

Tom Russell "Nina Simone"

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Trains used to run
All across Mexico
Way down through the XXXXXXX
Where ever in hell you know
It was down in st XXXXXX
That I first heard the sound
Of Nina's voice on the juke box
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
And I was so lost down there
Out of love and walking alone
But walking beside me
Was Nina Simone

Tonight im my dressing room
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
On a plate of Spanish apples
Outside in the train yard
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
Is just Hanks Williams sonnets
And Nina Simone

Yeah we've been to hell and back
Love cut us right down to the bone
But walking besides us
Is Nina Simone

I've driven your highways and back roads
I rode the grey dog
Through the snow and the xxxxxxxxxx
I've heard xxxxxxxxxx
With a little raw saxaphone
But the dark xxxxxxxxxx
With Nina Simone
Yeah we've been to hell and back
Love cut us right down to the bone
But walking besides us
Was Nina Simone.
.....Trains used to run..
.....All across Mexico

