
RAIN TRAIN
Uppity & Tranquila



INTRODUCTION

I can write but I can't sing... I've spent over 45 years sporadically jotting down potential song lyrics, band names and other clever thoughts on scraps of paper, but I didn't have the chops to do much about them (I still don't, but thanks to those of you who helped me try along the way...). Exciting new technology has finally enabled me to share these (shall we call them) "songs" with my friends!

So why country? It's mainly my mother's fault, ha! Back in the early '70s she played a country AM station on the little radio in our suburban New Jersey kitchen every morning, then in the '80s and '90s I spent several years in East Texas and later on a year in Nashville, so those experiences were influential as well. A couple of these songs are even true stories!

One important thing to note: While these tunes were generated by AI, the lyrics were not! Every word came out of my own head (!!), starting in 1979 right through this very week! As I write in December 2025, I had a lot of fun and spent huge amounts of time running my lyrics, old and new (and various combinations thereof), through the AI grinder to see what type of musical sausage came out the other end. Surprisingly, the results were quite good and worth sharing with you, my friends.

The nine tracks you can now download are presented in two sets (totalling 18 files), representing different styles, tempos and arrangements of each song, loosely organized as "uppity" and "tranquila" depending on the feel of each in contrast with its counterpart.

Please give them a listen, and crank them up loud! I hope you enjoy my virtual audio!



COUNTRY STAR

A brand new song written for this project, describing my own musical journey and the liberation of technology to help me over the wall.



I used generative AI to turn an old photo of younger me into a virtual "Country Star" complete with a clown band (appropriate for the type of music I am presenting here…).
I am actually a lefty but the AI would have none of it! This looks more "normal" anyway…

I can write but I can't sing
I played guitar but bust a string,
I tried to drum but it sounded dumb
I haven't got a clue.

There are 88 keys but I only play half
My audience began to laugh,
I thought I was ace till I tried the bass
What am I supposed to do?

Then I met a guy who said to try
The latest thing he called AI,
I made some renders at a data center
And now I'm a Country Star!

With a voice for print
And a face for the radio
I can now run my very own rodeo
I hope you enjoy my virtual audio
Crank it up in stereo.

Back in Nashville, when I was on stage
My buddies treated me mean,
Like a fifth wheel, way in the back,
Stuck on the tambourine

Now I don't have to try my hand
With anything fancy like Garage Band,
I just type some words in a clever prompt
And out comes a country stomp!

With a voice for print
And a face for the radio
I can now run my very own rodeo
I hope you enjoy my virtual audio
Crank it up in stereo.

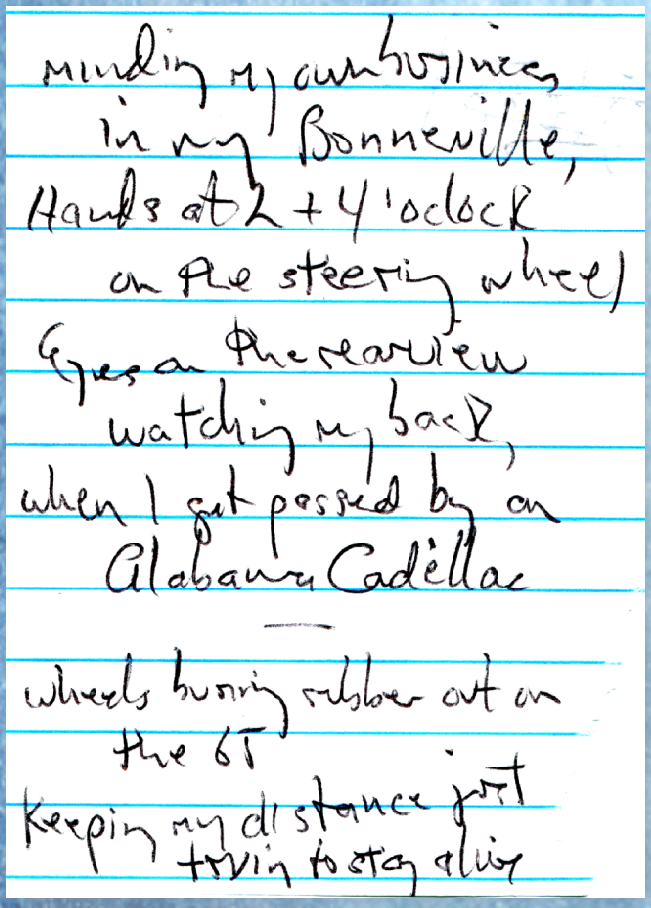
With a voice for print
And a face for the radio
I can now run my very own rodeo
I hope you enjoy my virtual audio
Crank it up in stereo.



