

# Social Distortion, Lonesome Train

Well I hear that choo choo coming  
Coming down those railroad tracks  
Its firebox is smoking, its engine is big and black  
Its a heading for the station, when it stops at the station door  
Im gonna board that old black choo choo  
And I wont be back no more

Well, it pulls a lot of coaches  
That train is mighty long  
Some up here with gayety of laughter and song  
But know which choo choo that youre riding  
Because its mighty dark and cold  
And youll be happy when Im crying as the winds begin to blow

Outside the rain is falling  
Like great big lonely tears  
And the lightning that is flashing  
And it stills all of my fears  
I heard a porter holler, Check your baggage please!  
But all that Ive got with me are my memories