

# Guy Clark, Texas, 1947

Now bein' six years old, I had seen some trains before,  
so it's hard to figure out what I'm at the depot for.

Trains are big and black and smokin' - steam screamin' at the wheels,  
bigger than anything they is, at least that's the way she feels

Trains are big and black and smokin', louder'n July four,  
but everybody's actin' like this might be somethin' more. . .

. . .than just pickin' up the mail, or the soldiers from the war.  
This is somethin' that even old man Wileman never seen before.

And it's late afternoon on a hot Texas day.  
somethin' strange is goin' on, and we's all in the way.

Well there's fifty or sixty people they're just sittin' on their cars,  
and the old men left their dominos and they come down from the bars.

Everybody's checkin', old Jack Kittrel check his watch,  
and us kids put our ears to the rails to hear 'em pop.

So we already knowed it, when they finally said 'train time'  
you'd a-thought that Jesus Christ his-self was rollin' down the line.

'Cause things got real quiet, momma jerked me back,  
But not before I'd got the chance to lay a nickel on the track.

Chorus

Look out here she comes, she's comin',  
Look out there she goes, she's gone,  
screamin' straight through Texas  
like a mad dog cyclone.

Big, red, and silver,  
she don't make no smoke,  
she's a fast-rollin' streamline  
come to show the folks.

Look out here she comes, she's comin'  
Look out there she goes, she's gone,  
screamin' straight through Texas  
like a mad dog cyclone.

. . .Lord, she never even stopped.

She left fifty or sixty people still sittin' on their cars,  
and they're wonderin' what it's comin' to  
and how it got this far.

Oh but me I got a nickel smashed flatter than a dime  
by a mad dog, runaway red-silver streamline. . . train

Chorus