ALABAMA CADILLAC

This is the first of the true stories which inspired this collection. Back in 1997 I was a freelance photographer for CitySearch in Nashville. I was on my way to a photo assignment somewhere north of town and while driving my Pontiac Bonneville on 65, I was passed by a Cadillac from Alabama.

The phrase describing this momentary event stuck in my head and finally came out in the form of this John Hiatt-meets-Chuck Berry sort of tune.


minding my own business
in my Bonneville,
Hands at 2 + 4 'oclock
on the steering wheel
Eyes on the rearview
watching my back,
when I got passed by an
Alabama Cadillac

wheels burning rubber out on
the 65
keeping my distance just
tryin to stay alive

Minding my own business in my Bonneville,
Hands at 10 and 2 o'clock on the steering wheel,
Eyes on the rearview watching my back,
When I got passed, by an Alabama Cadillac.

Wheels burning rubber, out on 65,
Keep in' my distance, just tryin' to stay alive,
Doin' good time and never coming back,
On the open road, with an Alabama Cadillac.

Heading out of Nashville up to Goodlettsville,
He's passing everybody like they're standing still,
I'm heading for Kentucky while staring at the back,
Of the ding dang dong Alabama Cadillac.

Wheels burning rubber, out on 65,
Kicking the Bonneville into overdrive,
Pushin' down the pedal and pickin' up the slack,
I'm catching right up, with an Alabama Cadillac.

Keep moving forward and don't look back,
Now I just passed an Alabama Cadillac.

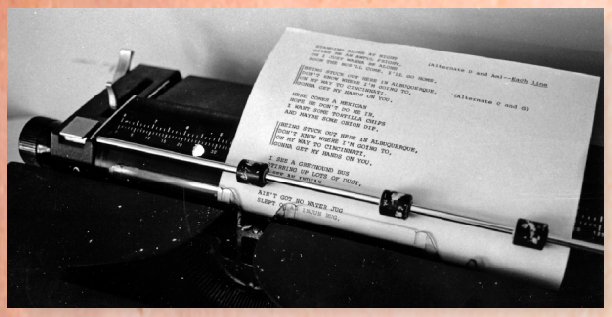
Yeah I just passed an Alabama Cadillac!





ALBUQUERQUE

Not a true story, but the first of my 1979 high-school era lyrics that barely survived to this day, in the form of a photo I took of the words as I was typing them out at the time…





Waiting outside at night
Gives me an awful fright,
I don't wanna be alone
Soon the bus'll come, and I'll go home

Being stuck out here in Albuquerque
Don't know what I'm gonna do,
On my way to Cincinnati
Gonna get my hands on you

Here comes my Texas kin,
Hope he don't turn me in.
I want some tortilla chips
And maybe some onion dip.

Being stuck out here in Albuquerque
Don't know what I'm gonna do,
On my way to Cincinnati
Gonna get my hands on you

I see a Greyhound bus
Stirring up lots of dust,
Ain't got no water jug
Slept on an Indian rug

Being stuck out here in Albuquerque
Don't know what I'm gonna do,
On my way to Cincinnati
Gonna get my hands on you

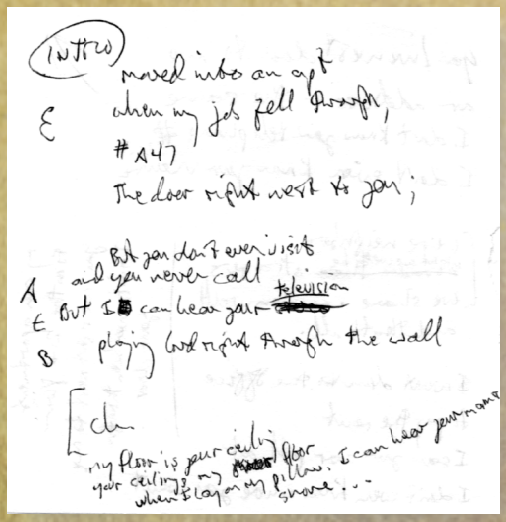
Gonna get my hands on you
Gonna get my hands on you

