

Band Of Annuals, The Ballad Of Casey Jones

And old man moving pretty slow
On a bench as birds pass by below,
Eating all the bread that he had to throw.
He knows how to be alone.

And then he said with a tear in his eye,
"if you're thinking about love, well don't you give it a try,
'Cause someday the one you love will surely die.
You'll be left on a park bench."

Casey Jones is still driving that train.
Anything he can do to stay off the cocaine.
He sings folk songs to pass the time,
While he drives all night.

And then he said with a crack in his voice,
"You'd better choose love, boy, if you're given the choice.
'Cause you can't live you life on what could have been. It's a sin.
Lord, it's disgusting. Yes."

So, Casey, let me off at the next stop.
I've got place to go, but I think that I'll just walk.
And, hell, for awhile I'll just circle the block,
Till my head hangs low, and my limbs fall off.

I'm talking to myself, trying to strike a deal.
Back to California, or to Capitol Hill,
Where I can say goodbye to her family,
Yes, and finally forgive her for all of her travesty.
My heart's too heavy. This place, it can't carry me,
So good bye, Salt Lake City.