

Midnight Train

Well, a real, heart pulling woman was ever feeling blue,
She lost her good man, the only love she knew to be true,
All the while I was living a love insane,
She even left me, for the midnight train,

Well I'm standing at the station and I'm waiting for the 3.49,
I'm looking for that red headed woman, coming down the line,
I held her hand and she, held a flame so high,
She even wrote me, but never said goodbye.

CHORUS

She's leaving for that night train,
Broken hearted with a rusty chain,
And into the night,
She's hollering out moaning blues,
Like a passenger train, passing through,

Well breezing up to platform I came blonde hair, legs so long,
I didn't catch the ladies name,
But my guitar knew, she was a song,
We went rolling out of Birmingham,
Cos she couldn't dig that scene,
She even loved me ..on the 3.15!

CHORUS

I shouted to the driver, "Hey porter, you wanna know what's new?
My baby wants to drive the engine", he said "yeah, she sure looks blue"
Oh we went rolling on that freight train
Onto some rough and rocky road,
She even told me, not to telephone,
She even left me for the midnight train,
Well well, my baby's gone and left me, for the Midnight Train.

