

Bobby Bare**"Desperados Waiting for the Train"**

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(Guy Clark)

I'd play the Red River Valley
And he'd sit in the kitchen and cry
Run his fingers through seventy years of living and
wonder
Lord, has every well I drilled gone dry
We was friends me and this old man
Desperados waiting for the train
Desperados waiting for the train.

He's a drifter and a driller of oil wells
And an old school man of the world
Taught me how to drive his car when he's too drunk to
And he'd wink and give me money for the girls
Our lives was like some old western movie
Like desperados waiting for the train
Like desperados waiting for the train.

From the time that I could walk he'd take me with him
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe
There was old men with beer guts playin' dominos
Lyin' bout their lives while they'd play
I was just a kid they all called his sidekick
Like desperados waiting for the train
Like desperados waiting for the train.

One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty
There's brown tobacco stains all down his chin
To me he's one of the heroes of this country
So why's he all dressed up like them old men
Drinking beer and playing moon and 42
Like desperados waiting for the train
Like desperados waiting for the train.

Just before he died I went to see him
I was grown and he was almost gone
So we closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen
And sang another verse to that old song
He said come on Jack I swear this time it's comin'
And we're desperados waiting for the train

We're desperados waiting for the train.

We're desperados waiting for the train...

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