

## The Hellbound Train

### Those Poor Bastards

A drunkard lay on the bar room floor.  
He drunk until he couldn't drink no more.  
He went to sleep with a troubled brain  
And dreamt he was on a hellbound train  
The train, it flew at an awful pace  
The brimstone a-burning both hands and face  
And worse and worse the road that grew  
And faster and faster the engine flew

He blowed the whistle and rung the bell  
And the devil says boys, the next stop is hell  
And all of the passengers yelled with pain  
And begged the devil to stop the train  
But the devil laughed at their misery  
He hollared and roared and yelled and with glee  
You paid your fair with the rest of my load  
And you've got to ride to the end of the road

You robbed the weak,  
And done wrong to the poor  
Turned hungry folks from your door  
You laid up gold til your purses bust  
You ruined young gals with your beastly lust

You mocked at God in your stubborn pride  
You murdered and killed and cheated and lied  
You double-crossed partners and cussed and stole  
You belong to me, both body and soul

Your bones will burn in the flames that roar  
You'll scotch and sizzle from rind to core  
Then the bar room rang with an awful scream  
As the drunkard awoke from his terrible dream

Down on his knees on the bar room floor  
He prayed as he's never had prayed before  
His prays and vows, they were in vain  
'Cause his sould was doomed for the hellbound train