

## **Flatt And Scruggs "East Bound Train"**

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The east bound train was crowded one cold December  
day

The conductor shouted, "Tickets" in his old- time  
fashioned way

A little girl, in sadness , her hair as bright as gold  
She said < " I have no ticket" and then her story told

"My father he's in prison he's lost his sight they say  
I'm going to beg his pardon this cold December day  
[ ac.guitar ]

My mother's daily sewing to try to earn our bread  
My poor dear old blind father in prison almost dead  
My brother and my sister would both be mighty glad,  
If I could only bring back my poor, dear , old blind Dad"

The conductor could not answer he could not make a  
reply

While looking at this little one he brushed a teardrop  
from his eye

"Do not fear my little one just stay right where you are  
You'll never need a ticket while I am on this car"

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