

# Trains Make Me Lonesome

George Strait

I was 5 years old  
When Daddy started packing  
And I stood there by my momma  
As she cried  
And the next thing that we knew  
Some old train came passing through  
And Daddy got on board  
And we ain't seen him no more

I wonder why trains make me lonesome  
It happens everytime that engine moans some  
And when I hear that whistle blow  
It makes my heart sink low  
And I wonder why trains make me lonesome

It was a cold dark night  
When I drove her to the depot  
There were tears in my eyes  
And a ticket in her hand  
And as we stood there by those tracks  
I knew she wasn't coming back  
So I turned and walked away  
But I still miss her today

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And when I hear that whistle blow  
It makes my heart sink low  
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Those ink spots look engine No. 9  
And this couch on which I lay  
Suppose to haul my blues away  
That old pipe you keep toking  
Is like an old cold enging smoking

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