

# Spanish Train & Other Stories

Chris de Burgh



- *Spanish Train*
- *Lonely Sky*
- *This Song For You*
- *Patricia The Stripper*
- *A Spaceman Came Travelling*
- *I'm Coming Home*
- *The Painter*
- *Old Friend*
- *The Tower*
- *Just Another Poor Boy*

Find more information about Chris de Burgh at <http://www.chrisdeburgh.net>.

© All song lyrics, album cover, and photos scanned and/or taken from original Chris de Burgh CDs are copyright of Chris de Burgh and music of Chris de Burgh and protected by United States and international copyright laws.

## *Spanish Train*

There's a Spanish train that runs between  
Guadalquivir and old Saville,  
And at dead of night the whistle blows,  
and people hear she's running still...

And then they hush their children back to sleep,  
Lock the doors, upstairs they creep,  
For it is said that the souls of the dead  
Fill that train ten thousand deep!!

Well a railwayman lay dying with his people by his side,  
His family were crying, knelt in prayer before he died,  
But above his bed just a-waiting for the dead,  
Was the Devil with a twinkle in his eye,  
"Well God's not around and look what I've found,  
this one's mine!!!"

Just then the Lord himself appeared in a blinding flash of light,  
And shouted at the Devil, "Get thee hence to endless night!!!"  
But the Devil just grinned and said "I may have sinned,  
But there's no need to push me around,  
I got him first so you can do your worst,  
He's going underground!!!"

"But I think I'll give you one more chance"  
said the Devil with a smile,  
"So throw away that stupid lance,  
It's really not your style",  
"Joker is the name, Poker is the game,  
we'll play right here on this bed,  
And then we'll bet for the biggest stakes yet,  
the souls of the dead!!!"

And I said "Look out, Lord, He's going to win,  
The sun is down and the night is riding in,  
That train is dead on time, many souls are on the line,  
Oh Lord, He's going to win!.."

Well the railwayman he cut the cards  
And he dealt them each a hand of five,  
And for the Lord he was praying hard  
Or that train he'd have to drive...  
Well the Devil he had three aces and a king,  
And the Lord, he was running for a straight,  
He had the queen and the knave and nine and ten of spades,  
All he needed was the eight...

And then the Lord he called for one more card,  
But he drew the diamond eight,  
And the Devil said to the son of God,  
"I believe you've got it straight,  
So deal me one for the time has come  
To see who'll be the king of this place,  
But as he spoke, from beneath his cloak,  
He slipped another ace...

Ten thousand souls was the opening bid,  
And it soon went up to fifty-nine,  
But the Lord didn't see what the Devil did,  
And he said "that suits me fine",  
"I'll raise you high to a hundred and five,  
And forever put an end to your sins",  
But the Devil let out a mighty shout, "My hand wins!!"

And I said "Lord, oh Lord, you let him win,  
The sun is down and the night is riding in,  
That train is dead on time, many souls are on the line,  
Oh Lord, don't let him win..."

Well that Spanish train still runs between,  
Guadalquivir and old Saville,  
And at dead of night the whistle blows,  
And people fear she's running still...  
And far away in some recess  
The Lord and the Devil are now playing chess,  
The Devil still cheats and wins more souls,  
And as for the Lord, well, he's just doing his best...

And I said "Lord, oh Lord, you've got to win,  
The sun is down and the night is riding in,  
That train is still on time, oh my soul is on the line,  
Oh Lord, you've got to win..."

## *Lonely Sky*

The cold north wind they call "La Bise"  
Is swirling round about my knees,  
Trees are crying leaves into the river;

I'm huddled in this french café  
I never thought I'd see the day,  
But winter's here and summer's really over,

Even the birds have packed up and gone,  
They're flying south with their song,  
And my love, she too has gone, she had to fly,

Take care, it's such a lonely sky,  
They'll trap your wings my love and hold your flight,  
They'll build a cage and steal your only sky,  
Fly away, fly to me, fly when the wind is high,  
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky...

