## **Betting On Trains**

Someone's waving Someone's counting Someone's leaving

There's fifty dollars on this pony Chase him down these tracks Well, won't nobody take my business I'll teach you how to come back

I saw one hundred miles of steel over wood And let him go I filled my pockets up with coal black with mud And let him go

I'll throw my hat off when I beat you Find it when you're gone There's a straw and cotton around the station I'll make myself a new one

I held a silver dollar tight inside my fist And let you go I've counted all the things I've lost, that point to this And let you go

The whistle's sounding You are leaving I am counting