

# 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