

Blackie And The Rodeo Kings, 49 Tons

There were seventeen cars out in my back yard,
The boys in blue are calling my name,
Semi-automatic up on the rooftop,
They just to want to talk to me,
I told them what they wanted to hear,
The only thing that I knew:
Forty-nine tons of diesel locomotive
Couldn't drag me back to you.
Everywhere you look, there's a train wreck, baby,
Everywhere you look, there's a runaway train,
Play my heart like a bottleneck, baby,
Running up and down and pulling its strings.
Everywhere you go, everybody knows,
You're looking for someone to do.
Forty-nine tons of diesel locomotive
Couldn't drag me back to you.
If I was a switchman, if I was a brakeman,
If I was an engineer,
I'd point that train on down the track
And clear on out of here.
If I was the man swinging the lantern,
I'd swing it 'til it was blue.
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