

# The Train That Carried My Girl From Town

Doc Watson

There goes the train that carried my girl from town  
If I knowed her number, Lord, I'd flag her down  
Wish to the Lord that the train would wreck  
Kill that engineer and break the fireman's neck  
Hey, the train that carried my girl from town  
Hey, hey, hey, hey  
Where was you when the train left town?  
I stand on the corner with my head hung down  
If I had my gun I'd let the hammer down  
Lord, I'd shoot that rounder that took my girl from town  
Hey, that train that carried my girl from town  
Hey, hey, hey, hey  
Rations on the table and the coffee's getting cold  
And some dirty rounder took my jelly roll  
Hello, Central, give me six-o-nine  
I want to talk to that woman of mine  
Hey, that train that carried my girl from town  
Hey, hey, hey, hey  
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
Can you show me that woman that a man can trust  
There goes my girl, somebody bring her back  
'Cause she got her hand in my money sack  
Hey, that train that carried my girl from town  
Hey, hey, hey, hey