Train Home

Chris Smither

Take a look inside,
I got nothin' left to hide,
take me as I am,
not what I wanna be.
The why we'll never know, we passed that long ago.
Is and was is all we're ever gonna be.He's almost shade, down by the river,
feels a breath that makes him shiver,
takes a breath and makes a dive alone.
But the dead don't get no vacation,
down in that subway station,
the only break they take is to the bone.
They waitin' on a train to take 'em home.
I don't think I see much of anything for me
in visions of the past or the ever-after.
Now is what can be,
all the rest is wait and see,
those prophets never hear that cosmic laughter.And gypsies in their wagons rollin'
never hear those death bells tollin',
never take no notice of the tone.
But I do, and my pulse beats quicker,
scornful laughs and knowing snickers,
stop my heart and sink it like a stone.
And I'm waitin' on a train to take me home.This ain't what it seems, it's not the stuff of dreams,
nothing is as clear as this confusion.
The somewhat welcome news
is there is no way to lose,
because what isn't real is genuine illusion.
And it's all about that graveyard dancin',
some sit still, some still prancin',
some get caught between them
in a zone where there's nothin' left to give 'em cover,
they can't even see each other,
they just step and stumble on their own.
They waitin' on a train to take 'em home.They waitin' on a train,
I'm waitin' on a train,
we all waitin' on a train to take us home.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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