

The Crash At Crush

Brian Burns

In the year of 1896, when the Katy railroad was king,
And the fruits of farm and industry were carried by steel and steam,
The town of Crush was christened for a day, and folks came from
far and
Wide
To gather there in the sweltering heat and watch two trains collide.

Two locomotives, breathing steam, sat face-to-face on the track,
Then slowly their wheels began to turn as the engineers throttled them
Back.
Both climbed a grade leaving two miles between, on the hills they drew to a
Hush,
And forty-thousand people waited down below to witness the crash at Crush.

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack, wheels a-rumblin' on the railroad track,
Once they go they can't turn back, once they go they can't turn back.

He locked the lever back to the second notch just after the signal came,
He stayed on board for sixteen exhausts, and then he jumped off of the
Train.
The young engineer watched her roar down the hill and a chill ran through
His soul,
For he knew that neither man nor God above could stop what would now
Unfold.

The engines met in a thunderous crash and climbed each other toward the
Sky,
The impact rattled the earth for miles around, and the twisted wreckage did
Fly.
In a moment more the boilers exploded, and the steam blocked out the sun,
Some lost their lives while others lie bleeding, and the rest of them could
Only run.

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack, wheels a-
rumblin' on the railroad track,
Once they go they can't turn back, once they go they can't turn
back.

In a cotton field near Waco, Texas between two peaceful hills
A sign reminds us to hold respect for the power of the beasts w
e build,
And you and I in our lifetimes will never get to feel such a ru
sh
As the people who saw and lived to tell of the awesome crash at
Crush.

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