

# 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