

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