

Frank Fairfield**"The Train That Took My Girl From Town"**

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Tennessee raised Alabama bound
If the girl leave me gonna move from town
Hey, Lord ain't that passing train carried my girl from town

Where were you when the train left town
I was standing on the corner with head hung down
Hey, Lord ain't that passing train carried my girl from town

Rations on the table and the coffee's gettin' cold
Some old rambler stole my jelly roll
Hey, Lord ain't that passing train carried my girl from town

I was going to the depot

See that girl, won't you bring her back
She got her fingers in my money sack
Hey, Lord ain't that passing train carried my girl from town

Ain't that the train that carried my girl from town
If I had her number Lord I'd sure flag it down
Hey, Lord ain't that passing train, hey, hey, hey, hey

Won't you here that whistle blowin'

I wish to the Lord that train would wreck
Kill the engineer, break the fireman's neck
Hey, Lord ain't that passing train carried my girl from town

See that train Lord I'd run down the track
CallÂ ? with my girlÂ ? back
Hey, Lord ain't that passing train carried my girl from town

Oh it gone with her now

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust

Show me a woman that a boy can trust
Hey, Lord ain't that passing train that carried my girl
from town

Oh it's gone, almost gone

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