Guy Chadwick
"Texas - 1947"

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Now bein' six years old, I had seen some trains before,
So it's hard to figure out what I'm at the depot for.

Trains are big and black and smokin' - steam screamin'
at the wheels,
Bigger than anything they is, at least that's the way she
feels

Trains are big and black and smokin', louder'n July
four,
But everybody's actin' like this might be somethin'
more. . .

. . .than just pickin' up the mail, or the soldiers from the
war.
This is somethin' that even old man Wileman never
seen before.

And it's late afternoon on a hot Texas day.
Somethin' strange is goin' on, and we's all in the way.

Well there's fifty or sixty people they're just sittin' on
their cars,
And the old men left their dominos and they come
down from the bars.

Everybody's checkin', old Jack Kittrel check his watch,
And us kids put our ears to the rails to hear 'em pop.

So we already knowed it, when they finally said 'train
time'
You'd a-thought that Jesus Christ his-self was rollin'
down the line.

'Cause things got real quiet, momma jerked me back,
But not before I'd got the chance to lay a nickel on the
track.

Chorus
Look out here she comes, she's comin',
Look out there she goes, she's gone,

Screamin' straight through Texas
Like a mad dog cyclone.

Big, red, and silver,
She don't make no smoke,
She's a fast-rollin' streamline
Come to show the folks.

Look out here she comes, she's comin'
Look out there she goes, she's gone,
Screamin' straight through Texas
Like a mad dog cyclone.

. . .Lord, she never even stopped.

She left fifty or sixty people still sittin' on their cars,
And they're wonderin' what it's comin' to
And how it got this far.

Oh but me I got a nickel smashed flatter than a dime
By a mad dog, runaway red-silver streamline. . . train

Chorus