

Creedence Clearwater Revival – Graveyard train (1969)

On the highway, thirty people lost their lives
On the highway, thirty people lost their lives
Well, I had some words to holler, and my Rosie took a ride

In the moonlight, see the Greyhound rolling on
In the moonlight, see the Greyhound rolling on
Flying through the crossroads, Rosie ran into the Hound

For the graveyard, thirty boxes made of bone
For the graveyard, thirty boxes made of bone
Mister Undertaker, take this coffin from my home

In the midnight, hear me crying out her name
In the midnight, hear me crying out her name
I'm standing on the railroad, waiting for the Graveyard Train

On the highway, thirty people turned to stone
On the highway, thirty people turned to stone
Oh, take me to the station, 'cause I'm number thirty-one