

The Hellbound Train

Those Poor Bastards

A drunkard lay on the bar room floor.
He drunk until he couldn't drink no more.
He went to sleep with a troubled brain
And dreamt he was on a hellbound train
The train, it flew at an awful pace
The brimstone a-burning both hands and face
And worse and worse the road that grew
And faster and faster the engine flew

He blowed the whistle and rung the bell
And the devil says boys, the next stop is hell
And all of the passengers yelled with pain
And begged the devil to stop the train
But the devil laughed at their misery
He hollared and roared and yelled and with glee
You paid your fair with the rest of my load
And you've got to ride to the end of the road

You robbed the weak,
And done wrong to the poor
Turned hungry folks from your door
You laid up gold til your purses bust
You ruined young gals with your beastly lust

You mocked at God in your stubborn pride
You murdered and killed and cheated and lied
You double-crossed partners and cussed and stole
You belong to me, both body and soul

Your bones will burn in the flames that roar
You'll scotch and sizzle from rind to core
Then the bar room rang with an awful scream
As the drunkard awoke from his terrible dream

Down on his knees on the bar room floor
He prayed as he's never had prayed before
His prays and vows, they were in vain
'Cause his sould was doomed for the hellbound train