

Melissa Etheridge, Royal Station 4/16

It's so hard to listen to these trains
Outside my window here it comes again
And it's calling me begging me
Follow me down the track
And it moans so dark and low
Baby ain't comin' back

I refuse to believe
It could happen to me and you
It's lonesome and it's hard and it's true

It got this whiskey to take care of my lips
I got these long cool steel strings
At my fingertips
I ain't got nothing to soothe my aching soul
Except this screeching and screaming iron
To tell me where I ought to go

I refuse to believe
It could happen to me and you
It's lonesome and it's hard and it's true

I hear the train sigh
And idle down below
Why your love is so sweet and while
Is something I'll never know

It sounds like crying
It sounds like letting go
Breathing and lying
Sinking and dying slow
And I watch from my window
Touching the cold glass sky
As the train rolls down the track
I say goodbye