

Night Train

Louis Prima

Here I'm going
Wlakin' with my baby in my arms
'Cuz I am in the wrong end of the eight ball black
And the devil, see, he's right behind us
And this worker said she's gonna take my little baby
My little angel back
But they won't getcha,
'Cuz I'm right here witcha
On the night train

Swing low, Saint Cadillac
Tearin' down the alley
And I'm reachin' so high for ya
Don't let 'em take me back
Broken like valiums and chumps in the rain
That cry and quiver
When a blue horizon is sleeping in the station
With a ticket for a train
Surely mine will deliver me there

Here she comes
I'm safe here with you
On the night train
Oh mamma, mamma,
Concrete is wheeling by
Down at the end of a lullaby
On the night train

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