

The Last Spike

Cowboy Junkies

Mornings feel so damn sad these days
Without the call of the 8:15
That old familiar echo has finally died away
Leaving nothin' but a chill
Where there once was a mighty scream And I've watched the flat cars take away our timber
I've watched the coal cars steal our rock
And now that we've got nothin' left to take, we're told
That the wheels will stop turnin'
The whistles will stop blowin'
These foolish dreams must stop Last year they closed down the post office
Took the only flag we had in town
That old brick building still stands like a Cenotaph
To a vision lost and buried in a very distant past And I've watched the flat cars take away our timber
I've watched the coal cars steal our rock
And now that we've got nothin' left to take, we're told
That the wheels will stop turnin'
The whistles will stop blowin'
These foolish dreams must stop The longest train I'd ever seen
Was the train that you were on
I walked you to the station
We kissed and you were gone I dream at night about your comin' home
The train in the station, your uniform on fire
As you step onto the platform
The band plays a little louder
And as we embrace, your cap falls off
Oh, I guess these foolish dreams must stop Mornings feel so damn sad these days
Without the call of the 8:15
Looks like this town is finally gonna die away
Leavin' nothin' but broken promises
Where there once was small town dreams And I've watched the flat cars take away our timber
I've watched the coal cars steal our rock
And now that we've got nothin' left to take, we're told
That the TV station will be closin'
Main Street windows will need boardin'
That these foolish dreams must stop

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