

# Danville Girl

Tom Paxton

My pocket book was empty,  
My heart was filled of pain.  
A thousand miles away from home  
Sleeping in the rain.

Good Morning Mister Railroad man  
What time does your train roll by.  
At nine-sixteen, and two-fourty-four,  
And twentyfive minutes 'till five.

At nine-sixteen, and two-fourty-four,  
And twentyfive minutes 'till five.  
I thank you Mister Railroad Man,  
I'm gonna watch your train roll by.

Well I got off in Danville  
I met up with a Danville Girl.  
You can bet your life she was all right  
She wore them Danville curls

She took me in her parlor  
She treated me nice and kind  
She put me in the notion  
Of bummin' all the time.

She wore her hat on the back of her head  
Like the high tone women all do  
And the very next train that come down the line  
I bid that girl adieu

I pulled my cap down over my eyes  
And went walking down the track  
I caught a ride on the next freight train  
And I never did look back.

Hey, hey, hey, hey,  
Hey, hey, hey.  
I caught a ride on the next freight train  
And I never did look back.