

Desperados Waiting for the Train

David Allan Coe

I'd sing the Red River Valley
And he'd sit in the kitchen and cry
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin'
Wonder Lord has every well I drilled ran dry
We were friends me and that old manLike desperados waiting for the train
Like desperados waiting for the trainHe's a drifter and a driller of oil wells
And an old school man of the world
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 movieLike desperados waiting for the train
Like desperados waiting for the trainFrom the time that I could walk he take me with him
To a place called the Green Frog Cafe
There was old men with beer guts and dominoes
Liyin' bout their lives while they'd play
And I was just a kid that they all called his sidekickLike desperados waiting for the train
Like desperados waiting for the trainNow I looked up and he was 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 some old men
Drinking beer and playing moon and 42Like desperados waiting for the train
Like desperados waiting for the trainThen just before he died I went to see him
I was grown and he was almost gone
We just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen
And sang another verse to that old song
Don't cry Jack it's only Jesus comin'Like desperados waiting for the train
Like desperados waiting for the train
Like desperados waiting for the train

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