

# Ghost Train

Marc Cohn

Everybody talks about some fateful day  
I guess that this was mine  
I may be here to tell some kind of story  
But I think it's gonna take a little time, that's all right  
See I'm rocking in a cradle  
Down the hall somewhere and I am lost inside a dream  
Maybe I am falling, maybe I am flying  
But I know if I am crying she is holding me  
And then the sky broke up  
And then the rain came down  
And it washed away everything on the ground  
Wash it away, wash it away, wash it away  
Now baby's got that bottle  
Filled with lightning and rain  
He keeps calling out for someone  
But she's riding on a train, riding on the ghost train  
And she keeps on riding  
She's gonna keep on riding  
Mama keep on riding  
Keep on riding  
Some trains they leave in the morning  
Some leave in the afternoon  
Some trains they leave here right on time  
And some they just leave too soon, way too soon  
But I'm gonna keep on  
Baby's got that bottle  
Filled with lightning and rain  
He keeps calling out for someone  
But she's riding on a train, riding on the ghost train  
Yeah, she keeps on riding  
(And then the sky broke up)  
(And then the rain came down)  
(And it washed away everything on the ground)  
She keeps on riding, she just keeps on riding  
(Wash it away, wash it away, wash it away)  
Keep on riding  
Baby's got that bottle  
Filled with lightning and rain  
He keeps calling out for someone  
But she's riding on a train, riding on the ghost train  
Riding on the ghost train  
(Wash it away, wash it away)  
Riding on the ghost train, riding on the ghost train  
Riding on the ghost train

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