

Trains Make Me Lonesome

[George Strait](#)

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 some old train came passing through
And daddy got on board and we ain't seen him no more I wonder why trains make me lonesome
It happens everytime that engine moans some
And when I hear that whistle blow that makes my heart sink low
And I wonder why trains make me lonesome It was a cold dark night when I drove her to the depot
There were tears in my eyes and a ticket in her hand
And as we stood there by those tracks I knew she wasn't coming back
So I turned and walked away but I still miss her today I wonder why trains make me lonesome
It happens everytime that engine moans some
And when I hear that whistle blow that makes my heart sink low
And I wonder why trains make me lonesome Rest of this buildin' looks like simple station
Those inks spots look like engine number 9
And this couch on which I lay suppose to haul my blues away
That old pipe you keep toking Is like an old cold engine smoking dark fear I wonder why trains make me
lonesome
It happens everytime that engine moans some
And when I hear that whistle blow that makes my heart sink low
And I wonder why trains make me lonesome
Oh yes I wonder why trains amke me lonesome

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