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 todayLose 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 JamesBut 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 pastAnd 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 todayFreedom?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 rhymeI?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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