

Distant Lonesome Train

John Mayall

Oh, when I hear that cold wind howlin'
It's midnight, pouring rain
Oh, I hear my baby callin' out my name
On that distant lonesome train

I hear the drums out in the field
And they're crying out in pain
Her spirit calls me from the barren ground
On that distant lonesome train
On that distant lonesome

Well, the devil is my driver
Burning coal that turns to flame
So take me down to the gates of hell
On that distant lonesome train
On that distant lonesome train

On a traveling cannonball
There's a rider without a name
So lay her down, people, let me ride
On that distant lonesome train
On that distant lonesome train
On that distant lonesome