George Thorogood & The Destroyers, Hellbound

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