

# RAILROAD EARTH

Lyrics by

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# *Long Walk Home*

how we dream . . of a perfect love  
 . . . and believe we are that strong  
how you find . . there's too much weight  
 . . . for anyone to take  
oh, i cannot carry this illusion anymore  
oh, i will be ready when you knock upon my door  
take my hand it's a long walk home  
how we dream . . of a perfect space  
 . . . a forgotten peaceful place  
how you find . . there's too much weight  
 . . . for anyone to take  
oh, i cannot carry this illusion anymore  
oh, i will be ready when i knock upon your door  
take my hand it's a long walk home  
a long walk on through the valley  
follow me in with all you've got  
follow me into the valley . . .

# *The Jupiter & the 119*

the jupiter is gleamin' . . . shinin' in the sun  
everybody ready for the great cross country run  
tell me have you heard the story goin' down the wire  
. . . goin' down the line?!

she's ready to be goin' . . . breathin' smoke & steam  
she edges on the iron & the crowd begins to scream  
tell me have you heard the story of the jupiter  
. . . & the 119?

they fire off the cannons . . . she blows a whistle blast  
goes flyin' 'round the corner movin' strong & movin' fast  
tell me have you heard the story of the jupiter & the 119?

the jupiter is on the run  
headin' for the setting sun

& when she rests the east & west are tied  
& off from california . . . from the sacramento yard  
the 119 is movin' . . . pushin' strong & pushin' hard  
she's through the snowy mountains . . . took 'em right in stride  
crested the sierra & went down the other side  
tell me have you heard the story goin' down the wire  
goin' down the line

across the grassed horizon . . . across the giant plain  
across a thousand miles of iron roars the mighty U.P. train  
she tops the sherman summit . . . a mighty feat of man  
sails through echo canyon & across the dale creek span!  
tell me have you heard the story goin' down the wire . . . ?

and through the fiery desert . . . the 119 has run  
through the devil's gorge . . . beneath the blazin' fiery sun  
through tunnels & through canyons cleared by shovel & by pick  
10,000 men who blasted, clawed & hawled with muscles thick  
tell me have you heard the story of the jupiter & the 119?

the jupiter is on the run  
headin' for the setting sun

& when she rests the east & west are tied

ooh, ooh, ooh  
ooh, ooh, ooh  
ooh, ooh, ooh

they've met in promontory . . . from the east & west they're here  
& all across the country they've raised a mighty cheer  
the mighty trains are polished . . . on the tracks they proudly rest  
the crowd's all gathered 'round 'em dressed up in their sunday best

a big brass band is playin' . . . it's a bright uncloudy day  
the speaker's oratory . . . & the bosses have their say  
the reverend says a prayer . . . it's mercifully short  
the drunken railmen laugh & the iron horses snort

the engines move in closer. . . they ease in down the line  
the champagne bottles pop . . . so fill yer glass it's toastin' time!

the engines ease for meetin' . . . nose to nose alike  
they raise the silver hammer & they nail the golden spike!  
tell me have you heard the story goin' down the wire

. . . goin' down the line!?

tell me have you heard the story of the jupiter

*& the 119*

# *Black Elk Speaks*

white heat . . was on our tracks & the four-leggeds on the run  
white heat . . on our backs & burning like a sun  
we walked . . walked 'til there was nowhere left to go  
we walked . . many fell down bloody in the snow  
white heat . . was on our backs & growing to a flood  
white heat . . on our tracks & speaking like a gun  
we fought . . fought 'til there was nowhere left to go  
& we fell . . a pool of red 'neath passing wheels in mud & snow  
black elk . . i did not know then how much was at an end  
black elk . . i see it now from the high hill of old age  
black elk . . i see the people scattered along the gulch  
black elk . . i see it plain as when i saw with young eyes  
And i see . . something else died in the blood & snow  
i see . . a people's dream died there  
it was a beautiful dream  
it was a beautiful dream

# *Day on the Sand*

oh my love, the long day unwinds  
so many memories underneath these pines  
the house down the old road . . still looks the same  
but no-one to greet us down the gravel lane  
we don't need to go 'til you're ready to go  
i don't need to know 'til you want me to know  
let me sing you a song so you know where i'll stand

. . with my hand in your hand

oh my love, a sheath to unbind  
so many knotted endings to unwind  
a box full of letters . . a long time ago  
a lifetime of love that you didn't even know  
we don't need to go 'til you're ready to go  
i don't need to know 'til you want me to know  
let me sing you a song so you know where i stand

