

Greenville Trestle High

by Doc Watson

D **D7** **G** **D**
I remember as a boy how in wonderment and joy,
D **A**
I'd watch the trains as they roll by
D **D7** **G** **D**
And the whistle's lonesome sound you could hear for miles around,
D **A** **D**
As they rolled across that Greenville Trestle high.

(Chorus)

G **D** **D** **A**
Butt the whistles don't sound like they used to. Lately not many trains go by.
D **G** **D**
Hard times across the land mean no work for a railroad man.
D **A** **D**
And the Greenville Trestle now don't seem so high.

D **D7** **G** **D**
On the riverbank I'd stand with a canepole in my hand
D **A**
and watch the freight trains up against the sky.
D **D7** **G** **D**
With the black smoke trailin' back as they moved along the tracks,
D **A** **D**
That runs across that Greenville Trestle high

(Chorus)

D **D7** **G** **D**
When the lonesome whistles whine I get rambling on my mind
D **A**
and I wish they still sounded that way.
D **D7** **G** **D**
As I turn and head for home, Lord she'd rumble, low, and moan
D **A** **D**
toward the sunset at the break of day.

(Chorus)