

## Merle Haggard

### "Coming And The Going Of The Trains"

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(Red Lane)

I am just an Indian and once this was my land  
Now it's been taking from me by the coming of a white  
man  
And the anger makes my blood run hot and heavy in  
my veins  
Everytime I think about the coming of the trains.

The day was hot and dusty in the year of '69  
As we heard the whistle blowing somewhere down the  
line  
That was the year I rode with Frank and Jesse James  
As we waited for the coming and the going of the  
trains.

The drought hit west Texas the ground was cracked  
and dry  
We just had to have some water or our crops would  
surely die  
The railroad shipped this water till we finally got some  
rain  
And I thanked God for the coming and the going of the  
trains.

I lived behind these iron bars I'm a prisoner doing time  
And I've heard that midnight freight pass at least the  
thousand times  
And I spent my time a walking to the door and back  
again  
And marking down the coming and the going of the  
trains.

I've always been an engineer and trains're all I know  
Ah they don't want me anymore and they say that I'm  
too old  
But my cabin at the crossing sorta helps to ease my  
pain  
For I just had to feel the coming and the going of the  
trains.

The trucks and planes're faster now and the railroad is  
too slow  
And they just came and told me that my railroad has to  
go  
The hands that built the railroad through sweat and  
blood and pain  
Will sign the final papers of the going of the trains.

And I have seen the coming and the going of the  
trains...

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