

Hurt Train

Brooks & Dunn

Ridin' on a hurt train, making tracks
Ridin' on a hurt train, there ain't no turnin' back
I'm out here on a hurt train, the moanin' of the rails
Seems like a sad song, last call farewell
A hundred tons of cold steel rustin' in the rain
The singin' of the rollin' wheels are callin' out her name
The whistle keeps blowin' that high lonesome sound
It tells me where I'm goin' is gonna be a long way down
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Now here I sit loaded wondering what went wrong
The whiskey I can hold it, I just don't know how long
A hundred tons of cold steel rustin' in the rain
The singin' of the rollin' wheels are callin' out her name
Ridin' on a hurt train, making tracks
Ridin' on a hurt train, there ain't no turnin' back
I'm out here on a hurt train, the moanin' of the rails
Seems like a sad song, last call farewell
Ain't no turnin' back
No turnin' back, no turning back
Oh, I'm gonna miss you baby please

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