

Desperados Waiting For A Train

Words & Music:
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There is an arrangement of this in the April 2007 issue of Acoustic Guitar.

D A Bm
I played the Red River Valley and he'd sit in the kitchen and cry.
G F#m Em D Bm
Run his fingers through seventy years of livin'
G F#m Em Asus4 A
And wonder, "Lord, has every well I've drilled gone dry?"
A D
We were friends, me and this old man.
Bm G
We's like desperados waitin' for a train.
Bm G F#m Em Asus4 A
Desperados waitin' for a train

He's a drifter, a driller of oil wells
He's an old school man of the world
He taught me how to drive his car when he was 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 waitin' for a train
Like desperados waitin' for a train

From the time that I could walk he'd take me with him
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe
There was old men with beer guts and dominos
Lying 'bout their lives while they played
I was just a kid, they all called me "Sidekick"
Just like desperados waitin' for a train
Like desperados waitin' for a train

One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty
He's got brown tobacco stains all down his chin
Well to me he was a hero of this country
So why's he all dressed up like them old men
Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two
Jus' like desperados waitin' for a train
Like a desperado waitin' for a train

The day 'fore 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 one more verse to that old song
(spoken) Come on, Jack, that son-of-a-bitch is comin'
G Bm G
We're desperados waitin' for a train
Bm G
Was like desperados waitin' for a train

