

I came through the clothesline maze of childhood  
Up from the cities full with rain  
And if you wonder what I'm doing in the wild wood  
Well I'm off on the hills to watch the trains.

I grew as the vine is fond of growing  
But I doubt that I'd grow that way again  
And if you're wondering where it is I'm going  
Well it's down through the town To Watch The Trains.

And the whistles blow as a lighted row of windows  
Race around the room and then they go.  
Is it any wonder that a man like me  
Puts his luck in locomotives  
That go racing to the sea.

Well I don't know what's happening tomorrow,  
Maybe I'll catch me a fast express and then  
My address will be the other side of sorrow;  
'til then, I'll look thru the window watching trains.