Railroad Lady

Merle Haggard

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
She's the semi good looker but the fast rails they took her
Now she's trying just trying to get home again.

Once a high-balling loner thought he could own her
He bought her a fur coat and a big dimaond ring
But she hug in for cold cash left town 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 bladed watches are taking 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 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.

On a bus to Kentucky and home once again...

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