

Danville Girl

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My pocket book was empty,

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My heart was full of pain,

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Ten thousand miles away from home

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Bumming the 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 the 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 all the time.

She wore her hair on the back of her head

Like high-toned people do

But the very next train come down the line

I bid that girl adieu.

I pulled my cap down over my eyes

Walked down to the track

Then I caught a. westbound freight;

Never did look back.