

Railroad Lady

[Willie Nelson](#)

She's a railroad lady just a little bit shady
Spending her days on a train
She's the semi good looker but the fast rails, they took her
Now she's trying, just trying to get home again
South station in Boston to the stockyards of Austin
From the Florida sunshine to the New Orleans rain
Now that the rail packs have taken the best tracks
She's trying, just trying to get back home again
She's a railroad lady just a little bit shady
Spending her days on a train
Once a Pullman car traveler now the brakeman won't have her
She's trying, just trying to get home again
Once a high-balling loner thought he could own her
And he bought her a fur coat and a big diamond ring
But she hocked 'em for cold cash left town on the Wabash
Never thinking, never thinking of home way back then
But the rails are now rusty and the dining car's dusty
The gold plated watches have taken their toll
The railroads're dying, the lady's crying
On a bus to Kentucky and home, that's her goal
She's a railroad lady just a little bit shady
Spending her days on a train
She's the semi good looker but the fast rails, they took her
Now she's trying, just trying to get home again
On a bus to Kentucky and home, once again

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