

George Thorogood, Hellbound Train (Downbound 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 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 lightning 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