

The Walkabouts

"Wreck of the Old #9"

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T'was a cold wintry night
Not a star was in sight
And he north wind was howling down the line

Went a brave engineer
With a sweetheart so dear
With an order to pull Old # 9.

His heart hung with his song
And his train rolled along
Black smoke was pouring from his stack

His headlight it seemed
To brighten his dream
Of tomorrow, when he'd be coming back

Well he sped round the hill
And his brave heart stood still
A headlight flashing in his face

He threw only air
And he murmured a prayer
'Cause he knew this would be his final race

(The crash...)
In the wreck he was found
Lying dying on the ground
And he asked them to raise his weary head

As his breath slowly went
This message he sent
To the maiden who thought she would be wed

"I leave a white home
That I bought for your own
And I dreamed we'd be happy by-and-by.

I'm gonna leave it all to you
'Cause I know that you'll be true
'Til we meet at the pearly gates -- good-bye."

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