

# Dag Nasty, The Godfather

always caring always mine  
still always reaching for what isn't there  
it just isn't there at all  
the smallest doubt can swell and grow  
and all hope shrinks into indifference  
it makes no difference to me  
I was only five  
when I heard the tale of the little train that said  
" I think I can ";  
but what's hard to give is hard to get  
and once you've lost it it's always gone  
it's always gone  
sometimes I wish that I could cry  
instead of wondering what's on her mind  
what was on my mind this time  
for consolation there's always a next time  
but will you take the time ?  
it will take some time  
don't misunderstand  
half the time I can  
don't misunderstand  
half the time I only think I can  
I was only five  
when I heard the tale of the little train that said  
" I think I can";  
but what's hard to give is hard to get  
and once you've lost it it's always gone  
it's always gone  
standing on the railroad tracks  
I hear the whistle the godfather's call  
the biggest train of all  
it's speeding closer towards the bridge  
I'm hoping it can show me how it's done