

Flat Car

Jeff Black

Flat Car wore an old top hat
Always looking out for the rhyme
Born in Okemah on the 4th of July
Right place just the wrong time
Just the wrong time

Satellites flying through the western sky
Signals falling down like rain
Digital pipeline stealing the night
Flat Car hopping a train
Hopping a train

Ride a few hard miles through the southern yard
Going nowhere slow and taking it hard
Ain't no life for a decent soul
Ain't no future in the long ago friend
Ain't no future in the long ago

Write a tired little poem
About a rambling rose
White port until you're about tight
Wearing thrift store shoes
And dead man's clothes
Sleeping on the ground tonight honey
On the ground tonight

Worse than some and better than most
Learn to play the guitar
Just to rile that old ghost
Hang your wire on an old fence post
I'm sleeping with my tall boots on honey
I'm sleeping with my tall boots on