Grand Central Station

Steve Forbert

Got my work clothes on for love, sweat and dirt
All this holy dust upon my face an' shirt
Headin' uptown now, just as the shifts are changin'
To Grand Central Station
I've got my lunch box, got my hard hat in my hand
I ain't no hero, mister, just a workin' man
An' all these voices keep on askin' me to take them
To Grand Central Station, Grand Central Station
Wanna stand beneath the clock just one more time
Wanna wait upon the platform for the Hudson line
I guess you're never really all alone or too far from
The pull of home an' the stars upon that painted dome still shine
I paid my way out on the 42nd Street
I lit a cigarette and stared down at my feet
Imagined all the ones that ever stood here waitin'
At Grand Central Station, Grand Central Station
And now Hercules is starin' down at me
Next to him's Minerva and Mercury
Well, I nod to them and start my crawl
Flyers coverin' every wall, faces of the missing are all I see
Tomorrow, I'll be back there, workin' on the pile
Going in, comin' out, single file
Before my job is done there's one more trip I'm makin'
To Grand Central Station, Grand Central Station
Grand Central Station
Grand Central Station

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