

Train Trek

Robert Earl Keen

Train Trek

Lyrics for Album: Farm Fresh Onions Tracks are starting to rumble, wheels beginning to roll

There's a short handle shovel full of number 9 coal

Hey, mister brakeman are we running on time

No, mister engineer, think we're falling behind Will we crash on the trestle? Will we pass on the plain?

All I can guess is, we'll be seeing that train

No way to stop em? No way to tell?

Keep your hand on the throttle and your eye on the rail Send the word to the sherriff, make the people lie down

Tell the cook and the coachman, there's no turning round

Up ahead is the tunnel, just beyond is the bend

Pass the word to the preacher, it's all up to him Said the preacher's been drinking and he's starting to cry

Saying Great God Almighty, we're all gonna die

All the porters are betting nobody survives

And the Indian Cowboy is taking a dive The undertaker is laughing, the doctor's cold as a stone

The fiddle player is playing there's no place like home

We'll be making the trestle just over the hill

If we don't make it now boys, we never will When the trains hit the trestle and the trestle gave way

The two trains collided in midair they say

When the dust finally settled, all they found was a hole

And a short handle shovel full of number 9 coal A hundred years after and a hundred miles high

The captain commander looks down from the sky

And he says to his soldiers, "She's pullin too strong"

"We can hold her together, but we can't hold her for long" So we look for a message and we search in our souls

As we sift through the wreckage like we're shoveling coal.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>