

The Kingston Trio, Cortelia Clark

I was just a boy the year the Blue Bird Special came through here on its first run South to New Orleans.
A blind old man and I, we came to Guthrie just to see the train. He was black and I was green.

"Tell me what you see," said he. "Is the engine black or red, son? That's the loudest sound I ever heard."
Then he picked his guitar up and sat on the fender of a truck. Then his eyes lit up as he began to sing.
I remember when that old man's dreams were chained to a depot down in Guthrie and a Blue Bird Special.

Then he picked his guitar up and shuffled down the walk to the cars of town wound 'round the building.
Looking mighty proud, that old man, with his battered hat in his hand. Lord, he sang a song that made me
Yes, he made me weep.

I read it in a week-old paper. No one made it for his death or even lay a flower at his feet.
He was just a blind old beggar. He was sad, but, Lord, I'll wager he won't beg for nothing on his street.
You will find him, Lord, this morning. He'll be stepping from your door.
Can you save a street in glory for Cortelia Clark?

'Cause I was just a boy the week the Blue Bird Special came through here on its first run South to New Orleans.
A blind old man and I, we came to Guthrie just to see the train. He was black and I was green.