The old cathedral lights are low  
She and I we'd often go there  
To admire and sometimes kneel in prayer;

Lords and ladies lie in stone,  
Hand in hand from long ago,  
And though their hands are cold they'll love forever,

Even the choir rehearses those songs  
For Christmas is not long,  
And alone, I sing my song, she had to fly,

Out there it's such a lonely sky,  
They'll trap your wings my love and hold your flight,  
They'll build a cage and steal your only sky,  
Fly away, fly to me, fly when the wind is high,  
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky,  
Fly away, fly to me, and if you need my love,  
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky...  
I'll come in with the dawn,  
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky,  
On the wings of the morn,  
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky,  
Above the world we'll be flying,  
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky...

And though their hands are cold they'll love forever.

### ***This Song For You***

Hello darling, this is the army,  
I've just got the time to write,  
Today we attack, there's no turning back,  
The boys they're all ready for the fight.

Yes, I'm well but this place is like hell,  
They call it Passchendaele,  
In nineteen seventeen the war must be ending,  
The General said this attack will not fail;

So I'm writing down this simple little melody  
When you play it my love, think for me...  
We'll be together in this song for you,  
And it goes La la la ... sing it darling ... La la la...

They got old Bill and the Sergeant is still out there  
Wounded in some shellhole,  
They say this war will end all wars,  
Oh God I really hope it will,

Oh how's old England, are they still singing  
Those songs that we loved to sing,  
When all this is over, we'll go sailing in Dover,  
Catching fish like we used to with a string,

Oh I miss you, I miss you, I miss you,  
If they get me my love you will know...  
We'll always be together in this song for you...

And it goes La la la ... I have to go now...  
Take care of yourself my love.

## *Patricia The Stripper*

Dennis is a menace with his "anyone for tennis?"  
And beseeching me to come and keep the score...  
And Maud says "Oh Lord! I'm so terribly bored!"  
I really can't stand it anymore...

I'm going out to dinner, with a gorgeous singer,  
To a little place I've found down by the quay;  
Her name is Patricia, she calls herself Delicia,  
And the reason isn't very hard to see...

She says God made her a sinner just to keep fat men thinner,  
As they tumble down in heaps before her feet.  
They hang around in groups like battle-weary troops,  
One can often see them queue right down the street...

You see Patricia, or Delicia, not only is a singer  
She also removes all her clothing...  
For Patricia is the best stripper in town,

And with a swing of her hips she started to strip,  
To tremendous applause she took off her drawers,  
And with a lick of her lips she undid all the clips,  
Threw it all in the air, and everyone stared,  
And as the last piece of clothing fell to the floor,  
The police were banging on the door,  
On a Saturday night, in nineteen twenty-four...  
Take it away boys!  
But poor Patricia was arrested and everyone detested,  
The manner in which she was exposed,  
And later on in court, well, everybody thought  
A summer run in jail would be proposed,

But the judge said, "Patricia,  
Or may I say, Delicia,  
The facts of this case lie before me...  
Case dismissed ... this girl was in her working clothes!!"

And with a swing of her hips, she started to strip,  
To tremendous applause she took off her drawers,  
And with a lick of her lips she undid all her clips,  
Threw it all in the air, and everyone stared,  
And as the last piece of clothing fell to the floor,  
The police were yelling out for more!!!  
On a Saturday night in nineteen twenty-four...  
On a Saturday night in nineteen twenty-four...

## *A Spaceman Came Travelling*

A spaceman came travelling on his ship from afar,  
'Twas light years of time since his mission did start,  
And over a village he halted his craft,  
And it hung in the sky like a star, just like a star...

He followed a light and came down to a shed,  
Where a mother and child were lying there on a bed,  
A bright light of silver shone round his head,  
And he had the face of an angel, and they were afraid...

