

Joe Ely, Boxcars

Well I gave all my money to the banker this month
Now I got no more money to spend
She smiled when she saw me comin' through that door
When I left she said, "Come back again."
I watched them lonesome boxcar wheels
Turnin' down the tracks out of town
And it's on that lonesome railroad track
I'm gonna lay my burden down.

I was raised on a farm the first years of my life
Life was pretty good they say
I'll probably live to be some ripe ol' age
If death'll stay out of my way
This world can take my money and time
But it sure can't take my soul
I'm goin' down to the railroad tracks
Watch them lonesome boxcars roll

There's some big ol' Buicks at the Baptist church
Caddilacs at the Church of Christ
I parked my camel by an ol' haystack
I'll be lookin' for that needle all night
There ain't gonna be no radial tires
Turnin' down the streets of gold
I'm goin' down to the railroad tracks
And watch them lonesome boxcars roll

Now if you ever heard the whistle on a fast freight train
Beatin' out a beautiful tune
If you ever seen the cold blue railroad tracks
Shinin' by the light of the moon
If you ever felt the locomotive shake the ground
I know you don't have to be told
Why I'm goin' down to the railroad tracks
And watch them lonesome boxcars roll.

Yeah, I'm goin' down to the railroad tracks
Watch them lonesome boxcars roll