

## **Marty Stuart**

# **"Ghost Train Four-Oh-Ten"**

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Think I'll go down to the depot, where the train don't  
run no more  
Take a ticket and start walkin', down to the old Gulf  
shore,  
I'm lookin' for a train, that runs silent with the wind,  
Haulin' satchels back from nowhere, Ghost Train Four-  
O-Ten  
Big money took my cotton, left me busted down to  
scratch.  
Well, my woman couldn't take the hard times, she  
never comin' back.  
Ain't no use in me stayin', send word to my next of kin  
I'm leavin', yes I'm leavin', on Ghost Train Four-O-Ten  
Well, I've seen it in my dreams, I've heard it in my mind  
Somewhere between 8-O-6, just past the 12-O-9,  
A tortured soul is all it takes, to ride it to the end  
Black steel bound for nowhere, Ghost Train Four-O-Ten  
Gamblers, thugs and thieves, and the likes of me  
No questions asked or answered, how it is, is how it be  
No particular destination, headin' back where it's just  
been,  
Haulin' tear-stained weary travelers, on Ghost Train  
Four-O-Ten  
Ghost Train Four-O-Ten

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