

Snider Todd

"Play A Train Song"

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A smoke, a long black cadillac,
the engine's winding down.
He'd park it up on the sidewalk
like he owned the whole damn town.
I'd hear him talkin' to some chick
through a thick ghost of smoke,
through a thicker haze of Southern Comfort and coke,

say, Girl you're hotter than a hinge
hangin' 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'd laugh a little bit louder as he'd
yell up at the band:

Play a train song,
pour me one more round,
make 'em leave my boots on when they lay me into the
ground.
I am a runaway locomotive,
outta my one track mind,
and I'm lookin' for any kinda trouble that I can find

I got this old black leather jacket
I got this pack of Marlboro Reds
I got this stash here in my pocket
I got these thoughts in my own head
the right to run until I gotta walk
or until I got to crawl
this moment that I'm in right now and nothing else at all

Play a train song,
pour me one more round,
make 'em leave my boots on when they lay me into the
ground.
I am a runaway locomotive,
outta my one track mind.

In the television blizzard lights
I looked around this place.

I found a cold beer on the sofa,
a little smile across his face,
and though I tried with all of my sadness,
somehow I could not just weep
for a man who looked to me like he died laughin' in his
sleep,
sayin' a train song,
drinkin' one last round.
We made 'em leave his boots on on the day they layed
him down.
He was a runaway locomotive
out of his one track mind.

Play a train song
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