

Desperados Waiting for a Train

by Guy Clark (1973)

D *D* *D* *D*^(1/2) *F#m/C#*^(1/4) *G/B*^(1/4)
I'd play the Red River Valley, and he'd
A *A* *Bm* *Bm*^(3/4) *Bm7/A*^(1/4)
sit in his kitchen and cry. And run his
G^(1/2) *F#m*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2) *D*^(1/2) *Bm* *Bm*
Fing ers through seventy years of livin' and wonder
G^(1/2) *F#m*^(1/2) *Em* *Asus4* *Asus4*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2)
Lord, has every well I drilled run dry. We were
A *A*^(1/2) *A/C#*^(1/2) *D*
friends me and this old man was like

Bm *Bm* *G* *G*
desperados waiting for a train
Bm *Bm* *G* *F#m* *Em* *Asus4*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2)
Like desperados waiting for a train

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

From the time that I could walk he'd take me with him
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe
And there was old men with beer guts and dominoes
Lyin' 'bout their lives while they'd play
And I was just a kid they all called his sidekick

One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty
And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin
To me he's one of the heroes of this country
So why's he all dressed up like them old men
Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and forty-two

The day before he died I went to see him
I was grown and he was almost gone
So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen
And sang another verse to that old song
Come on Jack, that son of a bitch is coming