

# Cher, Cheryl's Going Home

CHERYL'S GOING HOME

Writer Bob Lind

The thunder cracks against the night, the dark explodes with yellow light  
The railroad sign is flashing bright, the people stare but I don't care  
My flesh is cold against my bones  
My Cheryl's going home  
Come hear me shout against the rain, is there a way to stop this train  
I got some reasons to explain  
About the way I was today  
The whistle moans and I'm alone  
My Cheryl's going home  
Santa Rose Special's down the line  
I'm running desperately behind  
There's only one thing on my mind  
The rain and tears are in my eyes  
The things I have to say won't be known  
My Cheryl's going home  
[Repeat 1st and 2nd verses]