

Mike Doughty, Train To Chicago

Gas station neon sign, orange and white
winks an eye and it whispers 'Goodnight'
drunk on the train to Chicago, I feel alright
half-pint of dewar's white label still half full
the train lurches left, lurches right
drunk on the train to Chicago, I feel alright

I left a New York
of gas bills and cigarette burns
wasted days of whiskey
and as the world turns

Train driver, hit the gas, shovel coal, move your ass
we've got a schedule to keep
drunk on the train to Chicago, I fall asleep

And in my dreams, we're careening drunk
down the streets of my hometown
the man in the moon is on benzedrine
and everybody's spinning round

Bells ring and lights flicker
old girlfriends, good liquor
hold my hand all through the night
drunk on the train to Chicago,
I feel alright
I feel alright