

# George Strait, Trains Made Me Lonesome

I was five years old when daddy started packing  
And I stood there by my momma as she cried  
And the next thing that we knew some old train came passing through  
And daddy got on board and we ain't seen him no more  
I wonder why trains make me lonesome it happens everytime that engine moans some  
And when I hear that whistle blow it makes my heart sink low  
And I wonder why trains make me lonesome

It was a cold dark night when I drove her to the depot  
There were tears in my eyes and a ticket in her hand  
And as we stood there by those tracks I knew she wasn't comin' back  
So I turned and walked away but I still miss her today  
I wonder why trains make me lonesome...

This office building looks like central station those ink spots look engine No 9  
And this couch on which I lay suppose to haul my blues away  
That old pipe you keep toking is like an old cold engine smoking  
I wonder why trains make me lonesome...  
Oh yes I wonder why trains make me lonesome