

# Charlie Daniels Band, Midnight Train

Midnight train, roll on  
Midnight train, roll on

Clear them tracks and keep that whistle blowin  
Take this stranger on to Santa Fe  
It seems like romance and danger  
Follow this here tall dark stranger all along the way

Well the train was rumblin through the night heading south to Santa Fe  
And in a fancy car, with a private bar, and a personal valet  
There was a bunch of cold eyed men a sittin at a poker table  
Bettin hot stakes all around

Ole Louisiana Lou had a knife in his shoe, was dealin' a hand of cards  
And ole Stagger Lee Crocket had a gun in his pocket, was sweatin bettin hard  
And over in the corner this Mexican guy with two gold teeth and a patch on his eye  
Took a long hard look around

And then the door flew open, the stranger walked in and said don't ya'll get excited  
I know this here's a private game, and I know I wasn't invited  
But I got a roll that'd choke a mule  
I'm just about a big enough fool to lay it all right down

And everybody nodded as the stranger took his seat  
He knew this bunch of cutthroat's would be mighty hard to beat  
As the stranger knew then the toughest two by far were where he sat  
Was a pot belly fellow from south Alabama, and a dude in a black felt hat

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Well the stranger sat down he looked around at all them evil faces  
And the pot-belly fellow drew a pair of queens, but the stranger he drew aces  
And he kept on raising and pushin his luck, kept on winning like a run away truck  
He was giving them a beating

And the stakes got higher than a Chinese kite, the stranger kept getting hot  
Till every cent everybody had was lying out in that pot  
Then the stranger threw down a royal flush,  
Somebody said Hey Man, that's enough friend I think you've been cheatin";

And then the stranger picked the money up and said Boys I better run  
And then the bot-bellyed fella pulled a razor out and somebody pulled a gun  
They said You may think you're a sly old fox,  
you're gonna leave here in a long pine box  
if you don't leave that money alone";

Just about then the lights went out, and they all started fussin  
And the lights came on, the stranger was gone, they all started cussin  
And they searched that train from front to rear  
The stranger he done disappeared, and all their money was gone

When the train pulled in the station, with the whistle blowin loud  
A telegram was waitin, from the stranger for the crowd  
Said Thank you for the money boys, but don't feel too outdone  
Cause It takes a dog to know a dog  
I'm a howlin son of a gun.

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