

Hem, Betting On Trains

Someone's waving
Someone's counting
Someone's leaving

There's fifty dollars on this pony
Chase him down these tracks
Well won't nobody take my business
I'll teach you how to come back

I saw one hundred miles of steel over wood and let her go
I filled my pockets up with coal black with mud and let her go

I'll throw my hat off when I beat you
Find it when you're gone

There's straw and cotton around the station
I'll make myself a new one

I held a silver dollar tight inside my fist and let you go
I've counted all the things I've lost that point to this and let you go

The whistle's sounding
You are leaving
I am counting