Raised by the Railroad Line
Written by Paul Craft

1. The clickety sound of the southbound freight,
   And the high-speed hum of a passenger train,
   Becomes a part of the soul and the heart and the mind,
   Of a boy who's raised by the railroad line.

2. The sound of a whistle at the crossin' road,
   And the tanks and the trucks and the tractors on the flatcar load,
   Becomes a part of the soul and the heart and the mind,
   Of a boy who's raised by the railroad line.

bridge:  And the big round penny that you lay on the rails
         and the wheels mash flat,
         And a glimpse of the ladies and the picture of the man
         in the engineer's hat.

3. And the brakeman waves from the red caboose,
   He's a part of the past and never quite turns loose,
   It's a part of the soul and the heart and the mind,
   Of a boy who's raised by the railroad line.

solo:

repeat  from bridge: