

Desperados Waiting For A Train

Mark Chesnutt

I'd sing 'Red River Valley'
He'd sit out in the kitchen and cry
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin'
And wonder, Lord, has every well I drilled, gone dry?

We was friends, me and 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
An old school man of the world
Taught me how to drive his car when he's too drunk to
And he'd wink and give me money for the girls

And our lives was like some old western movie
Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train

From the time I could walk he'd take me with him
To a place called the Green Frog Cafe
And there was old men with beer guts and Dominos
Lyin' 'bout their lives while they'd play

And I was just a kid they all called his sidekick
Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train

One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty
And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin
To me he's one of the heroes of this country
So why's he all dressed up like them old men?

Drinkin' beer and playin' moon and forty two
Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train

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 us up a kitchen
And sang another verse to that old song

Right, Jack, that son of a bitch is comin'
Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train, waiting
Like desperados waiting for a train