

Southbound Train

Jon Foreman

I'm headed home
Yeah, but I'm not so sure
That home is a place you
Can still get to by train So I'm looking out the window
And I'm drifting off to sleep
With my face pressed up
Against the pane
With the rhythm of my heart
And my sleepy girl's breathing
With the rhythm
Of the southbound train Oh, well the wind starts
To look like her hair
And the sun
And her bright blue eyes
As the sea
And the shore fall and rise
Like her breast
As she breathes by my side
And the moon is her lips And the sun is headed
On down to the sea
Like her hair
As she lays down on me
Until we reach ocean side
Over and over
I hear the same train
With the rhythm of my heart
And my sleepy girl's breathing
With the rhythm
Of my southbound train Oh, I suppose
They'll say I should've known
Or maybe I'm just feeling old
Like a lawyer with no one to blame I'm headed home
Yeah, but I'm not so sure
Home is a place
That'll ever look the same So we gather up our things
And we head out in the cold
And your eyes
Are where you carry the pain
And I hear the whistle weeping

It's crying to the skying
It's the rhythm
Of the southbound train
It's the rhythm
Of my southbound train

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