

Freight Train

by Marty Brown

D D D D D7
Used to wake up with the chickens before daylight, and hear a whistle blow far down the line

G D
That old freight train rolling through my town

D D D D7
And I'd hit that dirt road running hard and fast, to the post office depot where she would pass

G D
That old freight train rolling through my town

A A G G
Lay a hand on the rail and feel the rumbling, and look down the track to see her coming

G D A D
That freight train yeah that old freight train, rolling through my town

G D
And I'd count each car as she rolled on by, and dream someday about taking a ride

G D A
If I could only touch her and know she was real, feel that coat of iron and that heart of steel

G D A
From Santa Fe to New Orleans going places this poor boy had never seen

G D A D ///

On a freight train, yeah that old freight train, rolling through my town

D D7
Well time rolls on like that old freight train, leavin' only those childhood dreams to remain

G D
As those freight trains roll through my *town*

D D7
And here I sit on this porch with my old black hound, every evening when the sun goes down

G D
Watching freight trains rolling through my *town*

A G
There's something in my heart a fascination to ride the rails across this nation

G D A D D7
On a freight train, Lord that old freight train, rolling through my town

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G D
And I still count each car as she rolls on by, and dream someday about taking a ride

G D A
Mr. Hobo how I envy you, rolling away into the wild blue

G D A
From Santa Fe to New Orleans, going places this old man has never seen

G D A D* G
On a freight train, yeah that old freight train, rolling through my town

D* G D* G A string D**
Rolling through my town, rolling through my town

D*
D chord strings individually

