

Creedence Clearwater Revival, Graveyard Train

On the highway,
Thirty people lost their lives.
On the highway,
Thirty people lost their lives.
Well, I had some words to holler,
And my Rosie took a ride.

In the moonlight,
See the Greyhound rollin' on.
In the moonlight,
See the Greyhound rollin' on.
Flyin' through the crossroads,
Rosie ran into the Hound.

For the graveyard,
Thirty boxes made of bone.
For the graveyard,
Thirty boxes made of bone.
Oh, Mister Undertaker,
Take this coffin from my home.

In the midnight,
Hear me cryin' out her name.
In the midnight,
Hear me cryin' out her name.
Well, I'm standin' on the railroad,
Waitin' for the graveyard train.

On the highway,
Thirty people turned to stone.
On the highway,
Thirty people turned to stone.
Oh, take me to the station,
'Cause I'm number thirty-one.