

Lyle Lovett, Texas Trilogy: Train Ride

(Steve Fromholz)

Well, the last time I remember
That train stopping at the depot
Was when me and my Aunt Veta
Came riding back from Waco
I remember I was wearing
My long pants and we was sharing
Conversation with a man
Who sold ball-point pens and paper

And the train stopped once in Clifton
Where my Aunt bought me some ice cream
And my Mom was there to meet us
When the train pulled into Kopperl

But now kids at night break window lights
And the sound of trains only remains
In the memory of the ones like me
Who have turned their backs on the splintered cracks
In the walls that stand on the railroad land
Where we used to play and then run away
From the depot man

I remember me and brother
Used to run down to the depot
Just to listen to the whistle
When the train pulled into Kopperl
And the engine big and shiny
Black as coal that fed the fire
And the engineer would smile and say,
"Howdy, how ya fellows?"

And the people by the windows
Playing cards and reading papers
Looked as far away to us
As next summer's school vacation