

# Desperados Waiting for a Train

## Highwaymen

I played the Red River Valley  
And he'd sit out in the kitchen and cry  
An' run his fingers through 70 years of livin'  
An' wonder Lord, as ever, will that drill run dry?  
We were friends, me an this old man

Like desperados waiting for a train  
Like desperados waiting for a train

He's a drifter, and a driller of oil wells  
And an old-school man of the world  
He'd let me drive his car when he's too drunk to  
And he'd wink, and give me money for the girls  
And our lives were like some old western movie

Like desperados waiting for a train  
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From the time that I could walk, he'd take me with him  
To a bar, called the Green Frog Cafe  
And there were old men, with beer-guts and dominoes  
Lying about their lives while they play  
And I was just a kid, they called his sidekick

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One day I looked up, and he's pushing 80  
And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin  
To me he's one of the heroes of this country  
So why is he all dressed up like them old men?  
Drinkin' beer and playing Moon in 42

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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 of supper kitchens  
And sang another verse to that old song  
Come on Jack, that son-of-a-gun's a-comin'.

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