

## Last Train To Nowhere

Slim Dusty

I'm on the last train to nowhere, I can hear that  
whistle blow,  
And the chances are that I'll go where all the saints  
and sinners go.  
I've only got a one-way ticket, so I never will return,  
But there'll be no tears in the after years, 'cause  
there's no one left to yearn.

Been in peculiar places, in countries near and far,  
By boat and train and big jet plane, by bus and touring  
car.  
I've done my time in the cooler, a cell in a country  
jail,  
It is lonesome there but it can't compare with a seat  
on the nowhere mail.

When bugles blew in wartime, I joined them over there,  
I did my best, I had no rest, but I didn't really care.  
I never was good at shootin', 'cause I didn't care to  
kill,  
Oh, but my very best mate met a soldier's fate, now he  
lies on nowhere hill.

I'm on the last train to nowhere and there's no one on  
the brick,  
Just a whistle loud and a smoky shroud on the final  
trip I take.  
I'm on the last to nowhere, the train that's never  
late,  
But no more hails and nowhere mails, it's going through  
the Pearly Gate.

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whistle blow,  
And the chances are that I'll go where all the saints  
and sinners go.  
I've only got a one-way ticket, so I never will return,  
But there'll be no tears in the after years, 'cause  
there's no one left to yearn.

Oh, there's no one left to yearn.