

AN ENGINEER'S LIFE

Laying in your bed late at night, everything still and everything quiet.
Then ring goes the phone and your standing tall, the crew dispatcher has given you your call.
Shaking the cob webs out of your head, you can say good- bye to that nice warm bed.
Grab your gear and a bite to eat, and out to the yards your crew to meet.
Check your orders and board your train, makes no difference about the dark or rain.
Out of the yard and on the main line, got to get it going and keep it on time.
An engineer's life you have chose, full of challenge, full of woes.
One hundred and twenty cars and four engine train, over hills hollows in the pouring rain.
If you had listened to your Mamma early in your life, you could be a lawyer at home with your wife.
Working when you are called, it is a must, away from home from dusk till dusk.
Praying for a good trip without any trouble, engines quitting or hills to double.
Watching the signals and crossings you sight, while your whistle is blowing lonesome in the night.
Comply with your orders, live up to the rules, taking chances is just for fools.
Handle your train and watch your speed, that can bring trouble that you just don't need.
Decision and judgment, your skill to test, the responsibility is yours engineer, you'll get no rest.
Hauling the freight for the cities and towns, working all night in the rain can sure get you down.
Finally it's over and you've done well, now that big old freight train can go to hell.
You walk into the restaurant, you're barely awake, you don't want breakfast, but chicken fried steak.
You've been up all night, now you've had a good meal, now get some rest and see how you feel.
Rolling in a strange bed, you'd think you'd learn you can't sleep at all with heart burn.
Two days later you've worked back home, it's two in the morning and your up all alone.
You had a rough trip coming back in, twelve hours on duty, in the rain again.
Your wife and kids are all in bed, and you are taking aspirin for your aching head.
Sometimes it's hard on your kids and wife, and sometimes it's hard on your family life.
Snuggling with your lady late at night, but you can't forget the trouble of an engineer's life.
Thinking about quitting makes you feel sad, well maybe an engineer's life ain't all that bad.
In your boyhood days there was never a doubt, you wanted to run an engine so bad you could shout.
You like your work and you make a good living, you guess all jobs have some taking and giving.
You're an engineer that's why you stay. Come to think about it, you wouldn't have it any other way.
Time to quit your thinking and quit your dreaming, better get some sleep before the kids start to screaming.
You close your eyes and pull up the cover, then the phone rings and it will start all over.

- Ronald E. Dean -