

The Flaming Ember "Westbound 9"

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Catching the westbound number nine
Gonna leave this town, leave it far behind
Gonna leave while I've got my peace of mind
On the westbound number nine

Sittin on the bank of Holy Creek down by the county line
I can hear the sound of Old Boss and Lazy Horse - he's
howlin right on time
He's howlin at the sound of the #9 comin down the line
And my mind catches a ride on the westbound number
nine
And my mind catches a ride on the westbound number
nine

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Gonna leave this town, leave it far behind
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My Pa is with his moonshine friends
Drinkin Deacon Jones bathtub gin
Deacon Jones preachin about savin souls
Yellin out how the whole town is full of sin
But like Pa and all the rest
He tries to look down Bobbie Sues low-cut dress
And my mind catches a ride on the westbound number
nine
And my mind catches a ride on the westbound number
nine

Ma, I see you're ashamed to look me in the face
As if I was nothing but a past mistake
Sittin there at night when Pa comes stumblin in
Full of the Deacons bathtub gin
Swearin and a-cussin that I wasn't no kin
I heard his name but Ma knows what he should have
been

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