

Rhythm Of The Train

by Rick Lang

Sometimes I still pretend I'm that little kid of ten,
playin' with my friends out behind our home.
On lazy summer afternoons with nothin' to do
We'd watch the freight trains as they'd roll on through.

*CHORUS

Hey Mr. Engineer let me hear your engine roar
And feel its rhythm soothe my weary soul.
I can almost smell the smoke comin' from the burnin' coals
Oh how I miss those carefree childhood days,
And the gentle rhythm of the train.

I recall days after school, after all our chores were through
We'd walk those cross ties into town & back
And oh how our hearts would pound, when we heard the thunderous sound
That freight train made as she sped down the track

*CHORUS

As it passed we'd read the names on the boxcars of the trains.
Till the last one faded from our view.
And late at night we'd lie awake, waiting patiently
Till the rhythm of the train rocked us to sleep.

*CHORUS