

# Desperados Waiting For A Train

Guy Clark

I'd play the Red River Valley  
And he'd sit out in the kitchen and cry  
And run his fingers through seventy years of livin'  
And wonder, "Lord, has ever' well I've drilled run dry?" We were friends, me and this old man  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train He's a drifter and a driller of oil wells  
And an old school man of the world  
He let me drive his car  
When he's too drunk to And he'd wink and give me money for the girls  
And our lives were like some old western movie  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train From the time that I could walk he'd take me with him  
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe  
There were old men with beer guts and dominos  
Lying 'bout their lives while they'd played And I was just a kid  
They all called his "Sidekick"  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty  
And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin  
To me he's one of the heroes of this country  
So why's he all dressed up like them old men Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train A day before he died, I went to see him  
I was grown and he was almost gone  
So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen  
And sang another verse to that old song  
"Come on, Jack, that son of a guns are comin' " Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train

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