

# Greenville Trestle

Doc Watson

<sup>F</sup> I remember as a boy how in wonderment and joy  
<sup>F7</sup> I'd watch the trains as they'd go by  
<sup>A#</sup> and the whistle's lonesome sound you could hear for miles around  
<sup>F</sup> as they rolled across that Greenville Trestle high

Chorus

<sup>A#</sup> but the whistle's don't sound like they used to  
<sup>F</sup> lately not many trains go by  
<sup>C C7</sup> hard times across the land mean no work for the railroad man  
<sup>F7</sup> and the Greenville Trestle now don't seem so high

instrumental verse

<sup>F</sup> on the river bank I'd stand with a cane pole in my hand  
<sup>F7</sup> watch the freight trains up against the sky  
<sup>A#</sup> with the black smoke trailing back as they moved along the track  
<sup>F</sup> that runs across the Greenville Trestle high

<sup>A#</sup> but the whistle's don't sound like they used to  
<sup>F</sup> lately not many trains go by  
<sup>F7</sup> hard times across this land mean no work for a railroad man  
<sup>C</sup> and the Greenville Trestle now don't seem so high

instrumental verse and refrain

<sup>F</sup> when the lonesome whistle's whined  
<sup>F7</sup>

I'd get rambling on my mind  
 Lord, I wish they still sounded that way  
 as I turned to head for home  
 Lord, she'd rumble low and long  
 toward the sunset at the close of day

but the whistle's don't sound like they used to  
 lately not many trains go by  
 hard times across this land mean no work for a railroad man  
 and the Greenville Trestle now don't seem so high  
 and the Greenville Trestle now don't seem so high

