

Starlight on the Rails

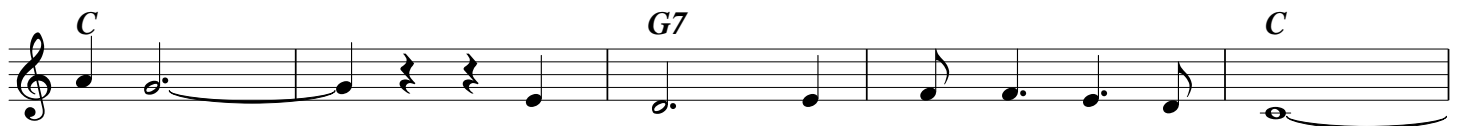
Bruce 'Utah' Phillips



- I can hear the whis - tle blow - ing - High and
- I think about my home and fami - ly, My house and
Now if you live out on the high - way You're like a



lone - some as can be, To - night the rain is soft - ly
all the things it means; The black smoke trail - ing out be -
clock that can't tell time; And if you spend your life just



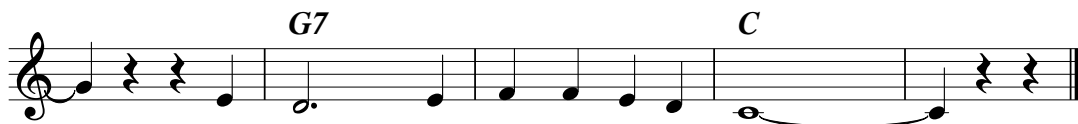
fall - ing - And it's fall - ing just for me.
- hind me Is like a string of brok - en dreams.
ramb - lin' You're like a song that does - n't rhyme.



Look - ing back a - long the road I've tra - velled The miles can



tell a mil - lion tales. Each year is like some roll - ing freight train,



It's cold as star - light on the rails