

# Nanci Griffith, Desperadoes Waiting For A Train

(Guy Clark)

And I'd play the red river valley  
And he'd sit in the kitchen and he'd cry  
And run his fingers  
Through seventy years of living  
And wonder, Lord, has every well I've drilled gone dry  
We were friends me and this old man  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

Well he's a drifter and a driller of oil wells  
And an old school man of the world  
He taught me how to drive his car  
When he's too drunk to  
And he'd wink and give me money for the girl  
And our lives were like some old western movie  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

From the time that I could walk  
He'd take me with him  
To a bar called the green frog cafe  
There was old men with beer guts and dominoes  
Lying about their lives while they played  
And I was just a kid  
They all called me sidekick  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

One day I looked up and  
He was pushing eighty  
And there was brown tobacco stains  
All down his chin  
To me he was one of the heroes  
Of this country  
So why's he all dressed up like them old men  
Drinking beer and playing moon and forty-two  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

And then the day before he died  
I went to see him  
And I was grown and he was almost gone  
So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen  
And sang another verse to that old song

Come on, jack, the son-of-a-bitch is coming

We're like desperadoes waiting for a train  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train (4 times)