

# Grand Central Station

## Mary Chapin Carpenter

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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