

Good Old American Guest

Merle Haggard

Well, I'm longing to ride on a freight train
Pull a slouch hat down low on my ears
I'm yearning to leave this old town on the flight
And loose all my troubles and cares.

In this day of airplanes and highways
Hey the slow way is sometimes the best
I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest.

Yes I wanna live on the land that I've loved and I've labored f
or
And spend a few days headed west
I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest.

Well the pressures of life they got to me
And they got down and deep in my soul
I'm tired of the rat-race wanna go back to the slow pace
And hear a fast train rattle and roll.

I wanna live out my days like a hobo
And take myself that long-needed rest
Hey hey I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest.

Yes, I wanna live on the land that I've loved and I've labored
for
And spend a few days headed west
I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest.

Oh yes, I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest...