

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>