

## Desperados Waiting for the Train

Guy Clark

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

Well, he's a drifter and a driller of oil wells  
And an old school man of the world  
He taught 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 was like some old western movie  
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  
And there was old men with beer guts and dominoes  
Lying 'bout their lives while they played  
And I was just a kid, but they all called me "sidekick"  
Was like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train

And one day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty  
And has brown tobacco stains all down his chin  
Well, to me, he's one of the heroes of this country  
So why's he all dressed up like them old men  
Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two  
Just like a desperado waitin' for a train  
Like a desperado waitin' for a train

And then 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  
Come on, Jack, that son-of-a-bitch is comin'  
We're desperados waitin' for a train  
Was like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train