

Oil Tanker Train

Merle Haggard

The oil tanker train from down on the river
In Southern Pacific and Santa Fe names
Would rumble and rattle the old boxcar we lived in
And I was a kid then and I loved that old train

Loaded with crude oil, headed for town
The boxcar would tremble from the top to the ground
And my mother could feel it even before it came
"Get up son to the window, here comes the oil train"

From my checkered past I can always bring back
The memories we felt in that home by the track
And all these years later it's still stuck in my brain
Oh I loved that old oil tanker train

Dad worked for the railroad when I was a kid
And my fondest memories were things that he did
And early one Christmas, after Santa Claus came
There 'neath the tree ran a toy tanker train