Dickey Lee, Special

The only thing I really own is what you see me wearing on my back
The only friends I've ever known are the kind you meet along a railroad track
The kind you bum tabacco from and see the world through a boxcar door
A friend who talks and makes you laugh has nothing much but gives you half
And maybe you don't see him anymore
Special I hear your lonesome whistle whine
Special keep moving me on down the line
[steel]
My mackinaw's full of holes and ain't too good at keeping out the cold
My shoes are worn as paper thin my feet can feel the cibders through the soles
Sometimes I see a pretty girl wonder what I've missed along the way
Once someone special wore my ring loved me more than anything
I gave her up and caught a train one day
Special I had a special girl on time Special keep moving me on down the line
Special I hear your lonesome...