

Play A Train Song

Robert Earl Keen

A smokin', long black Cadillac; the engine's winding down
He parked it up on the sidewalk like he owned the whole damn town.
I saw him talking to some chick through a thick ghost of smoke,

Through a thicker haze of southern comfort and coke.

"Say girl you're hotter than the hinges hanging off the gates of hell.

Don't be afraid to turn to me babe if he don't treat you well."
And by he, he meant me, so I laughed and I shook his hand.
He laughed a little bit louder as he yelled up at the band.

"Play a train song, pour me one more round.
Make 'em leave my boots on; on the day they lay me down.
I am a runaway locomotive, out of my one-track mind.
Play a train song. Play a train song."

I got this old black leather jacket. Got this pack of Marlboro
reds.
Got this stash here in my pocket. Got these thoughts in my own
head.
I'm gonna run until I have to walk, until I have to crawl.
Got this moment that I'm living in and nothing else at all.

"Play a train song, pour me one more round.
Make 'em leave my boots on; on the day they lay me down.
I am a runaway locomotive, out of my one-track mind.
Play a train song. Play a train song."

In the television blizzard lights, we looked around his place.
A little cold there on the sofa, a little smile across his face
.
And though I tried with all of my sadness, somehow I just could
not weep
For a man who looked to me like he died laughin' in his sleep.

Singing a train song, pour him one last round
Made 'em leave his boots on; on the day they laid him down.
He was a runaway locomotive, out of his one-track mind.
Play a train song. Play a train song.
Play a train song. Play a train song.