Betting On Trains

Hem

Someone's waving
Someone's counting
Someone's leavingThere's fifty dollars on this pony
Chase him down these tracks
Well, won't nobody take my business
I'll teach you how to come backI saw one hundred miles of steel over wood
And let him go
I filled my pockets up with coal black with mud
And let him goI'll throw my hat off when I beat you
Find it when you're gone
There's a straw and cotton around the station
I'll make myself a new oneI held a silver dollar tight inside my fist
And let you go
I've counted all the things I've lost, that point to this
And let you goThe whistle's sounding
You are leaving
I am counting

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