John Henry Lives

Laura Veirs

Hear the whistle blow far off in the still night without stars
See the tracks laid flat with a hammer's might
They're the spike driver's scars
They're the spike driver's scarsBy the railroad ties, there a hammer lies
It's all painted in red, it's all painted in red
It's all painted in redThe West springs up from the spike driver's blues
And the Captain's new shiny shoes
Take to him this hat and hammer
And tell him I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm goneBy the railroad ties there a hammer lies
It's all painted in red, it's all painted in red
It's all painted in red

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