

## **Mike Doughty** **"Train To Chicago"**

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Gas station neon sign, orange and white  
winks an eye and it whispers 'Goodnight'  
drunk on the train to Chicago, I feel alright  
half-pint of dewar's white label still half full  
the train lurches left, lurches right  
drunk on the train to Chicago, I feel alright

I left a New York  
of gas bills and cigarette burns  
wasted days of whiskey  
and as the world turns

Train driver, hit the gas, shovel coal, move your ass  
we've got a schedule to keep  
drunk on the train to Chicago, I fall asleep

And in my dreams, we're careening drunk  
down the streets of my hometown  
the man in the moon is on benzedrine  
and everybody's spinning round

Bells ring and lights flicker  
old girlfriends, good liquor  
hold my hand all through the night  
drunk on the train to Chicago,  
I feel alright  
I feel alright

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