

Good Old American Guest

[Merle Haggard](#)

Well I'm longing to ride on a freight train
Put a slouch hat down low on the ears
I'm yearning to leave this old town on the flight
And loose all my troubles and cares In this day of airplanes and highways
Hey the slow way is sometimes the best
I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest Yes, I wanna live on the land that
I've loved and I've labored for and spend a few days headed west
I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest Well, the pressures of life they got to me
And they got down deep in my soul
I'm tired of the rat-race wanna go back to the slow pace
And hear a fast train rattle and roll I wanna live out my days like a hobo
And take myself that long-needed rest
Hey, hey I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest Yeah, I wanna live on the land that
I've loved and I've labored for and spend a few days headed west
I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest
Oh, yes I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest, oh yeah

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