

# Train Yard

## Ray Wylie Hubbard

Kiss me on the mouth sweet gal  
As if we was fixin to die  
And Ill follow you down  
Till the Mississippi runs dryTheres a room down at the train yard  
The wall is gunmetal grey  
The door aint never locked  
Come sun down, lets slip awayIll fetch us a blanket  
You brink a box of crackerjacks  
Well make a pallet on the floor  
And lay a penny on the railroad tracksWhen the train comes flyin past  
The walls shake and the floorboard squeaks  
You be sittinon top of the world girl  
Like the Mississippi SheiksNow if somebody ever asks you  
If you got any  
You just smile and lick your lips  
And show em that old flat penny

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