

At the End of the Line

[Leif Vollebekk](#)

I'm long gone, honey babe, far away from my home
went out to find myself, just found myself alone
Late night trains since don't run the way they're supposed to
It's been months since I've been near anyone I was close to
At the end of the line, wildflowers grow on the track
I'd return to the cities of my youth if I knew the youth'd come back I was holed up in my hotel, I got a telephone
call
Girl down in the lobby, girl I didn't know at all
Her last night in the city and her friends left her behind
She had some thoughts and a bottle of wine
could she come up and talk a while
But Lord I know what talking leads to
At the end of the line, I had only one thought
Whenever something's free, usually then you're not
F-train to Coney Island, corridor to my room
Yellow wine in summer, the subway's sweet perfume
It's in the air around my clothes, it's in the bookstores you lived above
Sometimes a city is one too many, and a thousand ain't enough At the end of the line I'm reading to myself
Of all the spring afternoons in bare, could it have been anybody else
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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