

The Wellgain Whistle

Written by Graeme Lockhart

well I never rode on a boxcar baby but I feel like somehow I did,
me and all of them soul lost boys just scrambling for a quid,
playing hard and falling over, just drinking in the sky,
all aboard the bullet boys,
it's the Wellgain Whistle going by,

from the dog eared rust of a one horse town,
to the champagne promise of the money -go -round,
we blew right through that place like a comet across the sky,
like riding on the bullet boys,
the Wellgain Whistle going by,

if you play it like you mean it ,then you know it never fails,
you'll be somewhere else tomorrow boys,
riding on the rails,
you might make a stop in the west end,
you might catch somebodys eye,
you'll be flying with the bullet boys,
the Wellgain Whistle going by,

from the dog-eared rust of a one horse town,
to the champagne promise of the money -go -round,
we blew right through that place like a comet across the sky,
like riding on the bullet boys,
the Wellgain Whistle going by,