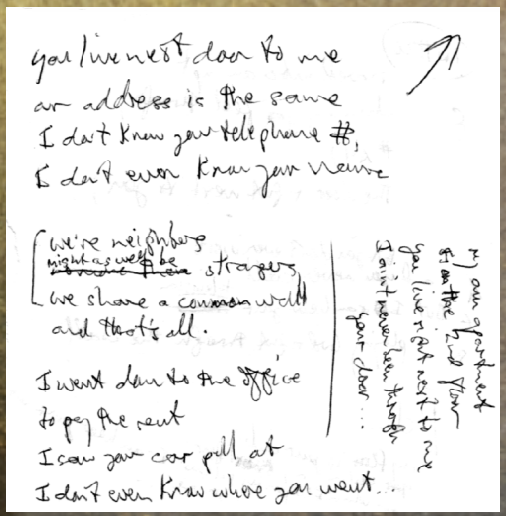


COMMON WALL

Neighbors – don't get me started! I could write an entire movie about the type of people you get to experience living nearby in a rental situation.

The singer of this song laments about the anonymity of modern living.





You live next door to me
Our address is the same
I don't know your telephone number
I don't even know your name

I went down to the office,
To pay the rent,
I saw your car pull out,
I don't even know where you went.

We're neighbors,
Might as well be strangers,
We share a common wall
And that's all.

Moved into my apartment,
When my job fell through,
Number A-27,
The door right next to you.

But you don't ever visit,
And you never call,
But I can hear your television
Playing loud right through the wall

We're neighbors,
Might as well be strangers,
We share a common wall
And that's all.

My own apartment,
Is on the second floor,
You live right under me
I ain't never been through your door

My floor is your ceiling,
Your ceiling is my floor,
When I lay down on my pillow
I can hear your mama snore.

We're neighbors,
No more than strangers,
We share a common wall
And that's all.

Same building, different keys.
We share a common wall
And that's all.



GATHER ROUND THE HEATER

Another one my my 1979 lyrics which never got further than the chorus, until now! But that's as far as it got, so I don't know if Daddy ever found his wallet or if anyone ever found him…



Gather round the heater
Tryin' to keep warm
Grandma's in the kitchen
Cookin' food to fight the storm

Daddy lost his wallet
Out in the six-foot snow
I'd go outside to look for him
But I'm afraid that he'll be frozen

Why did he go out there anyway
What kind of bills does he have to pay
If he doesn't get himself in motion
I'm gonna eat his portion

Gather round the heater
Tryin' to keep warm
Grandma's in the kitchen
Cookin' food to fight the storm

Daddy lost his wallet
Out in the six-foot snow
I'd go outside to look for him
But I'm afraid that he'll be frozen

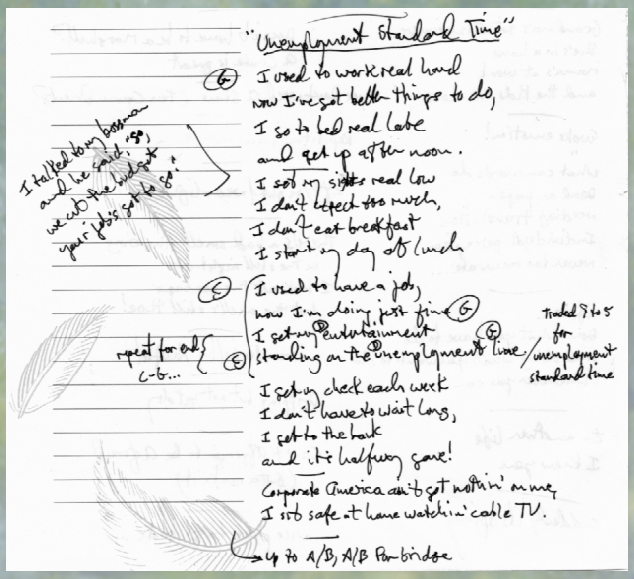




UNEMPLOYMENT STANDARD TIME

Unemployment – we've pretty much all been there. That's how I ended up in Nashville from Texas, but that story comes later.

In this song, the recipient of government largess is living it up on his weekly checks without a care in the world…





I used to work real hard
Now I've got better things to do
I go to bed real late
And get up after noon.

I set my sights real low
I don't expect too much
I skip my breakfast
And start my day at lunch

I'm living the good life
I'm being subsidized,
I traded 9 to 5
For unemployment standard time.

I talked to my bossman
And he said so,
We had to lower the payroll
Now your butt's got to go

I used to love my job
But now I'm doing just fine
I get my entertainment
On the unemployment line

I'm enjoying the good life
Living on somebody else's dime
I traded 9 to 5
For unemployment standard time.

