

Down Bound Train

Chuck Berry

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 down bound train.

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

The boiler was filled with lager 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 lighting 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 down bound train.