

Kinky Friedman, Silver Eagle Express

(Kinky Friedman, Roger Friedman)

And I'd ride the Silver Eagle to the last town on the line,
Railroad ties are not my friend the only ties that bind.
Just watch the troubled countryside gently fall away,
Silver Eagle, hold me, guide me, roll me homeward from today.

Lose the track of time and let it flow back,
Stoke the ancient furnace into flames.
Running barefoot in the cinders of the moat pack
Hoppin' bedtime rides with the outlaw Jesse James.

But now my heart's a worn and weary vessel.
I been haulin' dreams that never seem to last.
Once I slept beside a trembling trestle,
Woke up lost across the rusty lifelines to the past.

And I'd ride the Silver Eagle to the last town on the line,
Railroad ties are not my friend the only ties that bind.
Just watch the troubled countryside gently fall away,
Silver Eagle, hold me, guide me, roll me homeward from today.

Freedom's only station to station,
A paper suitcase on the track of time.
Ain't hard to tell a hard luck situation,
Ain't hard to tell a homeless country poet out of rhyme.

I'm gonna ride the Silver Eagle to the last town on the line,
There's nothing to remember if there's nothing to remind.
From the gentle Texas sunshine to the Colorado snow
Ain't no one here to hold you, boy, when the good Lord lets you go.