

Young Neil

"See The Sky About To Rain"

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See the sky about to rain, broken clouds and rain.
Locomotive pull the train, whistle blowing through my
brain.
Signals curling an open plain, rolling down the track
again.
See the sky about to rain.

Some are bound for happiness, some are bound to
glory;
some are bound to live with less, who can tell your
story?

See the sky about to rain, broken clouds and rain.
Locomotive, pull the train, whistle blowin' through my
brain.
Signals curlin' on an open plain, rollin' down the track
again.
See the sky about to rain.

I was down in Dixie Land, played a silver fiddle;
Played it loud and then the man broke it in the middle.
See the sky about to rain.

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