

# Ghost Train

Marty Robbins

Way out west an Arizona cowboy tends the herd  
The dessert lies beneath a sky of blue  
Far away, in brightest day, a ghostly sound is heard  
The phantom of the rail comes into view

Hear that lonesome whistle callin'  
On his lonely ear is fallin'  
Loud and clear, just hear that lonesome wail  
But it's just the ghost, the phantom of the rail

Little did he know the train was wrecked in '84  
After it had crossed the Great Divide  
Every year it tries again to make it just once more  
If only to the California Line

Hear that lonesome whistle callin'  
On the barren desert fallin'  
Loud and clear, just hear that lonesome wail  
But it's just the ghost, the phantom of the rail

Clickity-clack along the track, it's boiler showin' red  
As on it comes along the rusty rails  
People that are ridin' in the cars have long been dead  
Lost in time along the Phantom Trail

Hear that lonesome whistle callin'  
On the barren desert fallin'  
Is it real to feel the very ground beneath him shake  
As on it comes, the only run it ever makes

Cross here comes the phantom, as his eyes in wonder gaze  
His pony shys and heads in for the brush  
And as it comes upon him terror grips his heart, amazed  
Leapin' to avoid it's onward rush

Hear that lonesome whistle callin'  
On the barren dessert fallin'  
Thought he saw the engineer, thought he heard him once more wai  
l  
As on he went, forever bent, on stayin' on the ghost train rail