

# Lonesome Train

## Blind Boy Fuller

Well I hear that choo choo coming  
Coming down those railroad tracks  
It's firebox is smoking, it's engine is big and black  
It's a heading for the station, when it stops at the station door  
I'm gonna board that old black choo choo  
And I won't be back no more  
Well, it pulls a lot of coaches  
That train is mighty long  
Some up here with gayety of laughter and song  
But know which choo choo that you're riding

Because it's mighty dark and cold  
And you'll be happy when I'm crying as the winds begin to blow  
Outside the rain is falling  
Like great big lonely tears  
And the lightning that is flashing  
And it stills all of my fears  
I heard a porter holler, "Check your baggage please!"  
But all that I've got with me are my memories

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