

# Thirty-Eight-O-One

Written by Ray King and Ron Russell in 1987 in a rock band style. Tune and chorus adapted Dave Johnson 2019.

In the gold - en age of steam, there lived a beaut - y queen,  
Roam - ing round the coun - try - side, she was a driv - er's dream.  
Work - ing days and work - ing nights, up be - fore the sun  
They all tried hard to get a - board, Thir - ty - Eight - O - - One.

**Chorus**

Thir - ty - Eight O - - One, Thir - ty - Eight O - - One,  
From north to south and east to west you just keep roll - in' on.  
Thir - ty - Eight O - - One, Thir - ty - Eight O - - One,  
You stood the test, you're still the best Thir - ty - Eight - O - - One.

The queen of all the fleet, the railway's pride and joy,  
To ride upon the footplate, was the dream of every boy.  
As she went roaring by, on another express run  
Everyone would turn their heads for, Thirty-Eight-O-One.

Bound from Sydney town, the black smoke rolling higher,  
Across the Hawkesbury river, to Newcastle on the Flier.  
Over the Great Divide, on the Central Western run,  
On the Southern Line, right on time, went, Thirty-Eight-O-One.

But your greatest feat, was steaming across the nation,  
All the crowds would gather round, at every country station.  
On the standard gauge, westward to the sun,  
Across to Perth and back again went, Thirty-Eight-O-One.

The days of steam have been and gone, but some remember well  
That big green flash as she went by, had such a tale to tell.  
And now she's back upon the tracks, she just keeps rolling on,  
She beat the rest she's still the best, Thirty-Eight-O-One.