

# Country from the Dome Car

Brooke Miller

Bring down the rain bring out the ghosts  
It's twenty-five degrees out on the West Coast  
Every thing's in bloom there and I don't care  
I've been thinking about leaving too You pack as little as you can 'cause that's what you do  
You put everything in storage and give the dog to mom  
She wouldn't mind there's a big back field  
A long time ago they stopped turning yield You should see the view there from up on the hill  
I fell in love with the train last week and everyone there  
I got the scent of everyone's laughter in my hair  
We watched the landscapes click by hell I was the engineer I saw the country from the dome car and I was outta  
here  
By night we traveled slow, by day we went fast  
And no one checked to see where we were on the map  
You knew you hit the prairies and you knew why You take a deep breath and hold it in  
And every deep breath seems to quiet the din  
You forget about the time zones, there are none out there  
Home for the reckless home for the race  
It's home for a moment of time and space You lose all your sleep when the playing is done  
You learn the rails and you're learning on the tracks  
Someone tells a story of an old steam back  
And a village comes together seven coaches long

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