

Midnight Train

Charlie Daniels

Midnight train, roll on
Midnight train, roll on

Clear them tracks and keep that whistle blowin
Take this stranger on to Santa Fe
It seems like romance and danger
Follow this here tall dark stranger all along the way

Well the train was rumblin through the night heading south to Santa Fe
And in a fancy car, with a private bar, and a personal valet
There was a bunch of cold eyed men a sittin at a poker table
Bettin hot stakes all around

Ole Louisiana Lou had a knife in his shoe, was dealin' a hand of cards
And ole Stagger Lee Crocket had a gun in his pocket, was sweatin bettin hard
And over in the corner this Mexican guy with two gold teeth and a patch on his eye
Took a long hard look around

And then the door flew open, the stranger walked in and said don't ya'll get excited
I know this here's a private game, and I know I wasn't invited
But I got a roll that'd choke a mule
I'm just about a big enough fool to lay it all right down

And everybody nodded as the stranger took his seat
He knew this bunch of cutthroat's would be mighty hard to beat
As the stranger knew then the toughest two by far were where he sat
Was a pot belly fellow from south Alabama, and a dude in a black felt hat

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Well the stranger sat down he looked around at all them evil faces
And the pot-belly fellow drew a pair of queens, but the stranger he drew aces
And he kept on raising and pushin his luck, kept on winning like a runaway truck
He was giving them a beating

And the stakes got higher than a Chinese kite, the stranger kept getting hot
Till every cent everybody had was lying out in that pot

Then the stranger threw down a royal flush,
Somebody said