

# Desperadoes Waiting for a Train

Guy Clark

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I played the Red River Valley  
He'd sit in the kitchen and cry  
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin'  
"I wonder, Lord, has every well I've drilled gone dry?"  
We were friends, me and this old man  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train  
Well, he's a drifter an' a driller of oil wells  
And an old school man of the world  
He taught me how to drive his car when he w's too drunk to  
Oh, and he'd wink and give me money for the girls  
An' our lives were like, some old Western movie  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
An' from the time that I could walk, he'd take me with him  
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe  
An' there was old men with beer guts and dominos  
Oh, an they're lying 'bout their lives while they played  
An' I was just a kid, that they all called his sidekick  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty  
An' he's brown tobacco stains all down his chin  
Well, to me he's one of the heroes of this country  
So why's he all dressed up like them old men?  
He's drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two  
Like a desperado waitin' for a train  
Like a desperado waitin' for a train  
An' then the day before he died, I went to see him  
I was grown and he was almost gone  
So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen  
And sang another verse to that old song  
Come on, Jack, that son-of-a-bitch is comin'  
We're like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train

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