

Cortelia Clark

Mickey Newbury

I was just a boy the year
The bluebird special came through here
On its first run south to New Orleans
A blind old man and I we came
To Guthrie just to see the trains
He was black and I was green Tell me what you see, he said
Is the engine black or red, son
Why that's the lightest thing
I've ever seen Then he picked his guitar up
Sat on the fender of the truck
And his eyes lit up
As he began to sing
I remember when
That old man's dreams were chained
To a depot down in Guthrie
And a bluebird special train He picked his guitar up
Shuffled down the walk
The cars uptown wound round
The buildings at his feet Lookin' mighty proud
That old man
With his battered hat in his hand
Lord, he sung a song, it made me weep I read it in a week old paper
That no one made it for his wake
Or laid a single flower at his feet
He was just some blind old beggar
They all said
But Lord, I'll wager
He won't be beggin' on your streets And you'll find him Lord, this morning
He'll be stepping from the dark
Would you save a street in glory, Lord
For Cortelia Clark? I was just a boy the year
The bluebird special came through here
On its first run south to New Orleans
A blind old man and I, we came
To Guthrie just to see the trains
He was black I was green

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

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