I get a handout each week
I don't have to wait long
But when I get to the bank
It's already half gone

Corporate America, ain't got nothin' on me!
I just sit at home, watchin' cable TV
Spend no time on the highway
Now I'm feelin' so free

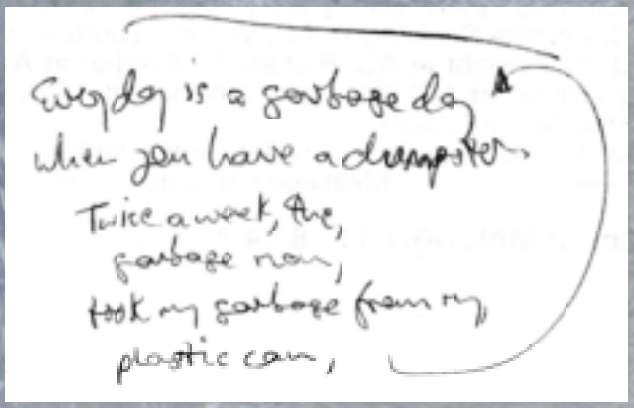
I traded 9 to 5
For unemployment standard time.
I traded 9 to 5
For unemployment standard time.



GARBAGE DAY

A witty phrase inspired by the joy of heading out to the dumpster whenever I wanted to, no waiting for Garbage Day…

The uppity version of this song sounds like it belongs in an old Western!



Twice a week
The garbage man
Takes the garbage from my plastic can

But he takes too long
And it piles up
There's got to be a better way
To make this stop

One thing now
I try to observe
It's better to keep this stuff off the curb

Every day is a garbage day
When you have a dumpster

Every day is a garbage day
When you have a dumpster





SOMEBODY'S LEAVING NASHVILLE

Left Texas in a yellow truck
Came to Nashville to try my luck
Got a place on the south side of town
Watched my bank account go down.

I've seen a strange thing in this land
Beautiful women with desperate men,
They're struggling, following their dream
Tryin' to make the cover of the Nashville Scene

I couldn't make it on 16th
Couldn't make it on 2nd too,
I had to choose between Nashville
And you

Somebody's leaving Nashville
Somebody's leaving Tennessee,
Somebody's taking my heart,
Somebody's leaving me

Out on the west end
I made a good friend,
Helped me make my entry
to the Pancake Pantry

But all that sugar just wasn't enough
Surviving this time was provin' to be rough,
I gotta find my big thing or burn it all down
And say goodbye to this ol' town.

Saw Casey play hypnotic blues
Then that sadness all came true,
Stuck in apartment X13
Staring at the end of a big dream

Looked through CitySearch but I couldn't find
The happiness I left behind,
So many hopes unspoken
So many dreams were broken

Somebody's leaving Nashville
Somebody's leaving Tennessee,
Somebody's taking my heart,
Somebody's leaving me

Saw Ronnie Milsap but he didn't see me
At the Ocean Way facility,
Listened to Faith Hill recording This Kiss
That's something you don't want to miss

Met Jimmy Velvet and LeAnn Rimes,
But it just wasn't my time,
All that fame around me didn't rub off
It was their win, and my loss

I don't need to live in Belle Meade
A Southern mansion just ain't for me,
Not lookin' any further on
Past the University.

Maybe it's about time
To admit this ain't all pretty,
And leave behind my fantasy
Of making it big in Music City

Somebody's leaving Nashville
Somebody's leaving Tennessee,
Somebody's breaking my heart,
Somebody's leaving me

