

# Something About Trains

Jane Siberry

Something about trains  
Something about love  
Something about this old Earth  
And the way it looks from up above  
Something about satellites  
Something about down below  
Something about the hissing of that old steam iron  
As you press your clothes  
Beam it up, beam it down  
Across the world from town to town  
Most of the time when I'm walking the line  
I'm looking at the ground  
Every time I hear that whistle blowing  
And every time I hear that old black crow  
Every time I hear that whistle blowing  
I find myself a-shivering in my soul  
Something about love  
When things go wrong  
When you can't find the one that you love  
You keep movin' on  
You walk the lonely, lonely valley  
You walk the line alone  
But this old earth is always there  
You don't feel so alone  
Beam it up, beam it down  
Across the world from town to town  
Most of the time when I'm walking the line  
I'm looking at the ground  
But every time I hear that whistle blowing  
But you wake up in the middle of the night  
And a train whistle blows and a dog barks  
And something's not quite right  
And the cry is sent up from this earth  
Into the silent sky  
Beam it up, beam it down  
Across the world from town to town  
Most of the time when I'm walking the line  
I'm looking at the ground  
But every time I hear that whistle blowing  
And every time I hear that old black crow  
Every time I hear that whistle blowing  
I find myself a-shivering in my soul  
Something about trains and love  
And the way this old earth looks tonight

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