. . with my hand in your hand

she's sailin' on

she's sailin' on

a song & a story . . a poem & a prayer  
the wind & the water . . the sun & the air  
a day of redemption . . a day on the sand  
a shell full of ash . . let it fly from your hand

she's sailin' on

she's sailin' on

# *Lone Croft Farewell*

the stakes are in the meadow . . the fields are overgrown  
the winds of change are blowin' through the place that i've called home  
they're diggin' at the edges . . to build the power line  
same old story ... but now the story's mine  
so build a fire & throw in . . the papers & the past  
no need to try & save it now . . it's never gonna last  
it's a starry night . . the moon is bright . . let's call the old owl in  
let him know we're leavin' . . say goodbye old friend  
goodbye to the years here, they have flown  
goodbye to the only home I've known  
the wheels of the world are rollin' thru  
& if this door is closing' . . i guess I'm rollin' too  
for 14 years my family . . walked these crooked floors  
40 years before my father opened up the doors  
a stony stand . . it all began 300 years before  
what story is beginning? if this one is no more?  
goodbye to the years here, they have flown  
goodbye to the only home i've known  
the wheels of the world are movin on'  
& if this door is closing' . . i guess it's time i'm gone  
feels like a wave that can't be stopped  
a coming day . . my heart will drop  
feels like a war that won't be won  
. . without a gun  
so goodbye bird & bear  
goodbye tree & land  
goodbye to all i know like knowin'  
the back of my hand  
i'll walk the grounds & make the rounds  
of this place i've loved so well  
fire up the diesel . .  
bid a last lone croft farewell  
goodbye to the years here, they have flown  
goodbye to the only home i've known  
the wheels of the world are rollin' thru  
& if this door is closing' . . i guess i'm rollin' too

# *Too Much Information*

so much for the hero in the undertow  
he lost his legs . . . then he toppled down  
now i see the buzzards & the carrion crow  
smell the blood & follow him around  
so much for the legend and his dignity  
stripped off like a skin & thrown away  
now i join the people in the bloody lust  
staring at the horrible display  
too much information, now my heart is achin'  
i don't want to see you fall  
too much information . . . now my heart is breakin'  
i don't want to watch you crawl  
so much for the leader and his gravitas  
running in a river down the drain  
now i join the people & the populace  
laughing at the pitiful remains  
too much information, guess i was mistaken  
didn't need to know your head  
too much information . . . confidence is shaken  
didn't need to know your bed  
if you need someone to talk to . . . i'll be there for you  
if you need someone to fall apart on . . . i'll be there too  
if you need to pull yourself together . . . i'll look away  
if you need someone to drop a bomb on . . . i'm there today  
now i see the pressure start to overflow  
running in a river down your cheek  
now they show the figures . . . and they're adding up  
man, it's been one hell of a week  
too much information, now my heart is achin'  
i don't want to see you fall  
too much information . . . now my heart is breakin'  
i don't want to watch you bawl  
everybody's bound to fall

# *On the Banks*

it's a long winding way through the mad river valley  
through the forest & mountain green  
to the cabin we shared by the wild running river  
the most perfect i've ever seen

i live my life on the banks of the water  
singing my song to you

and all through my days i'll remember you always  
i never knew love so true

it's a tangled old path through thick briars and brambles  
down to where the wild roses bloom  
and open their hearts in the heat of the Summer  
and freeze 'neath the silver moon

i'll live my life on the banks of the water  
singing my song to you

and all through my days i'll remember you always  
i never knew love like you

it's a tumbling run down the bare creek canyon  
through the rock & the mountain sage

it's a trickling stream in the frozen winter  
running strong when the spring water's rage

i'll leave my life on the banks of the water  
singing my song to you

and all through my days i'll remember you always  
i never knew love so true

# *Potter's Field*

just a traveler passing through . . . i won't haunt or bother you  
    . . . though you could lend an ear to my story  
you can call me old jack . . . you may have seen me caped in black  
    . . . as I roamed the streets of the village  
in her long flowing hair . . . you might find my story there  
    . . . though it was not my own hand that killed her  
i went down a moon-lit trail . . . rode out on a rail  
    . . . and began my long life of journeys  
        in the ripple that rolls on the water  
        on the high rollin' wave out at sea  
in the shadow that flies on the valley  
    in a riddle is where you'll find me  
in a foul tub of a boat . . . my passage i did float  
    . . . & joined the ranks right on the docks of the city  
it was down in the devil's den . . . with the gray-coated men  
    . . . that i lost all my hope & my 2 brothers  
so i wandered in the west . . . settled down & did my best  
    . . . but my heart was unsteady and restless  
i took a room on houston street . . . where the pawned poets would meet  
    . . . & we poured out the wine of the ages  
        in the ripple that rolls on the water  
in the hard-hearted moon we both see  
    in the shadow that falls in the alley  
        in a riddle is where i will be  
            . . . ten little fingers  
            . . . ten little toes  
            . . . sleep little baby  
            will you ever know?  
            will you ever know?  
years ago my lid was sealed . . . they threw me down in the potter's field  
    . . . with the souls of the lost & forgotten  
& though my name is dead & gone . . . i remain & carry on  
    . . . & i roam with an old band of brothers  
and if you strum the ancient string . . . you may call my spirit in  
    . . . or if you blow on the hole of the whistle  
        by an old highland air . . . i may stop & listen there  
    . . . or where the wren pulls her nest from the thistle  
        in the ripple that rolls on the water  
        on the high rollin' wave out at sea  
in the shadow that falls on the valley  
    in a riddle is where you'll find me  
high above the cuillen moor . . . stands the old man of storr  
    . . . in the stone & the mist & the mountain  
if you scramble up that scree . . . won't you stay a while for me  
    . . . and watch the white rollin' waves wash the island