

Corey's Coming

Harry Chapin

Old John Joseph was a man with two first names
They left him in the railroad yard when they took away the trains
And only one run a week comes on roaring down that lane
So, all he's got to worry 'bout is time I come by in the evening to hear 'bout where he's been
He says, Come on sit down kid, where shall I begin?
He starts telling me the stories of the glories of his past
But he always saves the story of his Corey for the last And he says, "My Corey's coming, no more sad stories
coming
My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't you girl?
And like I told you, when she holds you she enfolds you in her world" I was quite surprised to find out all the
places that he knew
And so I asked the towns folk if his stories were true
Well they said, Old John was born here, he's lived here all his life
He's never had a woman, let alone a wife And very soon you'll find out as you check around
That no one named Corey's ever lived in this town
So I chided the old man 'bout the truth that I had heard
Well he smiled and said, Reality is only just a word Can't you see my Corey's coming, no more sad stories
coming
My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't you girl?
And like I told you, when she holds you she enfolds you in her world I came by one evening but he did not hear
my shout
I looked in the window and I saw the fire was out
When he would not wake up I forced in the door
And I saw that old John Joseph would tell stories no more The scene at the graveyard, just three of us were there
Me and the gravedigger we heard the parson's prayer
He said, We need not grieve for this man
For we know that God cares They put the cold dirt over him and left me on my own
And when at last I looked up I saw I was not alone
So I said, If you're a relative, he had a peaceful end
That's when she said, My name is Corey you can say I'm just a friend Corey's coming, no more sad stories
coming
My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't you girl?
And like I told you, when she holds you she enfolds you in her world So, that's the old man's story, I'm glad you
came tonight
To see a busted down old railroad yard sure makes a lonely sight
You may wonder why a young man would work out here alone
Well the job pays enough to keep some flesh on my bones And I confess I get to missing the old man a bit
And there's one other reason I guess I could admit Can't you see my Corey's coming, no more sad stories
coming

My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't you girl?
And like he told me, when she holds me she enfolds me in her world

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