

# Desperados Waiting For A Train

Mark Chesnutt

I'd sing 'Red River Valley'  
He'd sit out in the kitchen and cry  
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin'  
And wonder, Lord, has every well I drilled, gone dry?

We was friends, me and this old man  
Like desperados waiting for a train  
Like desperados waiting for a train

He's a drifter and a driller of oil wells  
An old school man of the world  
Taught me how to drive his car when he's too drunk to  
And he'd wink and give me money for the girls

And our lives was like some old western movie  
Like desperados waiting for a train  
Like desperados waiting for a train

From the time I could walk he'd take me with him  
To a place called the Green Frog Cafe  
And there was old men with beer guts and Dominos  
Lyin' 'bout their lives while they'd play

And I was just a kid they all called his sidekick  
Like desperados waiting for a train  
Like desperados waiting for a train

One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty  
And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin  
To me he's one of the heroes of this country  
So why's he all dressed up like them old men?

Drinkin' beer and playin' moon and forty two  
Like desperados waiting for a train  
Like desperados waiting for a train

The day before he died I went to see him  
I was grown and he was almost gone  
So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen  
And sang another verse to that old song

Right, Jack, that son of a bitch is comin'  
Like desperados waiting for a train  
Like desperados waiting for a train, waiting  
Like desperados waiting for a train