

## Train Trek

Robert Earl Keen

Tracks are starting to rumble, wheels beginning to roll  
There's a short handle shovel full of number 9 coal  
Hey, mister brakeman are we running on time  
No, mister engineer, think we're falling behind

Will we crash on the trestle? Will we pass on the plain?  
All I can guess is, we'll be seeing that train  
No way to stop em? No way to tell?  
Keep your hand on the throttle and your eye on the rail

Send the word to the sherriff, make the people lie down  
Tell the cook and the coachman, there's no turning round  
Up ahead is the tunnel, just beyond is the bend  
Pass the word to the preacher, it's all up to him

Said the preacher's been drinking and he's starting to cry  
Saying Great God Almighty, we're all gonna die  
All the porters are betting nobody survives  
And the Indian Cowboy is taking a dive

The undertaker is laughing, the doctor's cold as a stone  
The fiddle player is playing there's no place like home  
We'll be making the trestle just over the hill  
If we don't make it now boys, we never will

When the trains hit the trestle and the trestle gave way  
The two trains collided in midair they say  
When the dust finally settled, all they found was a hole  
And a short handle shovel full of number 9 coal

A hundred years after and a hundred miles high  
The captain commander looks down from the sky  
And he says to his soldiers, "She's pullin too strong"  
"We can hold her together, but we can't hold her for long"

So we look for a message and we search in our souls  
As we sift through the wreckage like we're shoveling coal.