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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