

**Desperados Waiting For A Train**  
**The Highwaymen**

This is one of the saddest songs I ve ever heard. This is merely MY take on the version performed by Highwaymen. For your reference, it was written by Guy Clark, though you probably knew that...

I m not claiming that it s right, but I think it sounds good, especially if you capo the first or second fret. As it is my own version, any of those people who want to submit corrections can shove those corrections right up their bottom - sideways! Although, those with ideas on how to play the song differently are more than welcome to e-mail me at James\_P\_Holloway@Yahoo.co.uk.

The chorus can get pretty boring after playing it five times, so I tend to play it after verses 1, 3 and 5 - though do whatever you like, I really don t care.

Anyway, on with the music.

[VERSE]

**D**  
I d play the Red River Valley  
**A** **Bm**  
And he d sit out in the kitchen and cry  
**G** **Em** **D** **Bm**  
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin  
**G** **Em** **A**  
And wonder, Lord, has every well I drilled run dry  
**A** **D**  
We were friends, me and this old man

[CHORUS]

**Bm** **G**  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train  
**Bm** **G** **Em** **Asus4** **A**  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

[VERSE]

**D**  
He s a drifter and a driller of oil wells  
**A** **Bm**  
And an old school man of the world  
**G** **Em** **D** **Bm**

He d let me drive his car when he s too drunk to

**G** **Em** **A**

And he d wink and give me money for the girls

**A** **D**

And our lives was like some old western movie

[CHORUS]

**Bm** **G**

Like desperadoes waiting for a train

**Bm** **G** **Em** **Asus4** **A**

Like desperadoes waiting for a train

[VERSE]

**D**

From the time that I could walk he d take me with him

**A** **Bm**

To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe

**G** **Em** **D** **Bm**

And there was old men with beer guts and dominoes

**G** **Em** **A**

Lyin about their lives while they d play

**A** **D**

And I was just a kid, they called me Sidekick

[CHORUS]

**Bm** **G**

Like desperadoes waiting for a train

**Bm** **G** **Em** **Asus4** **A**

Like desperadoes waiting for a train

[VERSE]

**D**

One day I looked up and he s pushin eighty

**A** **Bm**

Brown tobacco stains all down his chin

**G** **Em** **D** **Bm**

To me he s one of the heroes of this country

**G** **Em** **A**

So why s he all dressed up like them old men

**A** **D**

Drinkin beer and playin Moon and Forty Two

[CHORUS]

**Bm** **G**

Like desperadoes waiting for a train

**Bm** **G** **Em** **Asus4** **A**

Like desperadoes waiting for a train

[VERSE]

**D**

The day before he died I went to see him

**A** **Bm**

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  
Come on, Jack, that son of a bitch is coming

[CHORUS]

Like desperadoes waiting for a train  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train  
Like desperadoes waiting for a train

Thanks a lot for bothering with this, I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.