

Train Yard

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Kiss me on the mouth sweet gal
As if we was fixin' to die
And I'll follow you down
Till the Mississippi runs dry

There's a room down at the train yard
The wall is gunmetal grey
The door ain't never locked
Come sun down, let's slip away

I'll fetch us a blanket
You brink a box of crackerjacks
We'll make a pallet on the floor
And lay a penny on the railroad tracks

When the train comes flyin' past
The walls shake and the floorboard squeaks
You be sittin' on top of the world girl
Like the Mississippi Sheiks

Now if somebody ever asks you
If you got any
You just smile and lick your lips
And show em that old flat penny