

Railroad Lady

Jerry Jeff Walker

She's a railroad lady, just a little bit shady,
Spending her days on the train.

She's a semi good-looker, but the fast rails they took 'er,
Now she's tryin', just tryin' to get home again.
South Station in Boston to the freight yards of Austin,
From the Florida sunshine to the New Orleans rain.
Now that the rail packs have taken the best tracks,
She's tryin', just tryin' to get home again.

She's a railroad lady, just a little bit shady,
Spending her days on the train.

Once a highballin' loner, he thought he could own 'er,
Bought her a fur coat and a big diamond ring.
She hocked them for cold cash, left town on the Wabash,
Never thinkin', never thinkin' of home 'way back then.
But the rails are now rusty, the dining cars dusty,
The gold plated watches have taken their toll.
The railroads are dying, and the lady, she's crying,
On a bus to Kentucky, and home that's her goal.

She's a railroad lady, just a little bit shady,
Spending her life on the trains.

Once a Pullman car traveler, now the brakeman won't have her,
She's tryin', just tryin' to get home again.
Yeah, on a bus to Kentucky, then home once again.