

Prairie Oyster, One Way Track

Billy Was Born In A Prairie Storm, Dust Turned The Whole Town Black,
Dad Left Home A Month Before, And Promised, He'd Be Back,
He Said I Can't Make A Living Out Of Farming Dust, Ain't No Other Job Around Here.
Then He Turned And Climbed Aboard The Train, As She Fought Back The Tears,

When The Dust Had Settled On Her Dreams, Months Had Turned To Years,
Working Fingers To The Bone Left No Time For Tears,
Still Every Time She'd Hear That Whistle Blow, Her Mind Went Racing Back
To The Train That Left, That Prairie Town, Running On A One Way Track,

She Knew He Was His Father's Son, So It Came As No Surprise,
When Billy Said I'm Headen West, To See The Ocean Meet The Sky,
He Said I Won't Be Long, Momma Don't You Cry, But She Knew Better Than That,
Every Train That Leaves A Prairie Town, Is Running On A One Way Track

With His Nose To The Window Of That High-balling Train,
Thundering Cross The Prairies Like A Hurricane,
Through The Mountains Out To The Pacific Shore,
Life Wouldn't Ever Be The Same No More

Now Late At Night When The City Sleeps, He Swears He Sometimes Hears,
A Soft Wind Through The Prairie Grass, A Sweet Voice In His Ear,
But As Billy Stumbles Through The Night, He Knows There Ain't No Turning Back
Every Train That Leaves A Prairie Town, Is Running On A One Way Track

She Awoke One Morning To A Knock On Her Door, Six Months To The Day,
He Said I Hate To Have To Bear The News, Your Son Has Passed Away,
She Was There At The Station When The Train Rolled In Bringing Billy Back
Every Train That Leaves A Prairie Town, Is Running On A One Way Track.
Running On A One Way Track