

## Train Yard

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Kiss me on the mouth sweet gal  
As if we was fixin' to die  
And I'll follow you down  
Till the Mississippi runs dry

There's a room down at the train yard  
The wall is gunmetal grey  
The door ain't never locked  
Come sun down, let's slip away

I'll fetch us a blanket  
You brink a box of crackerjacks  
We'll make a pallet on the floor  
And lay a penny on the railroad tracks

When the train comes flyin' past  
The walls shake and the floorboard squeaks  
You be sittin' on top of the world girl  
Like the Mississippi Sheiks

Now if somebody ever asks you  
If you got any  
You just smile and lick your lips  
And show em that old flat penny