

Lost Trailers, The "New Train"

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I went down to Ashton Place, left Nashville for a while,
took a fishin pole, some cold tall boys, and my old
South Georgia smile,
Saw a diner on the way in, stopped in for a bite to eat,
You'll never guess who sat down next to me.

He wasn't in a shade of black, no hat upon his head,
the only way I knew it was Johnny was that smile that he
was wearin',
He said, "Son this ain't no diner, its a different way of
life.
But if you play your song, you can come inside."

Cause music will keep changing, as long as grass will
grow,
but if you keep your ears to the track, you'll hear that
whistle blow,
tell those no soul pretty boys to put their guitars down,
There's a new train rollin' into town.

Oh my cousin won't you look around this room,
Willie's at the jukebox, and Waylon's making brew,
Robert Keen and SonVolt bringing in the newer ears,
Yes, young outlaws are always welcome here.

Cause music will keep changing, as long as grass will
grow,
but if you keep your ears to the track, you'll hear that
whistle blow,
tell those no soul pretty boys to put their guitars down,
There's a new train rollin' into town.

So if your feeling haggfard, like your on desolation
road,
and your panic strickin brothers are starting to get old,
Just take the lead out of your shoes, sit right down and
sing the blues,
and thank the Lord that trains a comin' soon.

Cause music will keep changing, as long as grass will
grow,

but if you keep your ears to the track, you'll hear that
whistle blow,
tell those no soul pretty boys to put their guitars down,
There's a new train rollin' into town.

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