

# Spanish Train

Chris de Burgh

There's a Spanish train that runs between  
Guadalquivir and old Seville  
And at dead of night the whistle blows  
And people hear she's running still And then they hush their children back to sleep  
Lock the doors, upstairs they creep  
For it is said that the souls of the dead  
Fill that train ten thousand deep Well a railwaymen lay dying with his people by his side  
His family were crying, knelt in prayer before he died  
But above his bed just a-waiting for the dead  
Was the Devil with a twinkle in his eye  
Well God's not around and look what I've found this one's mine! Just then the Lord himself appeared in a  
blinding flash of light  
And shouted at the devil, get thee hence to endless night!  
But the Devil just grinned and said I may have sinned  
But there's no need to push me around  
I got him first so you can do your worst he's going underground But I think I'll give you one more chance said  
the Devil with a smile  
So throw away that stupid lance, it's really not your style  
Joker is the name, Poker is the game, we'll play right here on this bed  
And then we'll bet for the biggest stakes yet, the souls of the dead!! And I said Look out, Lord, he's going to win  
The sun is down and the night is riding in  
That train is dead on time, many souls are on the line  
Oh Lord, he's going to win Well the railwayman he cut the cards  
And he dealt them each a hand of five  
And for the Lord he was praying hard  
Or that train he'd have to drive Well the Devil he had three aces and a king  
And the Lord, he was running for a straight  
He had the queen and the knave and the nine and ten of spades  
All he needed was the eight And then the Lord he called for one more card  
But he drew the diamond eight  
And the Devil said to the son of God  
I believe you've got it straight So deal me one for the time has come  
To see who'll be the king of this place  
But as he spoke, from beneath his cloak  
He slipped another ace Ten thousand souls was the opening bid  
And it soon went up to fifty-nine  
But the Lord didn't see what the Devil did  
And he said that suits me fine I'll raise you high to hundred and five  
And forever put an end to your sins

But the Devil let out a mighty shout  
My hand wins And I said Lord, oh Lord, you let him win  
The sun is down and the night is riding in  
That train is dead on time, many souls are on the line  
Oh Lord, don't let him win Well that Spanish train still runs between  
Guadalquivir and old Seville  
And at dead of night the whistle blows  
And people fear she's running still And far away in some recess  
The Lord and the Devil are now playing chess  
The Devil still cheats and wins more souls  
And as for the Lord, well, he's just doing his best And I said Lord, oh Lord, you've got to win  
The Sun is down and the night is riding in  
That train is still on time, oh my soul is on the line  
Oh Lord, you've got to win

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