

## Woody Guthrie "East Texas Red"

Visit "[East Texas Red](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Down in the scrub oak timber of the Southeast Texas  
Gulf  
There used to ride a brakeman and a brakeman double  
tough  
He worked the town of Kilgore and Longview nine miles  
down  
Us trav'lers called him East Texas Red the meanest bull  
around.

I rode by night and by broad daylight in wind and snow  
and sun  
I always seen little East Texas Red sporting his smooth  
running gun  
The tale got switched down the stems and main and  
everybody said  
The meanest man on the shiny rails was little East  
Texas Red.

It was early in the morning and along towards nine or  
ten  
A couple of boys on the hunt of a job stood in the  
blizzardy wind  
Hungry and cold they knocked on the doors of the  
working folks around  
For a piece of meat and a spud or two to boil a stew  
around.

Red he come down the cinder dump and he flagged  
the number two  
He kicked their bucket over a bush and he dumped out  
all their stew  
A traveler said, Mister East Texas Red you better get  
everything fixed  
'Cause you're gonna ride your little train just one year  
from today.

Red he laughed as he clumb the bank and swung aside  
of a wheeler  
The boys caught a tanker to Seminole and west to  
Amarillo  
They struck them a job of oil field work and followed a  
pipe line down

It took them lots of places till the year had rolled  
around.

On one cold and wintery day they hooked them a Gulf  
bound train  
They shivered and shook with dough in their clothes to  
see Kilgore again  
Over hills of sand and hard froze roads where the  
cotton wagons roll  
On past the town of Kilgore and on to old Longview.

With their warm suits of clothes and overcoats they  
walk into a store  
They pay the man for some meat and stuff to fix a stew  
once more  
The ties they walk back past the yards till they come to  
the same old spot  
Where East Texas Red just a year ago had dumped  
their last stew pot.

The smoke of their fire went higher and higher a man  
come down the line  
He ducked his head in the blizzardy wind and waved  
old number nine  
He walked off down the cinder dump till he come to the  
same old spot  
And there was the same three men again around that  
same little pot.

Red went to his knees and he hollered,  
Please don't pull that trigger on me.  
I did not get my business fixed but he did not get his  
say  
A gun wheeled out of an overcoat and it played the old  
one two  
And Red was dead when the other two men set down to  
eat their stew.

Visit [Woody Guthrie](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.