

# 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 looking 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 looking 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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