16 The Engineer's Dream (Perpetuum Factory)

Chris Schlarb

I was Running the Guitar Express, Sir, on the Yankee Creek Jerkwater Ling
Ant the track along there was as crooked. I swear, as the growth of a field-punkin' vine.
We left Tenderfoot Station 'bout an hour and a half late and evry durn wheel was a-poundin' the steel at a turrible extravagant rate.
We rounded a bend on the mountain full fifty and hour or more.
I looked ahead and the bridge over Creel Crick was a-burning and the flames leapt up in their glee as if they knew what would become of me.
I grabbed at my reverse bar, but somehow it wouldn't work.
I pulled harder and harder and harder and at last it came with a jerk.
We were too close to the flames by then, sir, I could feel their heated breath. I covered my face with my hands, sir and waited for what I felt sure was death.
Well, when I came to my senses, sir, I was lying at home on the floor - my wife sat astride of my form and she was making it hot for me, you can bet your sweet life.
For you see, it happened this way - that in my dream she said, I had grabbed her by the ankles and reversed her clear over the head of the bed.

Lyrics Submitted by Clyde Dawson

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