

... and I'd **ride** the silver eagle to the **last** town on the line
Railroad ties are not, my friend, the only ties that **bind**
Just **watch** the troubled countryside **gently** fall away
Silver eagle hold me, guide me, roll me homeward from **today**
/ G - Am - / D - - G / :

Lose the track of time and let it **flow** back,
Stoke the ancient furnace into **flames**
Running barefoot in the cinders of the **mole** pack
Hopping bedtime rides with the **outlaw** Jesse **James**
/ D - C - / / / D - C D /

But now my heart's a worn and weary **vessel**
Been **hauling** dreams that never seem to **last**
Once I slept beside a trembling **trestle**
Woke up lost across the rusty **lifelines** to the **past** ... *chorus*

Freedoms only station to **station**
A **paper** suitcase on the track of **time**
Ain't hard to tell a hard luck situation
Ain't hard to tell a homeless country **poet** out of **rhyme**

I'm gonna **ride** the silver eagle to the **last** town on the line
There's **nothing** to remember if there's nothing to **remind**
From the **gentle** Texas sunshine to the **Colorado** snow
Ain't no-one here to hold you boy, when the good Lord lets you **go**