

Roger Miller

"ENGINE, ENGINE NUMBER NINE"

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Engine, engine number nine
Coming down the railroad line
How much farther back did she get off.
Old brown suitcase that she carried.
I've looked for it ev'rywhere.
It just ain't here among the rest
And I'm a little upset, yes... tell me

Engine, engine number nine,
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 diff'rence;
I don't think she loves me anymore.

And I warned her of the dangers
Don't speak to strangers
If by chance she find a romance
Warm her 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 number nine,
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 diff'rence;
I don't think she loves me anymore.

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

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