

War Rocket Ajax, Train Back To You

Well I don't know where I'm goin'.
But I do know where I've been.
And I know that where I am just ain' the place.
I can hear that whistle blowin'.
A callin' me back home.
To where I can hear your voice and see your face.

I've got a lot of nothin'.
To show for where I've been.
Got an empty heart and empty pockets too.
But they say that you'll have mercy.
On a weak ol' boy like me.
And I'm hopin' and I'm prayin' that it's true.

Been gone so long I don't know the way back home and feelin' blue.
Well I reach in my back pocket and much to my surprise.
I find a ticket for a train right back to you.

Well I seem to have lost sight.
Of all that I held dear.
Black and white has turned to gray I can't see through.
But I know up in my knower.
That You are all that matters.
That's why I'm puttin' all my hope in you.