

# Desperados Waiting for a Train

Jerry Jeff Walker

Yeah I played the Red River Valley  
He'd sit in the kitchen and cry  
Run the fingers through seventy years of livin'  
"Wonder, if every well he'd drilled gone dry?"  
We was friends, me and this old man  
Desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train Soon as I could walk he'd take me with him  
To a place called the Green Frog Cafe  
There was old men with beer guts and dominoes  
Lying 'bout their lives while they played  
And I was just a kid, they all called me Sidekick  
Desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train Yeah he's a drifter, he's a driller of oil wells  
He's an old school man of the world  
He taught me how to drive his car when he's too drunk to  
And he'd wink and give me money for the girls  
And our lives was like, some old Western movie  
Desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty  
He's got 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  
Just drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two  
Like a desperado waitin' for a train  
Like a desperado waitin' for a train The day before he died I went to see him  
Yeah I was grown and he was almost gone  
We closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen  
We played another verse of that old song  
Yeah Jack you know, that son-of-a-bitch is comin'  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin'