

Sleeper Car

Matthew Wesley

I'm waiting on the same ole train,
to take me back home to you again.
She hopped on board, we shuffled by,
and in the dark caught my eye,
and it was love. I'm sure you could really hurt me.
I could so get used to you.
A harvest moon she lit up the county line,
as October trains ran through. She fell asleep, sweet goodbyes,
feathered hair, and glacier eyes.
She tossed and turned and she never woke,
but in my dreams she sat and spoke to me. I'm sure you could really hurt me.
I could so get used to you.
A harvest moon she lit up the county line,
as October trains ran through.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>