

# Silver Eagle Express

## Kinky Friedman

And I'd ride the Silver Eagle to the last town on the line  
Railroad ties are not my friend, the only ties that bind  
Just watch the troubled countryside gently fall away

Silver Eagle, hold me, guide me, roll me homeward from today  
Lose the track of time and let it flow back  
Stoke the ancient furnace into flames

Running barefoot in the cinders of the Mopac

Hopping bedtime rides with the outlaw, Jesse James  
But now my heart's a worn and weary vessel  
I been hauling dreams that never seem to last  
Once I slept beside a trembling trestle

Woke up lost across the rusty lifelines to the past  
And I'd ride the Silver Eagle to the last town on the line  
Railroad ties are not my friend, the only ties that bind  
Just watch the troubled countryside gently fall away

Silver Eagle, hold me, guide me, roll me homeward from today  
Freedom's only station to station  
A paper suitcase on the track of time  
Ain't hard to tell a hard luck situation

Ain't hard to tell a homeless country poet out of rhyme  
I'm gonna ride the Silver Eagle to the last town on the line

There's nothing to remember if there's nothing to remind  
From the gentle Texas sunshine to the Colorado snow  
Ain't no one here to hold you, boy, when the good Lord lets you go

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