

## Downbound Train

Charley Crockett

A stranger lying on a bar room floor  
Had drank so much he could drink no more  
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain  
To dream that he rode on that downbound train

The engine with blood was sweaty and damp  
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp  
And imps for fuel was shoveling bones  
While the furnace rang with a thousand groans

The boiler was filled with lots of beer  
The devil himself was the engineer;  
The passengers were most a motley crew  
Some were foreigners and others he knew:

Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags  
Handsome young ladies and wicked old hags  
As the train rushed on at a terrible pace  
Sulphuric fumes scorched their hands and face;

Wider and wider the country grew  
Faster and faster the engine flew  
Louder and louder the thunder crashed  
Brighter and brighter the lightning flashed

Hotter and hotter the air became  
Till their clothes were burned and they were screaming with pain;  
Then out of the distance there came a yell  
"Ha ha", said the devil, "We're nearing home"

Oh how the passengers shrieked with pain  
And begged old Satan to stop that train  
The stranger awoke with an anguished cry  
His clothes wet with sweat and his hair standing high;

He fell on his knees on the bar room floor  
And prayed a prayer like never before  
And the prayers and vows were not in vain  
For he never rode that downbound train