

Downbound Train

The Weather Prophets

A stranger lying on a bar room floor
Had drank so much he could drink no more
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain
To dream that he rode on that downbound train
The engine with blood was sweaty and damp
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp
And imps for fuel was shoveling bones
While the furnace rang with a thousand groans
The boiler was filled with lots of beer
The devil himself was the engineer
The passengers were most a motley crew
Some were foreigners and others he knew
Rich men and lost beggars in rags
Handsome young ladies and wicked old hags
As the train rushed on at a terrible pace
Sulphuric fumes scorched their hands and face
Wider and wider the country grew
Faster and faster the engine flew
Louder and louder the thunder crashed
Brighter and brighter the lighting flashed
Hotter and hotter the air became
Till their clothes were burned with each quivering refrain
Then out of the din there came a yell
Ha ha said the devil we're nearing home
Oh how the passengers shrieked with pain
They go to Satan to stop that train
The stranger awoke with an anguished cry
His clothes wet with sweat and his hair standing high
He fell on his knees on the bar room floor
And prayed a prayer like never before
And the prayers and vows were not in vain
For he never rode that downbound train

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