Send Home the Slates

Camel

Latimer/Hoover
I work for the Union Pike,
out on the Western Line.
I found Uncle Sean in Denver,
and he and his wife are fine.
They send their best,
and like the rest -
they send home the slates.It took six months from the Cobh,
another six by land,
but the pay is good,
and as I should
I'll send home the slates.Back on your feet
now lads,
Our time for writing home has passed.
Six miles to spike today,
that's what we need.
So fast lads
we must advance,
Work to the Gandy dance.
Six days to double pay,
that's our reward -
But not 'til the line goes down.I'll not send empty letters,
I know you need the rent.
Dad, you deserve a new pair of boots,
I know it's money well spent.
So kind regards,
I'll work hard -
to send home the slates.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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