

Todd Snider

"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.

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