Train Trek

Robert Earl Keen

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Lyrics for Album: Farm Fresh OnionsTracks 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 behindWill 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 railSend 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 himSaid 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 diveThe 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 willWhen 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 coalA 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.

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