The Little Red Train

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A little red train came down the track,
She blew, she blew,
A little red train came down the track,
She blew, she blew,
A little red train came down the track,
And I don't give a damn if she never comes back,
Away she blew, oh Jesus, how she blew.

The engineer was at the throttle . . .
A-jacking off in a whiskey bottle . . .

The fireman, he was shoveling coal . . .
Right up the engineer's asshole . . .

The switchman, he was at the switch . . .
A-swishing away like a son of a bitch . . .

A blonde was in the dining car . . .
A-puffing away on a black cigar . . .

A porter was waiting in the car . . .
To take the place of the black cigar . . .

The flagman he stood out in the grass . . .
The staff of the flag run up his ass . . .

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home
PW

apr96