

# Runaway Train

## Dustbox

Well, I sold my guitar for a diamond ring  
Yeah the preacher's daughter's got a thing for me  
With all of our stuff in a pick up truck  
Yeah we're headed out west in a cloud of dust  
[Chorus:]Runaway baby like a runaway train  
Like a train comin' off the tracks  
Runaway baby like a runaway train  
Runaway and never look back  
Runaway and never look back  
Well, it's a Vegas weddin' at the break of day  
By a magistrate dressed in blue suede  
Lost all of our cash on a roll of the bones  
Had to pawn that ring just to get back home  
  
[Chorus]In a cheap motel on the county line  
Sneakin' back into town in the black of night  
I heard the preacher screamin' through the motel door  
Yeah he's cursin' my soul in the name of the Lord  
Runaway baby like a runaway train  
Like a train comin' off the tracks  
Runaway baby like a runaway train  
Runaway and never look back  
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