

Roger Miller

"Engine Engine No.9"

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Engine, Engine No. 9, coming down the railroad line
How much farther back did she get off?
Old brown suitcase that she carried, I've looked for it
everywhere
It just ain't here among the rest and I'm a little upset

Yes, tell me Engine, Engine No. 9, coming down the
railroad line
I know she got on in Baltimore
A hundred and ten miles ain't much distance
But it sure do make a difference, I don't think she loves
me anymore

I warned her of the dangers, don't speak to strangers
If by chance she find new romance, warmer lips to kiss
her
Arms to hold her tighter, stirring new fires inside her
How I wish that it was me instead of he that stands
beside her

Engine, Engine No. 9, coming down the railroad line
I know she got on in Baltimore
A hundred and ten miles ain't much distance
But it sure do make a difference, I don't think she loves
me anymore

No, I don't think she loves me anymore
I don't think she loves me anymore

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