

George Strait "Trains Made Me Lonesome"

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I was five years old when daddy started packing
And I stood there by my momma as she cried
And the next thing that we knew some old train came
passing through
And daddy got on board and we ain't seen him no
more
I wonder why trains make me lonesome it happens
everytime that engine moans some
And when I hear that whistle blow it makes my heart
sink low
And I wonder why trains make me lonesome

It was a cold dark night when I drove her to the depot
There were tears in my eyes and a ticket in her hand
And as we stood there by those tracks I knew she
wasn't comin' back
So I turned and walked away but I still miss her today
I wonder why trains make me lonesome...

This office building looks like central station those ink
spots look engine No 9
And this couch on which I lay suppose to haul my blues
away
That old pipe you keep toking is like an old cold engine
smoking
I wonder why trains make me lonesome...
Oh yes I wonder why trains make me lonesome

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