

Merle Haggard, Good Old American Guest

Well I'm longing to ride on a freight train
Put a slouch hat down low on my ears
I'm yearning to leave this old town
On the flight and loose all my troubles and cares
In this day of airplanes and highways
Hey the slow way is sometimes the best
I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest
Yes I wanna live on the land that
I've loved and I've labored for
And spend a few days headed west
I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest

Well the pressures of life they got to me
And they got down and deep in my soul
I'm tired of the rat-race
Wanna go back to the slow pace
And hear a fast train rattle and roll
I wanna live out my days like a hobo
And take myself that long-needed rest
Hey, hey I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest
Yes I wanna live on the land that
I've loved and I've labored for
And spend a few days headed west
I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest
Oh, yes I'm longing to ride on a freight train
And be a good old American guest