

# Moonville Brakeman

## The Rarely Herd

Moonville Brakeman -Jeff Weaver, Rarely Herd Music, BMI

Don't ever go down by Moonville, don't you ever go at night  
You might see that old Brakeman toting a coal oil light  
Down along the track...no I'm not going back.

He got too old for braking, or so the story goes.  
And he turned hard to the bottle when he heard that whistle blow.  
Then came the train...and he couldn't get out of the way.

He gave all he had to the steel rail line.  
Now and then, where the tracks have been,  
you can still see the Brakemans light.

There's nothing left of Moonville, not one inch of track.  
The stores and homes have long since gone,  
like the weed ridden pile of slag.  
But there's a train, and at night you can hear it sing.

He gave all he had to the steel rail line.  
Now and then, where the tracks have been,  
You can still see the Brakemans light.

Don't ever go down by Moonville, don't you ever go alone.  
You'll see that drunken Brakeman, you'll hear that whistle moan.  
Then feel a chill, when the Brakeman disappears.  
You'll feel a chill...when the Brakeman disappears

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Lyrics submitted by Jdog.

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