

# Evening Sun

Edwin Moses

In the alley dogs are barking, chickens crowing down the lane  
And I feel just like that rooster and his mournful old refrain  
With sun down on my shoulders just a hangin round the yard  
Ill be leaving here tomorrow, gonna catch an empty car  
Theres a thousand constellations in that brilliant beaming  
sky  
But the earth is just one station in that lonesome starry line  
And theres a distant whistle blowing down a rusty stretch of track  
And Im just an empty coal car on that train not coming back-Chorus-  
But I hate to see that evening sun go down  
When its lonesome coming down on my trail  
And I know this train will take me where Im bound  
But I hate to see that evening sun go down  
The sidewalks have their streetlamps the city has her glow  
The poor boy has the moonlight walking in his shadow  
But the nighttime cant be trusted to return the morning sun  
My eyes have not adjusted to this black face I got on-Chorus-Dont the nighttime make you lonesome for that  
early morning sun  
For the light upon that engine reaching towards the dawn  
You can spend your whole life racing down rusty railroad line  
Its the setting sun youre chasing in that dark and rolling sky-Chorus-

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