

# Jim Croce, Railroads And Riverboats

The railroads, and the riverboats, that bred the mighty man  
That we read about, and we dream about  
The men who built this land  
And the farmers and the lumbermen and the men who worked the mills  
And the poor hard working miners  
Who died inside the hills

While the rivers that flow  
Are the blood of our land  
And the trucks they keep rumbling  
On the great concrete band  
And the railroads keep pushing  
To be all they once were  
And nature is calling  
No one's listening to her

And the immigrants, by the boat load, in a dozen different tones  
Sang of freedom, in the new land  
Climbed the ladder rung by rung  
Some to Boston, some to Pittsburg, Philadelphia and St. Paul  
And the old ways, led to new days  
They were welcome one and all.

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With the railroads, and the riverboats, and the bread lines far behind  
And the days we sang together  
Long gone but still in mind  
And the men who, came before us, men who brought us to today  
And the story, still unravels, from the dreams of yesterday

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And nature is calling,  
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