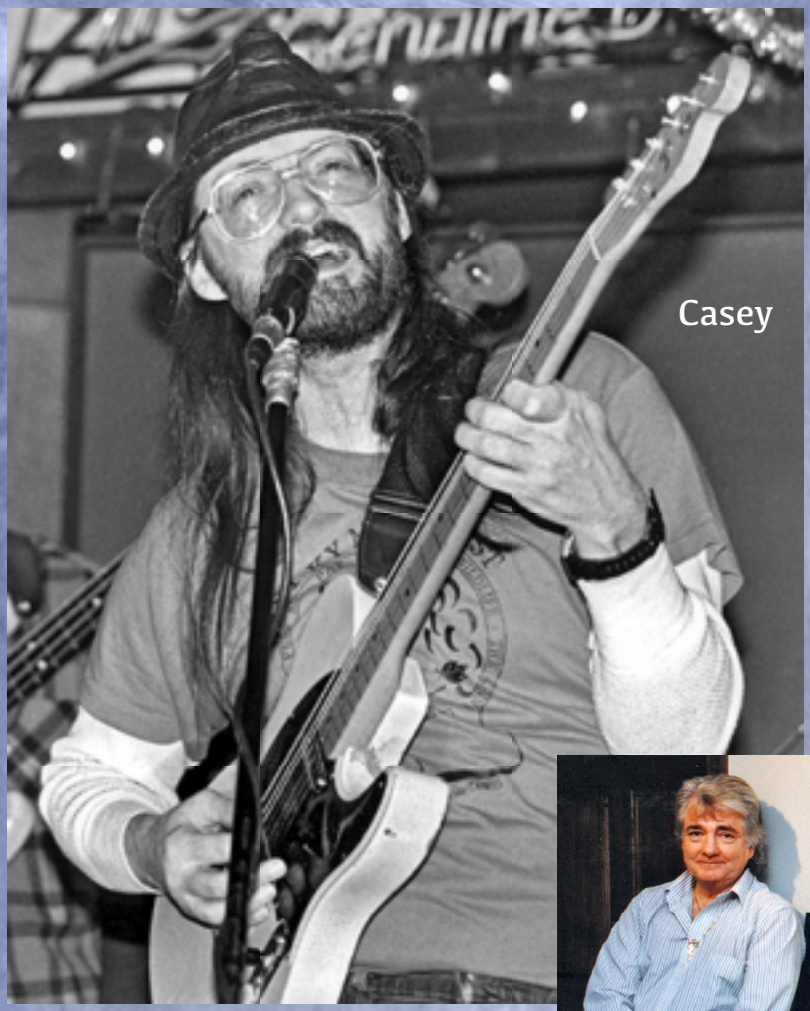
Somebody's leaving Nashville
Somebody's leaving Tennessee,
Somebody's breaking my heart,
Somebody's leaving me

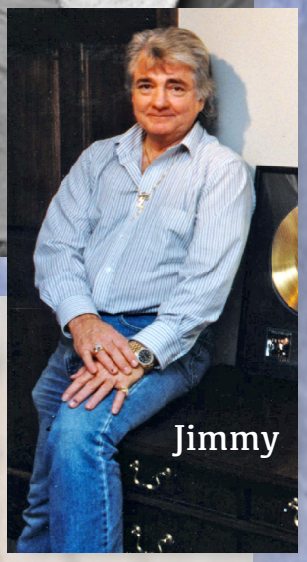
Breaking my heart, and leaving me

It's OK, I didn't end up making it as a photographer in Nashville and we all left town together… ;-)

NASHVILLE 1997 MEMORIES











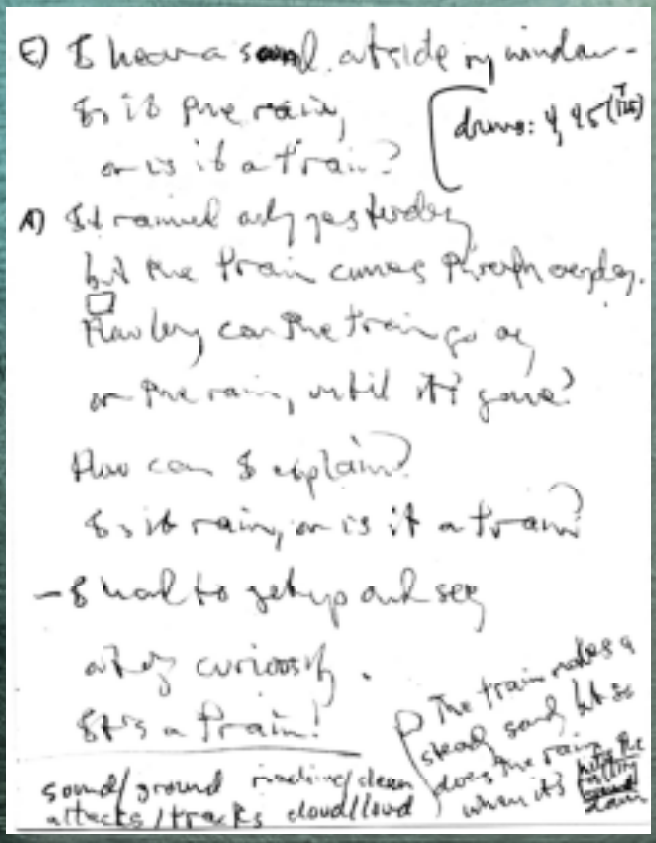


IS IT THE RAIN (OR IS IT A TRAIN)?

