

Trains Make Me Lonesome

George Strait

I was 5 years old
When Daddy started packing
And I stood there by my momma
As she cried
And the next thing that we knew
Some old train came passing through
And Daddy got on board
And we ain't seen him no more

I wonder why trains make me lonesome
It happens everytime that engine moans some
And when I hear that whistle blow
It makes my heart sink low
And I wonder why trains make me lonesome

It was a cold dark night
When I drove her to the depot
There were tears in my eyes
And a ticket in her hand
And as we stood there by those tracks
I knew she wasn't coming back
So I turned and walked away
But I still miss her today

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It happens everytime that engine moans some
And when I hear that whistle blow
It makes my heart sink low
And I wonder why trains make me lonesome

Those ink spots look engine No. 9
And this couch on which I lay
Suppose to haul my blues away
That old pipe you keep toking
Is like an old cold enging smoking

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