Engine Engine #9

Roger Miller

Engine, engine number nine,
Comin' down the railroad line,
How much farther back did she get off?
Old brown suitcase that she carried,
I've looked for it everywhere, it
Just ain't here among the rest, and
I'm a little upset, yes, tell me...
Engine, engine number nine,
Comin' down the railroad line,
I know she got on in Baltimore.
A hundred and ten miles ain't much distance,
But it sure do make a difference,
I don't think she loves me anymore.
I warned her of the dangers,
Don't speak to strangers.
If by chance she finds new romance,
Warmer lips to kiss her,
Arms to hold her tighter,
Stirring new fires inside her,
How I wish that it was me, instead of he
That stands beside her.
Engine, engine number nine,
Comin' down the railroad line,
I know she got on in Baltimore.
A hundred and ten miles ain't much distance,
But it sure do make a difference,
I don't think she loves me anymore.
No, I don't think she loves me any more

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