

## Railroad Lady

Lefty Frizzell

She's a railroad lady just a little bit shady spending  
her days on a train  
She's the semi good looker but the fast rails they took  
her  
Now she's trying just trying to get home again

South station in Boston to the stockyards of Austin  
From the Florida sunshine to the New Orleans rain  
Now that the rail packs have taken the best tracks  
She's trying just trying to get back home again  
She's a railroad lady just a little bit shady spending  
her days on a train  
Once a pull man car driver not a breakment won't have her  
She's trying just trying to get back home again

Once a high-balling loner thought he could own her  
He bought her a fur coat and a big diamond ring  
But she hug in for cold cash left down on the Wabash  
Never thinking never thinking of home way back then

But the rails are now rusty the dining car's dusty  
The gold faded watches have taken their gold  
The railroads're dying and the lady is crying  
On a bus to Kentucky and home that's her goal  
She's a railroad lady...  
On a bus to Kentucky and home once again