

Texas 1947

Steve Earle

Now being six years old
I had seen some trains before
So it's hard to figure out
What I'm at the depot for

Trains are big and black and smoking
Steam screaming at the wheels
And bigger than anything they is
At least that's the way she feels

Trains are big and black and smoking
Louder in July four
But everybody's actin' like
This might be something more

Than just picking up the mail
Or the soldiers from the war
This is something that even old man
Wileman never seen before

And it's late afternoon
On a hot Texas day
Something strange is going on
And we's all in the way

There's fifty or sixty people
Just sitting on their cars
And the old men left their dominos
And they come down from the bars

And everybody's checking
Old Jack Kittrel check his watch
And us kids put our ears
To the rails to hear 'em pop

So we already knowed it
When I finally said, "Train time"
You'd a-thought that Jesus Christ
His-self was rolling down the line

Cause things got real quiet
Mamma jerked me back
But not before I'd got the chance
To lay a nickel on the track

Look out, here she comes, she's coming
Stand back, there she goes, she's gone
Screaming straight through Texas
Like a mad dog cyclone
She's big, red, and silver
She don't make no smoke
She's a fast-rollin' streamline
Come to show the folks
I said, look out, here she comes, she's coming
Stand back, there she goes, she's gone
Screaming straight through Texas
Like a mad dog cyclone

Lord, she never even stopped
But she left fifty or sixty people
Still sitting on their cars
They're wondering what it's coming to
And how it got this far
Oh, but me I got a nickel
Smashed flatter than a dime
By a mad dog, runaway
Red-silver streamline train

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