

Desperados Waiting for a Train

Highwaymen

I played the Red River Valley
And he'd sit out in the kitchen and cry
An' run his fingers through 70 years of livin'
An' wonder Lord, as ever, will that drill run dry?
We were friends, me an this old man

Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train

He's a drifter, and a driller of oil wells
And an old-school man of the world
He'd let me drive his car when he's too drunk to
And he'd wink, and give me money for the girls
And our lives were like some old western movie

Like desperados waiting for a train
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From the time that I could walk, he'd take me with him
To a bar, called the Green Frog Cafe
And there were old men, with beer-guts and dominoes
Lying about their lives while they play
And I was just a kid, they called his sidekick

Like desperados waiting for a train
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One day I looked up, and he's pushing 80
And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin
To me he's one of the heroes of this country
So why is he all dressed up like them old men?
Drinkin' beer and playing Moon in 42

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The day before he died, I went to see him
I was grown, and he was almost gone
So we just closed our eyes and dreamed of supper kitchens
And sang another verse to that old song
Come on Jack, that son-of-a-gun's a-comin'.

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