

Ron Sexsmith, Trains

A light rain is falling, I'm leaving home my life is calling
It's calling from the end of the line
it's been that way for all that time
For things beyond our power, it forced us to remain

All our lives we wait on trains

Look how the fields are xswaying, we were one town children playing
And the wind was in our sails
headed homeward and hightailing
But all that once was bright has now become so faint.

All our lives we wait on trains

We wait on trains to take us from here
To take us places beyond the hill
To bring our sons and daughters home if it be God's will

She's got a whole lot of love to gather but no time now or maybe never
Her friends all say don't bother her, he ain't on that train, young mother
But she don't pay no mind, she believes just the same

All our lives we wait on trains

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