

Kentucky Borderline

Rhonda Vincent

She pulled out of Mobile in the pouring rain. Moving through the darkness like a hurricane. From southern New Port waters to the Cumberland so green. Through the gloom of Nashville and all points in between. Pounding out a rhythm making up lost time, Heading for that bluegrass state of mine.

(Chorus) White smoke a rollin' Whistle a blowin', Listen to her engine keeping time. Kentucky borderline.

Montgomery by morning, Birmingham by noon. Onward to the distance upward to the moon. Her lonesome whistle cries an old sad refrain, Like the boys down on Beale street singing of the pain. No one is gonna stop her from her appointed rounds, This train is moving on, its glory bound.

{Chorus}

Her lungs are full of fire breathing burning coal, A raging locomotion like thunder when it rolls. Singing for the mighty who cast her molten steel, Drew the spike and laid the rail to ride beneath her wheels. The pride of our nation she's a monument to them, A southern bell that mighty L&N

{Chorus}