

Guy Clark

"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
And bigger than anything they is
At least that's the way she feels

Trains are big and black and smokin'
Louder in 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
Just sittin' on their cars
And the old men left their dominos
And they come down from the bars

And 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 I 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

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

I said, "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
But She left fifty or sixty people
Still sittin' on their cars
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 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
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