

Ghost Train Four-Oh-Ten

Marty Stuart

Think I'll go down to the depot, where the train don't run no more
Take a ticket and start walkin', down to the old Gulf shore,
I'm lookin' for a train, that runs silent with the wind,
Haulin' satchels back from nowhere, Ghost Train Four-O-Ten
Big money took my cotton, left me busted down to scratch.
Well, my woman couldn't take the hard times, she never comin' back.
Ain't no use in me stayin', send word to my next of kin
I'm leavin', yes I'm leavin', on Ghost Train Four-O-Ten
Well, I've seen it in my dreams, I've heard it in my mind
Somewhere between 8-O-6, just past the 12-O-9,
A tortured soul is all it takes, to ride it to the end
Black steel bound for nowhere, Ghost Train Four-O-Ten
Gamblers, thugs and thieves, and the likes of me
No questions asked or answered, how it is, is how it be
No particular destination, headin' back where it's just been,
Haulin' tear-stained weary travelers, on Ghost Train Four-O-Ten
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