

# Southbound Train

Jon Foreman

I'm headed home  
Yeah, but I'm not so sure  
That home is a place you  
Can still get to by train  
So I'm looking out the window  
And I'm drifting off to sleep  
With my face pressed up  
Against the pane  
With the rhythm of my heart  
And my sleepy girl's breathing  
With the rhythm  
Of the southbound train  
Oh, well the wind starts  
To look like her hair  
And the sun  
And her bright blue eyes  
As the sea  
And the shore fall and rise  
Like her breast  
As she breathes by my side  
And the moon is her lips  
And the sun is headed  
On down to the sea  
Like her hair  
As she lays down on me  
Until we reach ocean side  
Over and over  
I hear the same train  
With the rhythm of my heart  
And my sleepy girl's breathing  
With the rhythm  
Of my southbound train  
Oh, I suppose  
They'll say I should've known  
Or maybe I'm just feeling old  
Like a lawyer with no one to blame  
I'm headed home  
Yeah, but I'm not so sure  
Home is a place  
That'll ever look the same  
So we gather up our things  
And we head out in the cold  
And your eyes  
Are where you carry the pain  
And I hear the whistle weeping

It's crying to the skying  
It's the rhythm  
Of the southbound train  
It's the rhythm  
Of my southbound train

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