

Kingston Trio, The

"Cortelia Clark"

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Mickey Newbury

I was just a boy the year the Blue Bird Special came
through here on its first run South to New Orleans.
A blind old man and I, we came to Guthrie just to see
the train. He was black and I was green.

"Tell me what you see," said he.
"Is the engine black or red, son? That's the loudest
thing I've ever seen."
Then he picked his guitar up and sat on the fender
of a truck. Then his eyes lit up as he began to sing.
I remember when that old man's dreams were chained
to a depot down in Guthrie and a Blue Bird Special train

Then he picked his guitar up and shuffled down the
walk to the cars of town wound 'round the building at
his feet
Looking mighty proud, that old man,
with his battered hat in his hand. Lord, he sang a song
that made me weep.
Yes, he made me weep.

I read it in a week-old paper.
No one made it for his death or even lay a flower at his
feet.
He was just a blind old beggar.
He was sad, but, Lord, I'll wager he won't beg for
nothing on his street.
You will find him, Lord, this morning. He'll be stepping
from your door.
Can you save a street in glory for Cortelia Clark?

'Cause I was just a boy the week the Blue Bird Special
came through here on its first run South to New
Orleans.
A blind old man and I, we came to Guthrie just to see
the train. He was black and was I green.

