

Robert Earl Keen

"Play A Train Song"

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A smokin', long black Cadillac; the engine's winding
down
He parked it up on the sidewalk like he owned the
whole damn town.
I saw him talking to some chick through a thick ghost of
smoke,
Through a thicker haze of southern comfort and coke.

"Say girl you're hotter than the hinges hanging off the
gates of hell.
Don't be afraid to turn to me babe if he don't treat you
well."
And by he, he meant me, so I laughed and I shook his
hand.
He laughed a little bit louder as he yelled up at the
band.

"Play a train song, pour me one more round.
Make 'em leave my boots on; on the day they lay me
down.
I am a runaway locomotive, out of my one-track mind.
Play a train song. Play a train song."

I got this old black leather jacket. Got this pack of
Marlboro reds.
Got this stash here in my pocket. Got these thoughts in
my own head.
I'm gonna run until I have to walk, until I have to crawl.
Got this moment that I'm living in and nothing else at
all.

"Play a train song, pour me one more round.
Make 'em leave my boots on; on the day they lay me
down.
I am a runaway locomotive, out of my one-track mind.
Play a train song. Play a train song."

(Solo)

In the television blizzard lights, we looked around his
place.

A little cold there on the sofa, a little smile across his
face.
And though I tried with all of my sadness, somehow I
just could not weep
For a man who looked to me like he died laughin' in his
sleep.

Singing a train song, pour him one last round
Made 'em leave his boots on; on the day they laid him
down.
He was a runaway locomotive, out of his one-track
mind.
Play a train song. Play a train song.
Play a train song. Play a train song.

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