

# LAST TRAIN TO FREDERICKSBURG

Words: Mike Appel / Music: Rob Martin © 2003 Appel-Martin

Look at you, you can't stop cryin', if it didn't hurt, I'd be lyin'  
but the band's playin' songs to make a young man proud  
now darlin' you know I owe ya, for all the nights in Shenendoah  
this war will be over before the summer's gone, so I gotta get on

and board the Last Train To Fredericksburg  
this 'Johnny Reb's' off to war  
I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg  
conductor yells out, all aboard!

train's movin' out of the station, a last kiss of sweet persuasion  
please keep our bed warm 'til I'm home again  
is it true, it's a young man's duty, to risk love not to mention your beauty  
providence seems to hold out so much more my love, goodbye for now my love

'cause I'm on The Last Train To Fredericksburg  
the sun's gonna shine on the South  
I'm on The Last Train To Fredericksburg  
we'll give 'em hell, gonna be a rout

at Gettysburg, they passed the word  
six thousand killed maybe more  
the Blue and Gray, went at it today  
and got a whole lot more than they bargained for

I'm lyin' on some surgeon's table, the nurse spoke as soft as sable  
'the bullet's lodged somewhere near his heart, doctor what do you think of his chances?'  
shakes his head and slowly answers, 'he'll be gone before the day is done'  
she helped write my last love letter, I could see it so upset her  
but don't cry for me, I'm finally goin' home, to my Virginia home

I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg  
she'll place a wreath now and then  
I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg  
God knows I loved her 'til the end  
I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg  
Dixie, another son gave all  
I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg  
how many more must you call?