

Robert Earl Keen, Lynville Train

The lonesome oak tree held it's fire into November
We watched the last brown leaf hit the ground and blow away
An evening gun shot let's him know the hunt is over
A familiar cold moves in, somewhere between snow and rain

Just last spring you know his heart was burning
Before his Lynville love, hit the road to chase her dreams
Now he thinks of her each night and in the morning
He laces his coffee cup with whiskey instead of cream

Her story she's changed her mind, she just can't help herself
She wrote, "Please don't meet me at the Lynville train, I'm coming in with someone else"
"He's a quiet man," the neighbors say
But his pain won't go away
So for better worse he's going down to meet the Lynville train

He blew a tire on down to the station
He jacked it up and thought out loud, "She never should have let me down";
Just six months ago she vowed she was leaving
And now she's coming in with a stranger, to settle down in Lynville town

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Steel wheels scream, the whistles blows
His heart is aching
She steps onto the platform, her new love by her side
He reaches in his coat, his hand is shaking
The time has finally come
This really is goodbye

His story is he's changed his mind
He just can't help himself
So he's getting on board the Lynville train and moving onto some place else
As the train pulls out
He watches them both standing in the pouring rain
He's headed for a new life down the line
On the Lynville train
For better or worse he's leaving town on the Lynville train...