

Greenville Trestle High

Doc Watson

I remember as a boy
How I'd wander and enjoy
I'd watch the trains as they'd go by
And the whistle's lonely sound
You could hear for miles around

As they rolled across that Greenville trestle high.But the whistles don't sound like they used to

Lately not many trains go by

Hard times across the land

Mean no work for the railroad man

And the Greenville trestle now don't seem so high.On the river bank I'd stand

With a cane pole in my hand

Watch the freight trains up against the sky

With black smoke trailing back

As they moved along the track

That runs across that Greenville trestle high.But the whistles don't sound like they used to

Lately not many trains go by

Hard times across this land

Mean no work for the railroad man

And the Greenville trestle now don't seem so high.When the lonesome whistles wind

I get ramblin' on my mind

Lord, I wish they still sounded that way

As I turned to head for home

Lord, she'd rumble low and long

Towards the sunset at the close of dayNo, the whistles don't sound like they used to

Lately not many trains go by

Hard times across the land

Mean no work for the railroad man

And the Greenville trestle now don't seem so high.No, the Greenville trestle now don't seem so high.

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