

Mike Auldridge

"Trains Make Me Lonesome"

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I was five years old when daddy started packing,
And I stood there by my Momma as she cried.
And the next thing that we knew, that ol' train came
passing through.
And daddy got on board, and we ain't seen him no
more.

I wonder why trains make me lonesome.
Happens everytime that engine moans some.
You hear that whistle blow, well it makes my heart sink
low.
I wonder why trains make me lonesome.

It was a cold dark night I drove her to the depot.
There were tears in my eyes, a suitcase in her hand.
As we stood there by those tracks I knew she wasn't
coming back.
I turned and walked away but I still miss her today.

I wonder why trains make me lonesome.
Happens everytime that engine moans some.
You hear that whistle blow, well it makes my heart sink
low.
I wonder why trains make me lonesome.

This old office building looks like Central Station.
An' those ink spots look engine No. 9.
This ol' couch on which I lay is s'posed to haul my blues
away.
But that old pipe you keep tokin' is like an old coal
enging smoking.

Doctor, I wonder why trains make me lonesome.
Happens everytime that engine moans some.
You hear that whistle blow, well it makes my heart sink
low.
I wonder why trains make me lonesome.

Instrumental break.

Well, I wonder why trains make me lonesome.

Happens everytime that engine moans some.
You hear that whistle blow, well it makes my heart sink
low.

I wonder why trains make me lonesome.

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