

## Betting On Trains

Hem

Someone's waving  
Someone's counting  
Someone's leaving

There's fifty dollars on this pony  
Chase him down these tracks  
Well, won't nobody take my business  
I'll teach you how to come back

I saw one hundred miles of steel over wood  
And let him go  
I filled my pockets up with coal black with mud  
And let him go

I'll throw my hat off when I beat you  
Find it when you're gone  
There's a straw and cotton around the station  
I'll make myself a new one

I held a silver dollar tight inside my fist  
And let you go  
I've counted all the things I've lost, that point to this  
And let you go

The whistle's sounding  
You are leaving  
I am counting