

Clover, Santa Fe

Call up the Santa Fe
Go and get them on the phone
And tell 'em to run one more train
Come and take an old man home

Gone and married off my daughter
And the war has claimed my son
Lord, you know, I had to bury (yeah)
The one I called my darling one

Lord, I'm so tired (tired) and so my friend, I've got to get back home again
I'm so tired (tired) and though it's been good, good bye
I hope I see you again

You know, parting is such sad sorrow
When you go and leave a friend
When you know there's no tomorrow
and you'll not see him again

Call up the Santa Fe
Go and get them on the phone
And tell them to run one more train
Come and take an old man home

I'm so tired (tired) and so my friend, I've got to get back home again
Lord, I'm tired (tired) and though it's been good, good bye
I hope I see you again

Oh!