

Train Leaving Gray

[Mason Jennings](#)

Hoping that I see you on the street
It's your kind of day
Nothing has the color of your eyes
Train leaving gray
And I'll never love no one
The way I loved you
I never thought that love
Could come true
Driving 'round the city in your car
Down low in the seat
Coming home and getting into bed
Smiling in your sleep
I'll never love no one
The way I loved you
You've never loved no one
Have you?
Hoping that I see you on the street
It's your kind of day
Nothing has the color of your eyes
Train leaving gray

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