**Rock Island Lullaby**

**Words and music by Malcolm Lucard © 2017**

**Intro:**

**Ab7aug (A bass) / Amin(M7) / C#mb5(9) / Amin7b5(9) x2**

**Ab7aug(A-bass) Am(M7)**

These old tracks don’t go nowhere

**F7 Am7**

they just disappear into the ground

**Ab7aug(A bass) Amin(M7)**

paved over so long ago,

**F7 E7**

there ain’t no more trains around

 **F7 Amin7**

And that Rock Island line no longer shines

**F7 Amin7**

she’s as rusty as an old ten-penny nail

**F7**

in these graffiti-covered yards,

**Amin7**

I stand my guard

**F7** **E7**

where the weeds cover up the rails

But once, in a blue blue moon

when I lay my body down

I swear I hear in the morning gloom

the Rocky Mountain Rocket moan

**Ab7aug (A bass) / Amin(M7) / C#mb5(9) / Amin7b5(9) x2**

Oo – oo – oo – oo

It was starting to rain

when I got on that train

the conductor said, all aboard

I look through the rows

for a face I know

but the eyes are all staring forward

There’s a woman cross the aisle

yeah, she’s dressed in high style

she sure does remind me of you

I look at her and think, as I steal me a drink,

‘I should have never got off that train...’

*Chorus*

**G#dim Bdim dm**

And I hear that old Red Rocket moanin’

**E7aug** **Dmin / A7#5**

flying through another time

**G#dim Bdim dmin**

maybe all that lonesome cryin’

**BbM6 A7#5**

was just in my mind

 **Dmin Dbaug / A aug**

well maybe it’s not that long ago

**Bb7 A7#5**

and maybe it’s not even gone

**Dmin Dbaug / A aug**

But the one thing, I’ll always know

**Bb7 A7#5**

is the sound of that old ghost moanin’

Somewhere in the night

something’s not right

I wake up from a dream

the train is slowin’ down

the snow is blowin’ round

and the wind is starting to scream

That woman’s all alone

she looks chilled to her bone

she starts talking about a man far away,

“If he don’t understand, I ain’t got no other man, I’ll turn around and go home!”

*Chorus*

And I hear that old Red Rocket moanin’

flying through another time

maybe all that lonesome cryin’

was just in my mind

and sometimes we all miss our chances

and sometimes we get our signals crossed

but the one about those old steel rails

is when you’re on ‘em, you can’t never get lost ….

Well the old rocket slows

she opens her doors

the breaks are still squealing in my ears

an old dog barks at the phantom sparks

as the Rocket slowly disappears

In some vine-covered shed I make my bed

As the snow continues to fall

I take me a sip, and I feel your lips,

and I hear that old Rocky Mountain Rocket roar….