

Beat Farmers

"Death Train"

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The old bums sat around by a fire, spoon and match
While the rain played its music on their tar paper
shacks
I been waitin' on a ticket to ride on the rusted rails
Their pain fades away as their faces turn pale

Well, Georgie rolled up the shirtsleeves to his arm
Showed the laces that he'd been to, he'd never left the
farm
Once you get on it's so hard to get off
It's just full speed ahead as we ride off in the dark

So come along and ride on that old death train
Out of needles we'll embark on a well traveled vein
The rats got off as the bums got on
If the tracks are fadin', we'll be in hell by dawn

So give me a breath of your last cigarette
As we travel the world over goin' deeper in debt
The telegraph poles ae the cross that marks the grave
And the sound of the guitar is the only sound that
saves

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