

Brandtson, Fireworks And Phonecalls

A penny on the railroad tracks
Still waiting for the westbound four fifteen
No name motel and cement smoke stacks
Same old same this time
This time I'm looking back
Do you have the time to listen to the story of my life
Can you set aside a year so i can tell you why
The coffee's cold and the station is quiet
Such a lonely wait
The snow falls carelessly
I have heard this message in my head before
The four fifteen to goshen
Now boarding call
I'll take this on my own again
I'm not afraid to be on my own again
I'm not sure exactly why or where i'm going
I'll just start again
I know it doesn't make much sense to go
And nothing ever translates through the telephone
I just called to say I'm not sure when I'll be home
I've got to start all over
And I'll take this time
Take a chance on everything I own
And I'll make it this time
Somewhere. Sometime
If you can see me there falling down on my face again