

Dick Haymes

"Special"

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The only thing I really own is what you see me wearing
on my back
The only friends I've ever known are the kind you meet
along a railroad track
The kind you bum tobacco from and see the world
through a boxcar door
A friend who talks and makes you laugh has nothing
much but gives you half
And maybe you don't see him anymore
Special I hear your lonesome whistle whine
Special keep moving me on down the line
[steel]
My mackinaw's full of holes and ain't too good at
keeping out the cold
My shoes are worn as paper thin my feet can feel the
cibders through the soles
Sometimes I see a pretty girl wonder what I've missed
along the way
Once someone special wore my ring loved me more
than anything
I gave her up and caught a train one day
Special I had a special girl on time Special keep moving
me on down the line
Special I hear your lonesome...

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