

Highwaymen - Desperados Waiting For a Train

Tom: D

I played the Red River Valley and he'd sit in the kitchen and cry
 An' run his fingers through seventy years of livin'
 An' wonder Lord, as ever, will that drill run dry?
 We were friends, me and this old man
 Like desperados waitin' for a train
 Like desperados waitin' for a train

From the time that I could walk he'd take me with him
 To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe
 There was old men with beer guts and dominoes
 Lying 'bout their lives while they played
 And I was just a kid, they all called me "Sidekick"
 Like desperados waitin' for a train
 Like desperados waitin' for a train

He's a drifter and a driller of oil wells
 And an old school man of the world
 He'd let me how to drive his car when he was too drunk to

And he'd wink and give me money for the girls
 And our lives were like, some old Western movie
 Like desperados waitin' for a train
 Like desperados waitin' for a train

One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty
 And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin
 To me he was a hero of this country
 So why's he all dressed up like them old men
 Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two
 Like desperados waitin' for a train
 Like desperados waitin' for a train

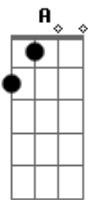
The day before he died I went to see him
 I was grown and he was almost gone.
 So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen
 And sang another verse to that old song

Like desperados waitin' for a train
 Like desperados waitin' for a train

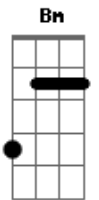
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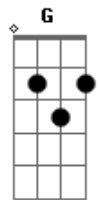
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