

The Train That Carried My Girl From Town

Doc Watson

There goes the train that carried my girl from town
If I knowed her number, Lord, I'd flag her down
Wish to the Lord that the train would wreck
Kill that engineer and break the fireman's neck
Hey, the train that carried my girl from town
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Where was you when the train left town?
I stand on the corner with my head hung down
If I had my gun I'd let the hammer down
Lord, I'd shoot that rounder that took my girl from town
Hey, that train that carried my girl from town
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Rations on the table and the coffee's getting cold
And some dirty rounder took my jelly roll
Hello, Central, give me six-o-nine
I want to talk to that woman of mine
Hey, that train that carried my girl from town
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Can you show me that woman that a man can trust
There goes my girl, somebody bring her back
'Cause she got her hand in my money sack
Hey, that train that carried my girl from town
Hey, hey, hey, hey