Then the stranger spoke, he said "Do not fear,  
I come from a planet a long way from here,  
And I bring a message for mankind to hear,"  
And suddenly the sweetest music filled the air...

And it went La La...  
Peace and goodwill to all men, and love for the child...

This lovely music went trembling through the ground,  
And many were wakened on hearing that sound,  
And travellers on the road, the village they found,  
By the light of that ship in the sky, which shone all round...

And just before dawn at the paling of the sky,  
The stranger returned and said "Now I must fly,  
When two thousand years of your time has gone by,  
This song will begin once again, to a baby's cry..."

And it went La La ... This song will begin once again to a baby's cry...  
And it goes La La... Peace and goodwill to all men, and love for the child...  
Oh the whole world is waiting, waiting to hear the song again,  
There are thousands standing on the edge of the world,  
And a star is moving somewhere, the time is nearly here,  
This song will begin once again, to a baby's cry...

## *I'm Going Home*

I left my home by the ocean,  
I left my love by the sea,  
Dreaming I could sing my songs in the city...

I thought the streets of London  
Would be paved with gold,  
But the only gold was in the setting sun,  
And these city nights are so cold.

And you know that feeling when you've been too long,  
And you wanna go home and it's so strong,

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
Oh the leaves are falling and the wind is calling  
And I must get on the road,  
You'll be alone, you'll be alone,  
But if you're crying to the rhythm of the falling rain,  
It's alright, I'm on my way, I'm going home,  
I'm going home, yea...

Jilly she's got a smile in her eye,  
And a bed just right for two,  
Silly how much I love her, but I do,

Sunny days will be here again,  
She whispered in my ear,  
Oh Lord it's funny how much I've missed the country rain,  
That's a sound I love to hear...

And I know that feeling and I've been too long,  
And I wanna go home and it's so strong,

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
Oh the leaves are falling and the wind is calling  
And I must get on the road,  
You'll be alone, you'll be alone,  
But if you're crying to the rhythm of the falling rain,  
It's alright, I'm on the way, I'm going home,  
I'm going home, yea...  
Oh hold on darling, I'm going home,  
I'm on the way, I'm going home,  
I'm going home, Hold on darling...



## *The Painter*

I'd like you to meet my last queen,  
Over there large as life  
She's been hanging there for almost a week,  
My poor late wife;

What do think of the colour of her skin,  
It has the bloom of a rose,  
You see she begged me to bring a certain painter in,  
And for that picture in her bedroom she would pose;

Well after a while he was driving me mad,  
As you could well understand,  
Sitting in there, day after day,  
With my wife in the palm of his hand...  
It was -

"Madam please do this and Madam please do that",  
You've never heard such display,  
But he didn't mind he was taking his time,  
It was me that had to pay,  
"Oh Madam I think we should take a walk in the woods,  
You understand it's the light",  
And did I mind, no, I was so kind when they,  
Came back in the middle of the night,  
And I swear I'll take care of the painter, oh the painter...

Well as you can see it was hard for me,  
But something has to be done,  
She only has eyes for him and his lies, and as for me,  
Not a glance, not a single one;  
My orders were severe and she disappeared,  
It really was such a shame,  
And when they told me she was dead I broke down and said,  
"It's that painter, it's him, he's to blame."

With his "Madam please do this and Madam please do that",  
You've never heard such display,  
But he didn't mind he was taking his time,  
It was me that had to pay,  
"Oh Madam I think we should take a walk in the woods,  
You understand it's the light",  
And did I mind, no, I was so kind when they  
Came back in the middle of the night,  
And I hope it's the rope for the painter,  
When he's found, it's hellbound for the painter,  
I'll get that painter...

## *Old Friend*

Old friend, so you're in trouble again, you ask me today,  
To try and find a little time, and maybe buy a glass of wine,  
Old friend, I'm coming through...

Old friend, yes I remember you, always a smile on your face,  
Oh a memory from years before, an old man and a little boy,  
Old friend, I remember you...

