

Chuck Berry, Come On

DOWNBOUND TRAIN

Chuck Berry

A stranger lying on a bar room floor
had drank so much he could drink no more,
and so he fell asleep with a troubled brain
to dream that he rode on that down bound train.
The engine with blood was sweaty and damp
and brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp,
and imps for fuel was shoveling bones
while the furnace rang with a thousand groans.
The boiler was filled with lots of beer
the devil himself was the engineer,
the passengers were most a motley crew,
some were foreigners and others he knew.
rich men and lost beggars in rags
handsome young ladies and wicked old hags.
As the train rushed on at a terrible pace
sulphuric fumes scorched their hands and face,
wider and wider the country grew
faster and faster the engine flew,
louder and louder the thunder crashed
brighter and brighter the lighting flashed,
hotter and hotter the air became
til their clothes were burned with each quivering refrain.
Then out of the din there came a yell
ha ha said the devil were nearing home,
oh how the passengers shrieked with pain
they go to Satan with this down bound train.
The stranger awoke with an anguished cry
his clothes wet with sweat and his hair standing high,
he fell on his knees on the bar room floor
and prayed a prayer like never before.
And the prayers and vows were not in vain
for he never rode that down bound train.