

Tania Kernaghan, Chasin' The Train

he slammed the door,
roared out the drive
yellin' he was sick and
tired of trying
I was standing in the kitchen shakin'
countin' all the blues i'd made
and felling kind of guilty
for our fightin'

he said that he was shootin' through
he;d take the train back to barcoo
that's why i'm out here
on the highway flying

CHORUS

chasin' the train got to get that fella back again
chasin' the train i'm gonna slow that diesel down
cut him off at bordertown

there up a head silver and black racin' my heart down the track
next stop i'll be waiting at the station
i'm gonna haul him off that thing
kiss him so hard it'll sting
make up for the time that we've been wasting

CHORUS

he said that he was shooting through
he'd tack the train back to bacoo
i love that fool so much it's frightening

CHORUS.