

Marty Robbins, Ghost Train 1961

Way out west an Arizona cowboy tends the herd
The dessert lies beneath a sky of blue
Far away, in brightest day, a ghostly sound is heard
The phantom of the rail comes into view

Hear that lonesome whistle callin'
On his lonely ear is fallin'
Loud and clear, just hear that lonesome wail
But it's just the ghost, the phantom of the rail

Little did he know the train was wrecked in '84
After it had crossed the Great Divide
Every year it tries again to make it just once more
If only to the California Line

Hear that lonesome whistle callin'
On the barren dessert fallin'
Loud and clear, just hear that lonesome wail
But it's just the ghost, the phantom of the rail

Clickity-clack along the track, it's boiler showin' red
As on it comes along the rusty rails
People that are ridin' in the cars have long been dead
Lost in time along the Phantom Trail

Hear that lonesome whistle callin'
On the barren dessert fallin'
Is it real to feel the very ground beneath him shake
As on it comes, the only run it ever makes

Cross here comes the phantom, as his eyes in wonder gaze
His pony shys and heads in for the brush
And as it comes upon him terror grips his heart, amazed
Leapin' to avoid it's onward rush

Hear that lonesome whistle callin'
On the barren dessert fallin'
Thought he saw the engineer, thought he heard him once more wail
As on he went, forever bent, on stayin' on the ghost train rail