

The Ballad of Poppa Bill

Kasey Chambers

Well, up on the top of a Kariong hill
Lived an old man they called Poppa Bill
A big bushy beard and lines around his eyes
Well, he lived in a house made of fibro and sticks
Opened up the doors with his guitar picks
And the kids came runnin' every time he stepped outside
And they said
Hey, Poppa Bill, won't you sing us a song?
Do it real loud so we can sing along
So everybody gathered around to hear that sound
I am a train on the railway
Rollin' up and down the line
I am a train on the railway
Makin' all the stops on time
I've got no worries of mine, everything's fine
I left my troubles behind 'cause I am a train
Down by the river on a Friday night
Kids are all sittin' by a fire light
Nothin' to do and as quiet as a mouse
If we call real loud, Poppa Bill might come
So everyone screamed at the top of their lungs
And he came runnin' right out of his house
And they said
Hey, Poppa Bill, won't you sing us a song?
Do it real loud so we can sing along
So everybody gathered around to hear that sound
I am a train on the railway
Rollin' up and down the line
I am a train on the railway
Makin' all the stops on time
I've got no worries of mine, everything's fine
I left my troubles behind 'cause I am a train
He's got no worries of his, he is what he is
He left his troubles behind, he is a train