

Lefty Frizzel, Railroad Lady

She's a railroad lady just a little bit shady spending her days on a train
Once a semi good looking but the fast rails they took her
Now she's trying just trying to get home again

South station in Boston to the stockyards of Austin
From the Florida sunshine to the New Orleans rain
Now that the rail packs have taken the best tracks
She's trying just trying to get back home again
She's a railroad lady just a little bit shady spending her days on a train
Once a pullman car traveller now the brakeman won't have her
She's trying just trying to get back home again

Once a high-balling lawyer thought he could own her
He bought her a fur coat and a big diamond ring
But she hocked 'em for cold cash in a town on the Wabash
Never thinking never thinking of home way back then

But the rails are now rusty the dining car's dusty
The gold faded watches have taken their gold
The railroads're dying and the lady is crying
On a bus to Kentucky and home that's her goal
She's a railroad lady...
On a bus to Kentucky and home once again