

Listen for the Train

Corey Smith

Me and my brother used to walk along this railroad track.

We'd get fries and Coca-Cola from the old Snack Shack.

Dad would reach into his wallet for a few dollar bills,
and say, "Y'all better watch for traffic by the cotton mill.

And please, boys, listen for the train."Oh my, how the years have gone by.

Youth is just a blink of an eye.

Oh, it's crazy how this town has changed
and it's crazy which things are the same.

I still listen for the train. Listen for the train.I used to cruise around the square in an old Chevrolet.

I drove that baby-blue Beretta like a Z28.

Daddy threw me the keys my seventeenth birthday,
and said, "A good father will giveth and he'll taketh away.

Have fun, son, but listen for the train. Please."My how the years have gone by.

Youth is just a blink of an eye.

Oh, it's crazy how this town has changed
and it's crazy which things are the same.

I still listen for the train. Listen for the train.I was eighteen when the mill closed up and the railroad slowed
down.

Now there's fast food with a strip mall and a Wal-Mart on the bypass around the town.

Oh and now I get a little teary-eyed when I drive my kids to school.

I sit and wait for a train to go by, and they say, "Daddy what's the matter with you?"My how the years have
gone by.

Youth is just a blink of an eye.

Oh, it's crazy how this town has changed
and it's crazy which things are the same.

Oh, it's crazy which things are the same.

I said, "It's crazy which things are the same.

Boys, listen for the train. Listen for the train.Me and my brother used to walk along this railroad track."

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