

Social Distortion, Lonesome Train

Well I hear that choo choo coming
Coming down those railroad tracks
Its firebox is smoking, its engine is big and black
Its a heading for the station, when it stops at the station door
Im gonna board that old black choo choo
And I wont be back no more

Well, it pulls a lot of coaches
That train is mighty long
Some up here with gayety of laughter and song
But know which choo choo that youre riding
Because its mighty dark and cold
And youll be happy when Im crying as the winds begin to blow

Outside the rain is falling
Like great big lonely tears
And the lightning that is flashing
And it stills all of my fears
I heard a porter holler, Check your baggage please!
But all that Ive got with me are my memories