Willie Nelson, Railroad Lady

She's a railroad lady
Just a little bit shady
Spending her days on a train
She's the semi good looker
But the fast rails they took her
Now she's trying just trying
To get home again

South station in Boston
To the stockyards of Austin
From the Florida sunshine
To the New Orleans rain
Now that the rail packs
Have taken the best tracks
She's trying just trying
To get back home again

She's a railroad lady
Just a little bit shady
Spending her days on a train
Once a pullin' car traveler
Now a breakmen won't have her
She's trying just trying
To get home again

Once a high-balling loner
Thought he could own her
And he bought her a fur coat
And a big dimaond ring
But she hung in for cold cash
Left down on the Wabash
Never thinking never thinking
Of home way back then

But the rails are now rusty
And the dining car's dusty
The gold plated watches
Are taking their gold
The railroads're dying
And the lady is crying
On a bus to Kentucky
And home that's her goal
She's a railroad lady...
On a bus to Kentucky and home once again