

Doors

"Black Train Song (Live At The Spectrum, Philadelphia, 1970)"

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People get ready
There's a train-a-coming
You don't need a ticket
Climb on board

Train-a-ride
Sixteen coatches long
Train-a-ride
Sixteen coatches long
Where there be no train
Took my baby, he's gone

Train, train
Comin' round the bend
Train, train
Comin' round the bend
Yeah, there be no evil train
Took my one and only friend

Train, train
Comin' down the line
Train, train
Comin' down the line
Well, there be no rock train
Took the only friend of mine

Train, train
Comin' down the track
Train, train
Comin' down the track
Yeah, he took my baby
And he never bring her back
Allright

Away, away, away in India
Away, away, away in India
Away, away, away in India
That's right
Away, away, away in India
Away, away, away in India
Away, away, away in India

That's right
Away in India
That's right

Well, I woke up a morning
Got the crossroads on my mind
Well, I woke up a morning
Got the crossroads on my mind
Take a walk with me
Everything gonna work out fine

Well, I woke up a morning
Got the junk hangin' on my mind
Well, I woke up a morning
Got the junk hangin' on my mind
Take a walk with me
Everything gonna work out fine

Well, I woke up a morning
Got the eight ball on my mind
Well, I woke up a morning
Got the eight ball on my mind
Take a walk with me
Everything gonna work out fine

Well, I woke up a morning
Got the crossroads on my mind
Well, I woke up a morning
Got the crossroads on my mind
Take a walk with me
Everything gonna work out fine

Train, train
Come and gone
Took my baby
Took my baby
Away

Well, I woke up a morning
Nothing on my mind

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