

The Charlie Daniels Band

"Midnight Train"

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Midnight train, roll on
Midnight train, roll on

Clear them tracks and keep that whistle blowin
Take this stranger on to Santa Fe
It seems like romance and danger
Follow this here tall dark stranger all along the way

Well the train was rumblin through the night heading
south to Santa Fe
And in a fancy car, with a private bar, and a personal
valet
There was a bunch of cold eyed men a sittin at a poker
table
Bettin hot stakes all around

Ole Louisiana Lou had a knife in his shoe, was dealin' a
hand of cards
And ole Stagger Lee Crocket had a gun in his pocket,
was sweatin bettin hard
And over in the corner this Mexican guy with two gold
teeth and a patch on his eye
Took a long hard look around

And then the door flew open, the stranger walked in
and said don't ya'll get excited
I know this here's a private game, and I know I wasn't
invited
But I got a roll that'd choke a mule
I'm just about a big enough fool to lay it all right down

And everybody nodded as the stranger took his seat
He knew this bunch of cutthroat's would be mighty hard
to beat
As the stranger knew then the toughest two by far were
where he sat
Was a pot belly fellow from south Alabama, and a dude
in a black felt hat

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Well the stranger sat down he looked around at all
them evil faces
And the pot-belly fellow drew a pair of queens, but the
stranger he drew aces
And he kept on raising and pushin his luck, kept on
winning like a run away truck
He was giving them a beating

And the stakes got higher than a Chinese kite, the
stranger kept getting hot
Till every cent everybody had was lying out in that pot
Then the stranger threw down a royal flush,
Somebody said "Hey Man, that's enough friend
I think you've been cheatin"
And then the stranger picked the money up and said
"Boys I better run"
And then the bot-bellied fella pulled a razor out and
somebody pulled a gun
They said "You may think you're a sly old fox,
You're gonna leave here in a long pine box
If you don't leave that money alone"

Just about then the lights went out, and they all started
fussin
And the lights came on, the stranger was gone, they all
started cussin
And they searched that train from front to rear
The stranger he done disappeared, and all their money
was gone

When the train pulled in the station, with the whistle
blowin loud
A telegram was waitin, from the stranger for the crowd
Said "Thank you for the money boys, but don't
feel too outdone
Cause It takes a dog to know a dog
I'm a howlin son of a gun.

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