

## Desperados Waiting for a Train

David Allan Coe

I'd sing the Red River Valley  
And he'd sit in the kitchen and cry  
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin'  
Wonder Lord has every well I drilled ran dry  
We were friends me and that old man  
Like desperados waiting for the train  
Like desperados waiting for the train

He's a drifter and a driller of oil wells  
And an old school man of the world  
Taught me how to drive his car when he's too drunk to  
And he'd wink and give me money for the girls  
And our lives was like some old western movie  
Like desperados waiting for the train like desperados waiting f  
or the train

From the time that I could walk he take me with him  
To a place called the Green Frog Cafe  
There was old men with beer guts and dominos  
Lyin' bout their lives while they'd play  
And I was just a kid that they all called his sidekick  
Like desperados waiting for the train  
Like desperados waiting for the train

Now I looked up and he was pushin' eighty  
And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin  
To me he's one of the heroes of this country  
So why's he all dressed up like some old men  
Drinking beer and playing moon and 42  
Like desperados waiting for the train  
Like desperados waiting for the train

Then just before he died I went to see him  
I was grown and he was almost gone  
We just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen  
And sang another verse to that old song  
(Don't cry Jack it's only Jesus comin')  
Like desperados waiting for the train  
Like desperados waiting for the train  
Like desperados waiting for the train