

Railroad Chinese [1869- Utah-based on iconic photograph of completing transcontinental RR]

What's wrong with this picture? Where are the ones
Who worked in deep snow and hot desert sun,
Labored hard, labored long, 'til the railroad was done.
What's wrong with this picture? Where have they gone?

We're the railroad Chinese, we've journeyed to Gum Sahm,
From famine and family and home in Kwangtung.
With the strength of our spirit and the strength of our backs,
We cut through the Sierra and laid down the tracks.

This mountain's not gold, this mountain's cold stone.
This mountain will crush you and shatter your bones.
When the deep snow drifts slide, there's nowhere to hide.
In the Year of the Tiger, so many men died.

In the heart of the mountain, where darkness is real,
We blast with black powder; we hammer cold steel.
We work through the winter; we work through the night.
At the end of the tunnel we broke through to the light.

We live 'neath the snow, we work for short pay,
We make our own meals at the end of the day.
We keep to ourselves; we take care of our own;
If I die on Gold Mountain, take care of my bones.