

# Southern Pacific

## Neil Young

Down the mountainside  
To the coastline  
Past the angry tide  
The mighty diesel whines.  
And the tunnel comes  
And the tunnel goes  
Round another bend  
The giant drivers roll.  
I rode the highball  
I fired the daylight  
When I turned sixty-five  
I couldn't see right.  
It was mr. jones,  
We've got to let you go  
It's company policy  
You've got a pension though.  
Roll on, southern pacific

On your silver rails  
On your silver rails  
Roll on, southern pacific  
On your silver rails  
Through the moonlight.  
I put in my time  
I put in my time  
Now I'm left to roll  
Down the long decline.  
I ain't no brake man  
Ain't no conductor  
But I would be though  
If I was younger.  
Roll on, southern pacific  
On your silver rails  
On your silver rails  
Roll on, southern pacific  
Roll on, on your silver rails.

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