

Cannon Melonie

"Nobody Hops A Train Anymore"

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Written by Harley Allen & Leslie Satcher
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Well she picked up her feet
She picked up her heart
She picked up the moonlight,
right around dark
She made a break,
when she made that train
Took a free ride on the Santa Fe

Nobody hops a train anymore
Nobody hops a train anymore

Well she wound up in Phoenix,
in a cheap motel
Scared to death but mad as hell
At an Indian man with a white man's line
She said "I won't be no squaw this time"

Nobody hops a train anymore
Nobody hops a train anymore

She got away in the middle of the night
With a buffalo robe,
and his daddy's peace pipe

She's the hottest thing you've ever seen
She's everywhere on the talk TV
Got a best selling book all the women love
Called Husbands, Trains and Indian Stuff

Nobody hops a train anymore

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