

# Jimmy Buffett, Railroad Lady

She's a railroad lady  
Just a little bit shady  
Spending her days on the train  
She's a semi-good looker  
The fast rails they took 'er  
Now she's tryin', just tryin' to get home again.

South Station on Boston to the stockyards of Austin  
From the Florida sunshine to the New Orleans's rain  
Now that the rail packs  
Has taken the best tracks  
She's tryin', just tryin' to get home again.

She's a railroad lady  
Just a little bit shady  
Spending her life on the trains  
Once a pullman car traveler  
Now the brakeman won't have 'er  
She's tryin', just tryin' to get home again.

Once a high balling loner he thought he could own 'er  
He bought her a fur and a big diamond ring  
She hocked them for cold cash  
Left town on the Wabash  
Never thinking of home way back then.

But the rails are now rusty  
The dining car's dusty  
The gold plated watches have taken their toll  
The railroads are dying  
And the lady she's crying  
On a bus to Kentucky and home that's her goal.

She's a railroad lady  
Just a little bit shaky  
Spending her life on the train  
She's a semi-good looker  
But the fast rails the took 'er  
Now she' tryin', just tryin' to get home again.