

# Texas 1947

## Andy Owens

Now bein' six years old  
I had seen some trains before  
So it's hard to figure out  
What I'm at the depot forTrains are big and black and smokin'  
Steam screamin' at the wheels  
And bigger than anything they is  
At least that's the way she feelsTrains are big and black and smokin'  
Louder in July four  
But everybody's actin' like  
this might be somethin' moreThan just pickin' up the mail  
Or the soldiers from the war  
This is somethin' that even old man  
Wileman never seen beforeAnd it's late afternoon  
On a hot Texas day  
Somethin' strange is goin' on  
And we's all in the wayWell there's fifty or sixty people  
Just sittin' on their cars  
And the old men left their dominos  
And they come down from the barsAnd everybody's checkin'  
Old Jack Kittrel check his watch  
And us kids put our ears  
To the rails to hear 'em popSo we already knowed it  
When I finally said, "Train time"  
You'd a-thought that Jesus Christ  
His-self was rollin' down the line'Cause things got real quiet  
Momma jerked me back  
But not before I'd got the chance  
to lay a nickel on the trackLook out here she comes, she's comin'  
Look out there she goes, she's gone  
Screamin' straight through Texas  
Like a mad dog CycloneBig, red, and silver  
She don't make no smoke  
She's a fast-rollin' streamline  
Come to show the folksI said, Look out here she comes, she's comin'  
Look out there she goes, she's gone  
Screamin' straight through Texas  
Like a mad dog CycloneLord, she never even stopped  
But She left fifty or sixty people  
Still sittin' on their cars

They're wonderin' what it's comin' to  
And how it got this farOh, but me I got a nickel  
Smashed flatter than a dime  
By a mad dog, runaway  
Red-silver streamlineTrain look out here she comes, she's comin'  
Look out there she goes, she's gone  
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