

WRECK OF THE *EAGLE*

Words & Music by Allen Power

Sunlight gleaming on polished steel as she glides through a superconductor's field,
Maglev engine, computer-controlled, and a private club car, lined with gold.
Sleek and spacious and up to date, she's a miracle of the modern age.
Built to cruise at two seventy-five, all the world'll be watching when the Eagle starts to fly.
"Give me the best - spare no expense", said the railroad company president,
But to finance such extravagance nearly ran the coffers dry.
So to save some money, a caboose was made out of parts that were shoddy and second-rate.
They said, "Hitch it onto the very end, and before people notice, they'll be gone around the bend."

*It's a world full of trouble, it's a hard, lonely road.
If you want something better, stand together, share the load.*

The Eagle rolled from town to town, and the people came from miles around,
Stepped right up and laid their money down for a chance to take a ride.
And the workers in that poor caboose said, "Our wheels are rockin' and our joints are loose."
But the money went for the jewels in the crown, and they figured that the wealth would somehow
trickle down.

It was up in the Rockies, beyond the Divide - she was racin' down the Pacific side,
And that caboose was ridin' too high as they rounded Dead Man's Curve.
So they radioed forward, "There's too much strain! Gotta hit the brakes! Gotta stop this train!"
But they jumped the rails, and just like that, they pulled the mighty Eagle off the track..

Chorus

They held a formal inquiry to find the cause of the tragedy,
But the few survivors could not agree and the accusations flew.
Some blamed the weather, some blamed the track, some thought the driver had a heart attack,
But most condemned the men in the caboose, "When they saw Trouble comin', should've cut
themselves loose."

Then a lowly porter took the stand. He said, "All they needed was a helping hand.
The weak ones on the strong depend, and you cannot pass them by.
You can't lock Misfortune outside your door, you can't build your house from the second floor.
We are all victims of the Great Divide; we must live together, or together we will surely die."

Chorus

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