

Grand Junction

Greg Brown

If ya go back a-ways to the railroad days,
When the 8-wheel drivers were steamin' down the line.
Had a little old song; you could sing along,
Hear them brakemen singin' it all the time.
Go like this

It's a grand junction, grand junction,
Grandest junction in the west.
I been out on the line for a long old time,
I'm goin' back to that junction I love the best.
You gonna hear that whistle blow 'bout a mile, you
know,
And if the wind was right, you could hear it up to ten.
Folks all gathered 'round when they heard that sound,
And watched that little steamer parkin' there.
And

Let's go on down there.
Now tell me who laid the rails; who brought the mail,
Who took the crops to market way back when.
Who drove that engine; who loaded that coal mine,
Bunch of brave and rowdy railroad men.
They sing it

Well the years're rollin' down the line just like old
Number 9,
And a lot of things get lost or kicked around.
But if you walk out at night when the moon is just
right,
You can still hear that old engine whinin' down.