

Rocky Mountain Time

John Prine

Station was empty
Trains were all gone
I reached in my pocket
Waited for dawnThe clock played drums
And I hummed the sax
And the wind whistled down
The railroad tracksHey three for a quarter
One for a dime
I'll bet it's tomorrow
By Rocky Mountain TimeI walked in the restaurant
For something to do
The waitress yelled at me
So did the foodAnd the water taste funny
When you're far from your home
But it's only the thirsty
That hunger to roamAnd the clock played drums
And I hummed the sax
And the wind whistled down
The railroad tracksHey three for a quarter
One for a dime
I'll bet it's tomorrow
By Rocky Mountain TimeWe'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 armChrist, 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 againStation was empty
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