

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

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

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 Sue's 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 Deacon's bathtub gin
Swearin' and a-cussin' that I wasn't no kin
I heard his name but Ma knows what he should have
been

Westbound number nine

Gonna leave this town, leave it far behind
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Catching the westbound number nine
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(repeat to fade

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