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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