

# Willie Nelson, Railroad Lady

She's a railroad lady  
Just a little bit shady  
Spending her days on a train  
She's the semi good looker  
But the fast rails they took her  
Now she's trying just trying  
To get home again

South station in Boston  
To the stockyards of Austin  
From the Florida sunshine  
To the New Orleans rain  
Now that the rail packs  
Have taken the best tracks  
She's trying just trying  
To get back home again

She's a railroad lady  
Just a little bit shady  
Spending her days on a train  
Once a pullin' car traveler  
Now a breakmen won't have her  
She's trying just trying  
To get home again

Once a high-balling loner  
Thought he could own her  
And he bought her a fur coat  
And a big dimaond ring  
But she hung in for cold cash  
Left down on the Wabash  
Never thinking never thinking  
Of home way back then

But the rails are now rusty  
And the dining car's dusty  
The gold plated watches  
Are taking their gold  
The railroads're dying  
And the lady is crying  
On a bus to Kentucky  
And home that's her goal  
She's a railroad lady...  
On a bus to Kentucky and home once again