One of my "classic" songs that's I've been hoping to get a decent version of for over 30 years… This one came to me quickly upon waking in East Texas, wondering whether it was raining or if the train was coming through.

I had some friends sing and play on a home recording and it was pretty decent, but the human phrasing of the tricky lyrics was not as nuanced as that provided by the borg.

So these are the best versions, finally.



I hear a sound outside my window.
Is it the rain, or is it a train?

Is a storm about to begin
or is a burglar tryin' to get in, or maybe,

Is it the rain, or is it a train?

It rained only yesterday
but the train comes through every day
then it's gone.

So is it the rain, or is it a train?
(How can I explain?)

Maybe soon I'll hear the sound of thunder.
Is it the rain, or is it a train?

How long can the train go on
or the rain fall until it's gone, mm hmm,
Is it the rain, or is it a train?

The train makes a steady sound
but then,
So does the rain when it's falling down.

So is it the rain, or is it a train?

I had to get up and see
out of my curiosity

Well is it the rain, or is it a train?

Can it be a locomotive or a rumbling cloud?

So is it the rain, or is it a train?
is it the rain, or is it a train?

So is it the rain, or is it a train?
is it the rain, or is it a train?

Intro | Rhythm 1/2 Bass Chord 1/2

phrased by instruments: fade in overlapping ends of harmonica ; H dr (hold notes)

IS IT THE RAIN (OR IS IT A TRAIN)?

> spoken intro before singing?

E
I HEAR A SOUND OUTSIDE MY WINDOW
B A E
IS IT THE RAIN, OR IS IT A TRAIN?

another verse:

E
IS A STORM ABOUT TO BEGIN, OR IS A,
BURGLER TRYING TO GET IN, OR MAYBE--
B A E
IS IT THE RAIN, OR IS IT A TRAIN?

A
IT RAINED ONLY YESTERDAY, BUT THE,
E
TRAIN COMES THROUGH EVERY DAY, THEN IT'S GONE.
B A E
SO IS IT THE RAIN, OR IS IT A TRAIN? (HOW CAN I EXPLAIN?)

reverse tr.

---------A/E A/E B,A,E

drums/bass only w/party sounds, talking

E
MAYBE SOON I'LL HEAR THE SOUND OF THUNDER.
B A E
IS IT THE RAIN, OR IS IT A TRAIN?

new backing
drums #45
tempo 130
00 drum volume (Key #52)

reverb:
bass (33) (v. 16)
#3 – rhy ch 1 (vol. 20)
2 (" 24)
phr 1 (" 20) DSP 11
2 (" 13) "

E
HOW LONG CAN THE TRAIN GO ON OR THE,
RAIN FALL UNTIL IT'S GONE?
B A E
SO IS IT THE RAIN, OR IS IT A TRAIN?

A
THE TRAIN MAKES A STEADY SOUND, BUT THEN,
E
SO DOES THE RAIN WHEN IT'S FALLING DOWN.
B A E
OH IS IT THE RAIN, OR IS IT A TRAIN?

A
I HAD TO GET UP AND SEE OUT OF, MY CURIOUSITY--
B A E
IS IT THE RAIN, OR IS IT A TRAIN?

IS IT THE RAIN, OR IS IT A TRAIN?

fadeout:
(add cabell ste. spacing/fly ambel, low tom)

> attn drm 00: 46 66

drum machine

drums #7/52
(alt. rhythm for drums?)

drums #45/4
tempo 125

CREDITS AND OTHER STUFF

Thanks again to my Mom for the early exposure to country music! Thanks to Joe for giving me my first guitars and teaching me some cowboy chords, to Tim for sticking by me in patient amazement for years as I barely progressed on the thing as he tried to teach me, to Kevin and others who strived mightily to bring the Train song to life in its infancy, and of course to my family who still endure me playing geetar at the noodling stage…

These songs were either typed or written out by hand back in the day; for the more recent ones that just sprung to life, they exist only as computer text documents. Generative lyrics-to-music AI was run over and over and over and over until I liked what I heard.

Here I present my favorite versions so far, though there are many others just as good in their own way (I feel a Blues album coming on…!).

All lyrics, songs and image generation, etc. by Mike Bedford, December 2025
For more information: www.plugsandpixels.com/raintrain.html

If you like what you hear, you can buy the man a beer!
Tips are appreciated.

Contributors will individually receive another set of these nine songs as alternate unreleased mixes for even more virtual audio enjoyment!





Backgrounds created using Flypaper Textures