

## Desperados Waiting For A Train

Guy Clark

I played the Red River Valley  
He'd sit in the kitchen and cry  
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin'  
"I wonder, Lord, has every well I've drilled gone dry?"  
We were friends, me and this old man  
Like two desperados waitin' for a train  
Two desperados waitin' for a train

He was a drifter, a driller of oil wells  
A teacher, a schoolman of the world  
Taught me how to drive his car when he was too drunk to  
He'd wink and give me money for the girls  
And our lives were like, well, some old Western movie  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train

Yeah, from the time that I could walk he'd take me with him  
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe  
Where old men with beer guts and dominoes  
Would lie about their lives while they played  
And I was just a kid, they all called me "Sidekick"  
Just like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train

Well, one day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty  
Brown tobacco stains all down his chin  
To me he was a hero of this country  
So what's he doin' all dressed up like them old men  
Just drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two  
We were desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train

The day before he died I went to see him  
I was grown, he, almost gone.  
But we closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen  
And sang one more verse to that old song  
spoken  
Come on, Jack, that son-of-a-bitch is comin'

Desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train.