You used to take me fishing down by the wishing well,  
One day you threw a wish in, and we listened while it fell,  
And you made a wish...

"When the years are heavy, and my heart is growing cold,  
Well I wish when the evening comes that there'll always Be...  
Some old friend who'll miss me too..."

Well I do, so friend I'm coming through...  
Yes, for you I'll always find the time, we will have a bottle  
Of wine, old friend, I'm here by your side, oh, to the very end,  
Old friend ... I miss you too ... my dear old friend...  
Old friend ... old friend...

## *The Tower*

A great lord came walking through the forest  
One morning with a weapon in his hand;  
Rich was his castle, he lacked for nothing,  
But killing was his plan;  
When a white bird flew by she fell from the sky,  
Nothing was found, only blood on the ground, she was gone;

Cursing his fortune,  
He turned to the forest to kill once again,  
And standing before him was a lovely young woman  
With her hand hung in pain,  
When he saw her his eyes were filled with desire,  
He said "I must have her, she must be mine,  
She will be mine..."

He offered her silver, he offered her gold,  
But she threw it on the ground,  
He fell to his knees and he begged her,  
"Oh please come with me,  
What you wish will be found;"  
She said, "Sire, I'll go if you put up your bow,  
And spare these creatures, leave them in peace,  
You have no need..."

But her words were lost in the wind  
His eyes were fixed on a queen  
And all he saw was a woman  
And all she was, was a dream...  
Oh oh...And all he saw was a woman, and all she was,  
Was a dream...

He took her and bound her with ropes tied around her  
To his castle he did ride;  
In the wood was a bower where stood an old tower  
And he threw her deep inside;  
Then the birds left the sky and a terrible cry,  
Brought thunder and lightning, and rain falling down,  
Tears on the ground...

All through the days on her face he would gaze,  
For she was lovely as the spring;  
No words would she speak but "Leave them in peace",  
And some sad lament she would sing,  
Oh one day by the door, at the window he saw  
A single white feather lying on the floor.  
She was there no more...

Now that great lord is dying,  
His cold heart is crying for the love of the girl;  
For many an hour he has wept on the tower  
For she meant more than the world;  
And once in the sky, a white bird flew by,  
He lifted his hands, he cried out in pain  
"Come back again..."

But his words were lost in the wind,  
His castle was built upon sand,  
And all he has is a memory,  
And all he yearns is her hand...  
Ah ah ... all he has is the memory,  
And all he yearns is her hand.

### *Just Another Poor Boy*

He was but a traveller on the lonely road of life,  
She, her name was Mary, a lady of the night,  
She found him lying in that road, on a winter's night so cold,  
Just another poor boy, treat him right;

She saw that he was hungry and gave him food to eat,  
She knew that he was weary and he had no place to sleep,  
She took him home to her own bed, she lay down his wounded head,  
And washed away the world from his hands and his feet,

He was just another poor boy, just another poor boy,  
When he cried out in his sleep she held him tight,  
Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,  
And she gave him love and comfort through the night,  
Till the morning's light...

At night she sat beside him, by the fire he would talk,  
He said all men were brothers and that love could conquer all,  
Many gathered round to hear, many for his life did fear,  
In troubled times like these men seldom talked.

Oh they came for him one morning at the breaking of the day,  
She woke to hear him calling as they carried him away,  
Accusing him of spreading lies and hate,

His public meetings were a danger to the state,  
Some soldier said "Who was he anyway?"

Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,  
And the tears were falling from her face like rain,  
Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,  
And they hung him on a hillside far away,  
And on the ground she lay ... poor boy ... oh my Lord...  
Oh my Lord ... oh my Lord...

Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,  
And the tears were falling from her face like rain,  
Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,  
And they hung him on a hillside far away, just another poor boy,  
Just another poor boy, just another poor boy,  
And she never dreamed she'd see his face again...