

Rhonda Vincent, Kentucky Borderline

She pulled out of Mobile
in the pouring rain,
Moving through the darkness
like a hurricane.
From southern New Port waters
to the Cumberland so green,
Louisville by Nashville
and all points in between.
Pounding out a rhythm
making up lost time,
Heading for that
bluegrass state of mine.

(Chorus)
White smoke a rollin'
Whistle a blowin'
Listening to her engine keeping time
Kentucky borderline.

Montgomery my morning
Birmingham by noon,
Onward through the timber
upward to the moon.
Her lonesome whistle cries
a low sighed refrain,
like the boys down on Mill street
singing of the pain.
No one is gonna stop her
from her appointed rounds,
This train is moving on
its glory bound.

(Chorus)

Her lungs are full of fire
breathing burning coal,
A raging locomotion
like thunder when it rolls.
Singing for the mighty
who cast her molten steel,
Drew the spike and layed the rail
to ride beneath her wheels.
The pride of our nation
she's a monument to them,
A southern bell
that mighty L&N

(Chorus)