

Cowboy Junkies, The Last Spike

Mornings feel so damn sad these days
Without the call of the 8:15
That old familiar echo
Has finally died away
Leaving nothing but a chill
Where there once was a mighty scream

And I've watched the flat cars
Take away our timber
I've watched the coal cars steal our rock
And now that we've got
Nothing left to take we're told
That the wheels will stop turning,
The whistles will stop blowing,
These foolish dreams must stop

Last year they closed down the post office,
Took the only flag we had in town
That old brick building
Still stands like a cenotaph
To a vision lost and buried in
A very distant past

And I've watched the flat cars
Take away our timber
I've watched the coal cars steal our rock
And now that we've got
Nothing left to take we're told
That the wheels will stop turning,
The whistles will stop blowing,
These foolish dreams must stop

The longest train I've ever seen
Was the train that you were on
I walked you to the station,
We kissed and you were gone
I dream at night about you coming home
The train in the station,
Your uniform on fire
As you step onto the platform
The band plays a little louder,
And as we embrace your cap falls off
Oh, I guess these foolish dreams must stop

Mornings feel so damn sad these days
Without the call of the 8:15
Looks like this town is finally
Going to die away
Leaving nothing but broken promises
Where there once was small town dreams

And I've watched the flat cars
Take away our timber
I've watched the coal cars steal our rock
And now that we've got
Nothing left to take we're told
That the TV station will be closing,
Main Street windows will need boarding,
That these foolish dreams must stop