

# George Thorogood And The Destroyers, Hellbound Train

A stranger lyin' on a barroom 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 a hellbound train

The engine was bloody  
It was sweaty and damp  
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp  
An imp for fuel was shovelin' bones  
While a furnace rang with a thousand groans

The boiler was filled with lager beer  
The devil himself was the engineer  
The passengers were most a motley crew  
Some were foreigners, and others he knew  
Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags  
Handsome young ladies and wicked old hags

As the train rushed on at a terrible pace  
Sulfuric fumes scorched there 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 lightnin' flashed  
Hotter and hotter the air became  
Til the clothes were burnin' with each quivering flame  
Then out of the distance there came a yell  
"Ha ha," said the devil, "We're nearin' hell!"  
Oh, how the passengers, stricken with pain  
Begged old Satan to stop that train

The stranger awoke with an anguished cry  
His clothes wet with sweat and his hair standin' high  
He fell to his knees on the barroom floor  
And prayed and prayed like never before

And the prayers and vows were not in vain  
For he never rode that hellbound train  
Ha ha ha ha ha