

Right Track Wrong Train

Confederate Railroad

Mama said, "Son,
Are you ever gonna stop your runnin'?
That sweet Julie Baker'd
Be a good homemaker
And she's always had eyes for you."

I said, "Mama, I know she's a good girl,
But our dreams are not the same."
Right track, wrong train.

I've plowed these fields
In the hot sun on the tractor,
Been covered in grease
From my head to my feet,
Turnin' wrenches and pumpin' gas.

I can't seem to find my direction.
This town's like a ball and chain.
Right track, wrong train.

I can hear that lonesome whistle blow
Somewhere in the night.
I've got to ride that big iron horse
Past the city limits sign.
I've gone as far as I can go,
There's no one to blame.
Right track, wrong train.

When you're torn between
A home and a dream,
Decisions are hard to make.
When you can't be
What everyone wants you to be,
There's chances that you've got to take.

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I've got to ride that big iron horse
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