My pocket book was empty,
My heart was full of pain.
Ten thousand miles away from home
Bumming a railroad train.

I was standing on the platform
Smoking a cheap cigar
Listening for that next freight train
To carry an empty car.

Well I got off at Danville
Got stuck on a Danville girl
You bet your life she's out of sight
She wore those Danville curls.

She took me in her kitchen
She treated me nice and kind
She got me in the notion
Of bumming my last time.

She wore her hair on the back of her head
Like high-toned people do,
But the very next train come down that line
I bid that girl adieu.

I pulled my cap down over my eyes
Walked down to the railroad track
Then I caught a westbound freight;
Never did look back.

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