Kansas City Southern

Pure Prairie League

When I was a young man and the evening sun went down
I'd walk along those railroad tracks and I'd listen for that sound
Kansas City Southern, man, and that's a lonesome sound
Well I'd sit and watch those trains go by and I'd wish
That I was onward boundWell, I dream about the big cities and the pleasures that I keep
Along about 12:30 through the phases of my sleep I hear that
Kansas City Southern, man, and that's a lonesome sound
Well, I sit and watch those trains go by and I wish
That I was onward boundWon't you blow, whistle blow?
Won't you blow, whistle blow?I been a couple a places, I seen a lotta things
Whenever I reach back in time my memory starts to ringKansas City Southern, man, and that's a lonesome sound
Now, I sit and watch those trains go by and I wish
That I was homeward boundWon't you blow, whistle blow?
Won't you blow, whistle blow?
Won't you blow? Won't you blow?

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