

Spanish Train

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There's a Spanish train that runs between
Guadalquivir and old Saville,
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 railwayman 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 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 a 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 Saville,
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, and my soul is on the line,
Oh Lord, you've got to win..."