

# Whenever Kindness Fails

Robert Earl Keen

I crossed the desert on a dining car  
In the spring of ninety-one  
I met some people drinking at the bar  
They were laughing, having fun I told 'em that I hadn't heard the joke  
That was so hilarious  
They said that I was just a dumb cowpoke  
I didn't want to make a fuss So I shot 'em down, one by one  
Then I left 'em 'long the rails  
I use my gun  
Whenever kindness fails The moon was in the sign of Scorpio  
The sun was at my back  
I didn't know how far the train would go  
Until the law would find my track I saw the brakeman and the engineer  
Drinking wine and eating Brie  
I asked 'em who would brake and who would steer  
They started pointing back at me So I shot 'em down, one by one  
Then I left 'em 'long the rails  
I use my gun  
Whenever kindness fails I only have a moment to explain  
Just a chance to let you know  
When it's time for you to board the train  
There are two ways you can go You can ride the wheels into the sun  
Feel the wind upon your face  
Or you can laugh into a loaded gun  
And you'll likely lose your place So I shot 'em down, one by one  
Then I left 'em 'long the rails  
I use my gun  
Whenever kindness fails Yeah I shot 'em down, one by one  
Then I left 'em 'long the rails  
When I use my gun  
That lonesome whistle wails

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