

# Gordon Lightfoot, Station Master

In the dawn's early light from a long and sleepless night  
She returned again this morning from her long and restless flight

And her red hollow eyes did not show her much surprise  
As she lay right down beside me like she never said goodbye

Please help me stationmaster, is the evening train on time  
The wells run dry up yonder there's another down the line

It was all I could bear just to watch her lying there  
Disowned and ragged princess with the sun locked in her hair

So cold, so frail with her mind locked in a jail  
A victim of confusion, never knowing she could fail

Please help me stationmaster, is the evening train on time  
The wells run dry up yonder there's another down the line

So I rocked her to sleep and I got up on my feet  
And the day was filled with sunshine as I gazed across the street  
And the door seemed to say over here step this way  
The station is for travelers even you must ride someday

Please help me stationmaster, is the evening train on time  
The wells run dry up yonder there's another down the line

Please help be stationmaster, can I stay for just awhile  
Forgive me if I'm weary I ain't have much - much time to smile