

Tell The Engineer

Fred Eaglesmith

Somebody ought to tell that engineer
He don't have to blow his whistle
Not so early in the morning
Tell him to take his train
Move it down the line
My heart's full of sorrow
My baby left here late last night
Disappeared right out of sight
She ain't coming back it's clear
Tell that engineer

I am just a poor millers son
I grind buckwheat into flour
I work hard everyday
When I get home at night
I'm a little tired
I don't have that much to say

She just wouldn't understand
She wanted more than just a man
She rode that train right out of here
Tell that engineer

Somebody ought to tell that paperboy
Throwing it up against my door
I sure could use some news
It's been too many years
I've cried too many tears
I've paid too many dues
Somebody ought to go up to that station
Where they're just standing round and waiting
Tell them what's been going on around here
Tell that engineer