

Phil Ochs "The Ballad of John Train"

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Phil ochs checked into the chelsea hotel,
There was blood on his clothes and they were dirty.
I could see by his face he was not feeling well,
He'd been to one too many parties.
He walked in the lobby a picture of doom,
It was plain to see he'd been a-drinkin'
I had to follow him up to his room,
To find out what he was thinking
"train, train, train"
From the outlaw in his brain
But he's still the same refrain
He walked in his room and he fell on the floor
Hanging in his hangover
Now the act from the stage he plays on the street
Handing out piles of money
His audience now is the bums that he meets
Is he a phony or funny?

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