

THUNDEROUS VOICES

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Those howling rails keep me up at night
And though I curse them with all my might
A day will come when I long to hear
Those whistles blowing in my lonesome ear
But I've got to leave those thunderous voices behind

With so much force and so much power
Ten thousand horses in the midnight hour
And all the while my poor head is spinning
With all the races I should be winning
But I've got to leave those thunderous voices behind

Will I be rewarded for my steam someday?
Or will I just work and toil and worry my whole life away?

When sleep at last finds my weary bones
And I succumb to dreams of going home
I'm sure I'll still hear those whistles blowing
And I will wonder just where they're going
But I've got to leave those thunderous voices behind

Will I be rewarded for my steam someday?