Railroad Bill

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Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill
He never worked, and he never will,
And it's ride, ride, ride.

Railroad Bill's a mighty mean man
Shot the light out of the poor brakeman's hand

Railroad Bill, up on a hill
Lightin' a seegar with a ten-dollar bill.

Railroad Bill took my wife,
If I didn't like it, gonna take my life.

Goin' on a mountain, goin' out west
Thirty-eight special stickin' out of my vest.

Buy me a pistol just as long as my arm
Shoot everybody ever done me harm.

Got a thirty-special in a forty-five frame,
I can't miss 'cause I got dead aim.

Railroad Bill, he ain't so bad
Whupped his mama, shot his old dad.

Early one morning, standing in the rain
Round the bend come a long freight train.

Railroad Bill a-comin' home soon
Killed McMillan by the light of the moon

McMillan had a special train
When they got there they was prayin'

Kill me a chicken, send me the wing
They think I'm workin', Lord, I ain't doin' a thing.

Kill me a chicken, send me the head,
Think I'm workin', Lord, I'm layin' in bed.

Gonna drink my whiskey, drink it in the wind

The doctor said it'd kill me but he didn't say when.

One of the classic guitar virtuoso finger-picking songs.
Recorded by Cisco Huston, Hobart Smith, Guy Carawan, Jack Elliot
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