morning upward to the moon. a low sighed refrain,
Onward through the timber Her lonesome whistle cries
like the boys down on Mill street singing of the pain. No
one is gonna stop her from her appointed rounds, its
glory bound. This train is moving on {Chorus} Her
lungs are full of fire breathing burning coal, like
thunder when it rolls. A raging locomotion Singing for
the mighty who cast her molten steel, Drawed the spike
and layed the rail to ride beneath her wheels. The pride
of our nation she's a monument to them, A southern
bell that mighty L&N {Chorus} Kentucky borderline

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