

Texas-1947

Johnny Cash

Bein' six years old I had seen some trains before
So it's hard to figure out what I'm at the depot for.

Trains're big and black and smokin' steam screamin' at the wheels.

Bigger'n anything there is least that's the way she feels
Trains're big and black and smokin' louder'n July 4th
But everybody's actin' like this might be something more
Than just pickin' up the mail or the soldiers from the war
Somethin' even old man Wyman's never seen before.

And it's late afternoon on a hot Texas day
Somethin' strange was goin' on and we's all in the way

There are fifty or sixty people just settin' on their cars
And the ole men left their dominoes and come down from the bars
And everybody's checkin' old Jack Kittrell checks his watch
And us kids put our ears to the rails to hear 'em pop
So we already knowed it when they finally said train time
You'd have thought that Judgement Day was rollin' down the line
Cause things got real quiet and mama jerked me back
But not before I get the chance to lay a nickel on the track

Look out here she comes she's comin' look out there she goes she's gone
Screamin' straight through Texas like a mad dog cyclone
Big and red and silver she don't lay no smoke
She's a fast rollin' streamline come to show the folks
I said look out here she comes she's comin' look out there she goes she's gone
Screamin' straight through Texas like a mad dog cyclone

Lord she never even stopped
She left fifty or sixty people still settin' on their cars
Wonderin' what it's comin' to and how it got this far
And me I got a nickel smashed flatter than a dime
By a mad dog runaway red silver streamline train

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