

## AN ENGINEERS WIFE

Laying in bed late at night, everything still, everything quite.

Then ring goes the phone, your man's standing tall, you get out of bed and go down the hall.

It's the railroad calling, of that you are sure, you wish they wouldn't but you don't know the cure.

You fix him breakfast as fast as you can, he's got to get going he's a railroad man.

It's two in the morning, there's a chill in the air, and your engineer husband is grouchy as a bear.

You get his coat out of the hall then you help him button his overalls.

You kiss him bye and tell him to be good, you know he's waking up the whole neighborhood.

You go back to bed to try to get some sleep, you listen for the kids, but don't hear a peep.

Being alone has never been easy, if you think about it much it can make you queasy.

Things work fine when he's in town, they wait till he's gone and then break down.

He said o.k. to the kid's bunking party, now he's gone to work and he'll be tardy.

Then there's the times you feel romantic, that's when the railroad calls in a panic.

He's been called PDQ, guess who's alone again---Yep! It's You!!

But you can handle it, you've done it before, but you feel like changing the locks on the door.

He'll be back when his trip is over, you'll know he's home when he steps on Rover!

He'll come in the house, it sounds like a struggle, he's cold as ice and he wants to snuggle.

It's three in the morning and you were sleeping sound, he wants to know if there's any food around.

He stubs his toe in the same darn place, to be that clumsy is a plain disgrace.

He screams and howls like a banshee, dancing around like a wild Comanche.

Now that he's awoken the kids, he's still, you're fighting back the urge to kill.

He jumps in the bed and starts to snore, that's when you'd like to push him back out the door.

You know he's not all that bad, you know the kids sure love their dad.

He's a loving father and a good provider, baseball coach, and piggy-back rider.

The neighbors all think he's worth knowing, though they don't understand his coming and going.

You know you really love this big old brute, when he's asleep he's kind of cute.

Sometimes you could shoot him but that wouldn't be smart, for you know you'd have a broken heart.

You love the guy, this engineer, but sometimes his job fills you with fear.

So you hold him and love him as hard as you can, for after all lady, he's only a man.

Now it's early in the morning, your up all alone, waiting for him to come home.

From what he said, he should be there anytime, you sure hope he's guessed right this time.

His best estimates aren't always right, he's been off by a day and a night.

Waiting and worrying seems like a big part of your life, but that's how it is when you're an engineer's wife.

- Ronald E. Dean -