

Nanci Griffith "Desperados Waiting for a Train"

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(Guy Clark)

And I'd play the red river valley
And he'd sit in the kitchen and he'd cry
And run his fingers
Through seventy years of living
And wonder, Lord, has every well I've drilled gone dry
We were friends me and this old man
Like desperadoes waiting for a train
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

Well he's a drifter and a driller of oil wells
And an old school man of the world
He taught me how to drive his car
When he's too drunk to
And he'd wink and give me money for the girl
And our lives were like some old western movie
Like desperadoes waiting for a train
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

From the time that I could walk
He'd take me with him
To a bar called the green frog cafe
There was old men with beer guts and dominoes
Lying about their lives while they played
And I was just a kid
They all called me sidekick
Like desperadoes waiting for a train
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

One day I looked up and
He was pushing eighty
And there was brown tobacco stains
All down his chin
To me he was one of the heroes
Of this country
So why's he all dressed up like them old men
Drinking beer and playing moon and forty-two
Like desperadoes waiting for a train
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

And then the day before he died

I went to see him
And I was grown and he was almost gone
So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a
kitchen
And sang another verse to that old song

Come on, jack, the son-of-a-bitch is coming

We're like desperadoes waiting for a train
Like desperadoes waiting for a train (4 times)

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