

## **John Denver – Daddy what's a train (1997)**

Daddy, what's a train? Is it something I can ride?  
Does it carry lots of grown-up folks and little kids inside?  
Is it bigger than our house? Well how can I explain  
When my little boy and girl ask me 'Daddy, what's a train?'

When I was just a boy and living by the track  
Us kids would gather up the coal in big 'ole gunnysacks  
Then we heard the warning sound as the train pulled into view  
The engineer would smile and wave as she went rolling through

She blew so loud and clear, we had to cover up our ears  
And we counted cars just as high as we could go  
I can almost hear the steam those big old drivers scream  
A sound my little kids will never know

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I guess the times have changed, kids are different now  
'Cause some don't even seem to know that milk comes from a cow  
My little boy can tell the names of all the baseball stars  
I remember how we memorized the names on railroad cars

The Wabash and the TP, Lackawanna, the IC  
The Nichel-Plate and the good old Santa Fe  
Just names out of the past, I guess they're fading fast  
Every time I hear my little boy say

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We climbed into the car, drove down into town  
Right up to the depot house, but no one was around  
We searched the yard together for something I could show  
But I knew there hadn't been a train for a dozen years or so

All the things I did when I was just a kid  
How far away those memories appear  
I guess it's plain to see they still mean a lot to me  
'Cause my ambition was to be an engineer

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