

# Boxcars

## Butch Hancock

Well, I gave all my money to the banker this month  
Now, I got no more money to spend  
She smiled when she saw me comin' through that door  
When I left she said, "Come back again" I watched them lonesome boxcar wheels  
Turnin' down the tracks out of town  
And it's on that lonesome railroad track  
I'm gonna lay my burden down I was raised on a farm the first years of my life  
Life was pretty good they say  
I'll probably live to be some ripe ol' age  
If death'll just stay out of my way This world can take my money and time  
But it sure can't take my soul  
And I'm goin' down to the railroad tracks  
Watch them lonesome boxcars roll There's some big ol' Buicks by the Baptist church  
Cadillacs at the Church of Christ  
I parked my camel by an ol' haystack  
I'll be lookin' for that needle all night There ain't gonna be no radial tires  
Turnin' down the streets of gold  
I'm goin' down to the railroad tracks  
And watch them lonesome boxcars roll Now, if you ever heard the whistle on a fast freight train  
Beatin' out a beautiful tune  
If you ever seen the cold blue railroad tracks  
Shinin' by the light of the moon If you ever felt the locomotive shake the ground  
I know you don't have to be told  
Why I'm goin' down to the railroad tracks  
And watch them lonesome boxcars roll Yeah, I'm goin' down to the railroad tracks  
And watch them lonesome boxcars roll

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