

Nobody Knew His Name

John Hiatt

Well a man in a Cadillac used to come around here
Looking for a long black train
Said his baby left town with an Engineer
Cut across the midnight rain, boys
Straight across the midnight rain

Now everybody said he'd been in Vietnam
When he was pretty young
That's when buddy got killed when his rifle jammed
Now the fighting ain't never done, boys
Now the fighting ain't never done.

Red tip while the cigarette glowin'
Windows up against the rain
Night so dark, there was nothing else showin'
Nobody knew his name, boys
Nobody knew his name

Sheriff run him off once in a while
But he would be right back
With a cup of coffee, an old newspaper
Sitting by the side of the tracks, boys
Crying by the side of the tracks

He'd try to keep from turning the tables
Hired walking horses out at Suffolk Downs
But there was always some whiskey back at the stables
If you knew where to look around, boys
If you knew where to look around.

Red tip of a cigarette glowin'
Windows up against the rain
Night so dark, there was nothing else showin'
But nobody knew his name, boys
Nobody knew his name

Slinging Pizza and Beer
Down at Waterfront Park
Handicapping dogs for the clientèle
A different pick for each one
Yeah, it didn't matter who won
Somebody gonna tip him well, boys
Somebody gonna tip him well

Well they found him in his Cadillac car
Out behind the old farm store
He was sitting there like we was going somewhere
And he wasn't coming back no more, boys
He wasn't coming back no more