

# Desperados Waiting for a Train

Guy Clark

I played the Red River Valley  
He'd sit in the kitchen and cry  
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin'  
And wonder, "Lord, why has every well I've drilled gone dry?" We were friends, me and this  
old man  
We's like desperados waitin' for a train  
Desperados waitin' for a train He's a drifter, a driller of oil wells  
He's an old school man of the world  
He taught me how to drive his car when he was 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 waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train  
From the time that I could walk he'd take me with him  
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe  
There was old men with beer guts and dominos  
Lying 'bout their lives while they played  
I was just a kid, they all called me "Sidekick"  
Just like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like desperados waitin' for a train One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty  
He's got brown tobacco stains all down his chin  
Well to me he was a hero of this country  
So why's he all dressed up like them old men  
Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two  
Jus' like desperados waitin' for a train  
Like a desperado waitin' for a train  
The day 'fore 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 one more verse to that old song  
(spoken) Come on, Jack, that son-of-a-bitch is comin' We're desperados waitin' for a train  
Was like desperados waitin' for a train

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>