

## Flat Car

Jeff Black

Flat Car wore an old top hat  
Always looking out for the rhyme  
Born in Okemah on the 4th of July  
Right place just the wrong time  
Just the wrong time

Satellites flying through the western sky  
Signals falling down like rain  
Digital pipeline stealing the night  
Flat Car hopping a train  
Hopping a train

Ride a few hard miles through the southern yard  
Going nowhere slow and taking it hard  
Ain't no life for a decent soul  
Ain't no future in the long ago friend  
Ain't no future in the long ago

Write a tired little poem  
About a rambling rose  
White port until you're about tight  
Wearing thrift store shoes  
And dead man's clothes  
Sleeping on the ground tonight honey  
On the ground tonight

Worse than some and better than most  
Learn to play the guitar  
Just to rile that old ghost  
Hang your wire on an old fence post  
I'm sleeping with my tall boots on honey  
I'm sleeping with my tall boots on