

DESPERADOS WAITING FOR A TRAIN

I'd (D)play the red river valley (notes C B every time)
and (A)he'd sit out in the kitchen and (Bm)cry
and run his (G)fingers through (A)seventy (D)years of livin'(Bm)
and wonder (G)lord, has every well I've drilled run (A)dry
we were (A)friends me and this (D)old man.

(CHORUS)

Like (Bm)desperadoes waiting for a (G)train,
Like (Bm)desperadoes waiting for a (G)train,

He's a (D)drifter, a driller of oil wells
He's an (A)old school man of the (Bm)world
He taught me (G)how to drive his
(A)car when he's too (D)drunk to (Bm)
And he'd (G)wink and give me money for the (A)girls
And our (A)lives was like some old Western (D)movie

(CHORUS)

From the (D)time that I could walk he'd take me with him
To a (A)bar called the Green Frog (Bm)Cafe
There was (G)old men with
(A)beer guts and (D)dominoes (Bm)
(G)Lying 'bout their lives while they (A)played
I was (A)just a kid, they all called me (D)"Sidekick"

(CHORUS)

One (D)day I looked up and he was pushin' eighty
There's (A)brown tobacco stains all down his (Bm)chin
Well to (G)me he's one of the
(A)heroes of this (D)country (Bm)
So (G)why's he all dressed up like them old (A)men
Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and (D)Forty-two

(CHORUS)

Then the (D)day before he died I went to see him
(A)I was grown and he was almost (Bm)gone.
So we just (G)closed our eyes and
(A)dreamed us up a (D)kitchen (Bm)
And (G)sang another verse of that old (A)song
"Come on, Jack, that son-of-a-bitch is (D)comin'"

(CHORUS) X 2