

# Apple Cider Re-Constitution

Al Stewart

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When we came to the station, all the trains were rusty  
The doors were open and the windows broken in  
There was grass in all the cracks and the air hung musty  
The travel posters were flappin' in the wind  
So, we moved through the dust and gloom  
Playin' waiting games in the waiting room  
Lay our sleepin' bags out on the floor  
And on Sunday mornin', easy rider comes to me  
With apple cider, leave me here without a place to golf  
I followed the coast road, I'd be home by evenin'  
The harbor lights still cut across the bay  
From the slot machine arcade the lights go streamin'  
To the bikes outside the rock 'n roll cafe  
Ah, but you know those small town blues  
Are really too much to lose  
There's nothin' really there to go back for  
And on Sunday mornin', easy rider comes to me  
With apple cider, leaves me here without a place to go  
Any railway station would be just fine, fine, fine  
To settle down and wash the cobwebs from your head  
Oh, if your situation's runnin' dry, dry, dry  
Find a waiting room beneath the stars to make your bed  
You know London can make your brain stall  
The streets get cold and empty on a rainy night, so you duck  
Into the subway station, you can hear the trains call, they wanna  
Take you to the Earl's Court Road but it don't seem right  
Cause there's na na na noowah on the jukebox  
Singin' in the burger bar, see the people's faces  
In the passin' cars don't want to know  
And on Sunday mornin', easy rider comes to me  
With apple cider, leaves me here without a place to go  
You have the most appealing surface I have seen  
Bring it over here, lay it down by me  
Don't mean to make you nervous, I just mean  
To make you see, this is the place to be  
When we came to the station, all the trains were rusty  
The air was empty and the platforms overgrown  
There were old tin cans and cats and the doors were crusted  
With mud and leaves and names carved long ago  
And the rails go on forever in a silver trail  
To the setting sun, you can follow them  
Anywhere you want to go  
And on Sunday mornin', easy rider comes to me  
With apple cider, leaves me here without a need to know

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