

# Apple Cider Re-constitution

Al Stewart

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 flapping in the wind  
So we moved through the dust and gloom  
Playing waiting games in the waiting-room  
Lay our sleeping-bags out on the floor  
And on Sunday morning easy rider comes to me with apple cider  
Leaves me here without a place to go  
If I followed the coast road, I'd be home by evening  
The harbor lights still cut across the bay  
From the slot machine arcade the lights go streaming  
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 nothing really there to go back for  
And on Sunday morning 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 running dry, dry, dry  
Find a waiting-room beneath the stars to make your bed  
'Cause 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 want to take you to the Earl's Court Road, but it don't seem right  
Cause it's na, na, na noowah  
On the juke-box, singing in the burger bar  
See the people's faces in the passing cars don't want to know  
And on Sunday morning 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 for ever in a silver trail to the setting sun  
You can follow them anywhere you want to go  
And on Sunday morning easy rider comes to me with apple cider  
Leaves me here without a need to know

Songwriters

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