

Desperados Waiting For A Train
Guy Clark

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Desperados Waitin For a Train Guy Clark

[tab]C F C Bb
I played the Red River Valley[/tab]

[tab]G Am
He d sit in the kitchen and cry[/tab]

[tab] F C Em Am
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin [/tab]

[tab] F G G7
"I wonder, Lord, has every well I ve drilled gone dry?"[/tab]

[tab]G C
We were friends, me and this old man[/tab]

[tab] Am F
Like two desperados waitin for a train[/tab]

[tab] Am F G G7
Two desperados waitin for a train[/tab]

He was a drifter, a driller of oil wells
A teacher, a schoolman of the world
Taught me how to drive his car when he was too drunk to
He d wink and give me money for the girls
And our lives were like, well, some old Western movie
Like desperados waitin for a train
Like desperados waitin for a train

Yeah, from the time that I could walk he d take me with him
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe
Where old men with beer guts and dominoes
Would lie about their lives while they played
And I was just a kid, they all called me "Sidekick"
Just like desperados waitin for a train
Like desperados waitin for a train

Well, one day I looked up and he s pushin eighty
Brown tobacco stains all down his chin

To me he was a hero of this country
So what s he doin all dressed up like them old men
Just drinkin beer and playin Moon and Forty-two
We were desperados waitin for a train
Desperados waitin for a train

The day before he died I went to see him
I was grown, he, almost gone.
But we closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen
And sang one more verse to that old song
(spoken) Come on, Jack, that son-of-a-bitch is comin

Desperados waitin for a train
Desperados waitin for a train.