

Brooks & Dunn, Hurt Train

Ridin' on a hurt train
Making tracks
Ridin' on a hurt train
Ain't no turnin' back
I'm out here on a hurt train
The moanin' of the rails
Seems like a sad song
Last call farewell

A hundred tons of cold steel
Rustin' in the rain
The singin' of the rollin' wheels
Are callin' out her name
That whistle keeps blowin'
That high lonesome sound
It tells me where I'm goin'
Is gonna be a long way down

Ridin' on a hurt train
Making tracks
Ridin' on a hurt train
Ain't no turnin' back
I'm out here on a hurt train
The moanin' of the rails
Seems like a sad song
Last call farewell

Now here I sit loaded
Wondering what went wrong
The whiskey I can hold it
I just don't know how long
I'm out here on a hurt train

A hundred tons of cold steel
Rustin' in the rain
The singin' of the rollin' wheels
Are callin' out her name

Ridin' on a hurt train
Making tracks
Ridin' on a hurt train
Ain't no turnin' back
I'm out here on a hurt train
The moanin' of the rails
Seems like a sad song
Last call farewell

Ain't no turnin' back