

# Rocky Mountain Time

## John Prine

Station was empty  
Trains were all gone  
I reached in my pocket  
Waited for dawn  
The clock played drums  
And I hummed the sax  
And the wind whistled down  
The railroad tracks  
Hey three for a quarter  
One for a dime  
I'll bet it's tomorrow  
By Rocky Mountain Time  
I walked in the restaurant  
For something to do  
The waitress yelled at me  
So did the food  
And the water taste funny  
When you're far from your home  
But it's only the thirsty  
That hunger to roam  
And the clock played drums  
And I hummed the sax  
And the wind whistled down  
The railroad tracks  
Hey three for a quarter  
  
One for a dime  
I'll bet it's tomorrow  
By Rocky Mountain Time  
We'll build us a castle on Main Street  
And pretend that we're down on the farm  
Hell, we'll hold out as long as we have to  
Then we'll twist off each other's arm  
Christ, I'm so mixed up and lonely  
I can't even make friends with my brain  
Yeah, I'm too young to be where I'm goin'  
But I'm too old to go back again  
Station was empty  
Trains were all gone

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