

Flatt And Scruggs, East Bound Train

The east bound train was crowded one cold December day
The conductor shouted, "Tickets" in his old- time fashioned way
A little girl, in sadness , her hair as bright as gold
She said⁢ " I have no ticket" and then her story told

"My father he's in prison he's lost his sight they say
I'm going to beg his pardon this cold December day
[ac.guitar]
My mother's daily sewing to try to earn our bread
My poor dear old blind father in prison almost dead
My brother and my sister would both be mighty glad,
If I could only bring back my poor, dear , old blind Dad"

The conductor could not answer he could not make a reply
While looking at this little one he brushed a teardrop from his eye
"Do not fear my little one just stay right where you are
You'll never need a ticket while I am on this car"