

## Jerry Jeff Walker

# "Desperados Waiting For A Train"

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I played the Red River Valley  
He'd sit in the kitchen and cry  
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin'  
"I wonder, Lord, has every well I've drilled gone dry?"  
We were friends, me and this old man  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train

He's a drifter, a driller of oil wells  
He's an old school man of the world  
Taught me how to drive his car when he was too drunk  
to  
And he'd wink and give me money for the girls  
And our lives were like, some old Western movie  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a 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 and dominoes  
Lying 'bout their lives while they played  
I was just a kid, they all called me "Sidekick"  
Just like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train

One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty  
He's got brown tobacco stains all down his chin  
To me he was a hero of this country  
So why's he all dressed up like them old men  
Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train

The day 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 one more verse to that old song  
Come on, Jack, that son-of-a-bitch is comin'

Desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train.

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