

Spanish Train

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There's a Spanish train that runs between
 Quadalquivir and old Seville
And at dead of night the whistle blows
And people fear she's running still...And then they hush their children back to sleep
 Lock the doors, upstairs they creep
 For it is said that the souls of the dead
Fill that train ten thousand deep!!Well a railwayman lay dying with his people by his side
 His family were crying, knelt in prayer before he died
 But above his head just awaiting for the dead
 Was the Devil with a twinkle in his eye
Well God's not around and look what I've found this one's mineJust then the Lord himself appeared in a
 blinding flash of light
And shouted at the devil Get thee hence to endless night
 But the Devil just grinned and said I may have sinned
 But there's no need to push me around,
 I got him first so you can do your worst
He's going undergroundBut I think I'll give you one more chance
 Said the Devil with a smile
 So throw away that stupid lance
 It's really not your style
 Joker is the name
 Poker is the game
 We'll play right here on this bed,
And then we'll bet for the biggest stakes yet
 The souls of the dead
And I said Look out, Lord, he's going to win,
 The sun is down and the night is riding in,
 That train is dead on time
 Many souls are on the line
Oh Lord, he's going to winWell the railwayman he cut the cards
 And he dealt them each a hand of five
 And for the Lord he was praying hard
 For that train he'd have to drive...
Well the Devil he had three aces and a king
 And the Lord he was running for a straight
 He had the queen and the knave and the nine and ten of spades
All he needed was the eightAnd then the Lord he called for one more card
 But he drew the diamond eight
 And the Devil said to the son of God

I believe you've got it straight
So deal me one for the time has come
To see who'll be the king of this place
But as he spoke from beneath his cloak
He slipped another ace Ten thousand souls was the opening bid
And it soon went up to fifty-nine
But the Lord didn't see what the Devil did
And he said that suits me fine
I'll raise you high to hundred and five
And forever put an end to your sins
But the Devil let out a mighty shout, My hand wins And I said Lord, oh Lord, you let him win
The sun is down and the night is riding in
That train is dead on time, many souls are on the line
Oh Lord, don't let him win... Well that Spanish train still runs between
Quadalquivir and old Seville
And at dead of night the whistle blows
And people hear she's running still And far away in some recess
The Lord and the Devil are now playing chess
The Devil still cheats and wins more souls
And as for the Lord, well, he's just doing his best And I said Lord, oh Lord, you've got to win
The Sun is down and the night is riding in
That train is still on time
Oh my soul is on the line
Oh Lord, you've got to win

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