

Joe Ely, Time For Travelin'

I came into Atlanta
Dreamin' of Lorraine
Came so tired of ridin'
Cross the Savanna Plain
Still feel the wheels a-rollin'
Feel them just the same
Steel wheels still a-rollin'
On a long night train.

She met me at the station
Took me to her room
Was a time of meeting
Was a risin' moon.
Angels set the table
With candles and beer.
Heard that midnight train moan
Miles away from here.

Instrumental Chorus

Lay me down a pallet,
Lay it soft and low.
Lorraine lay beside me,
Sad I had to go.

Gypsy boy I traveled with
Played his old guitar.
We watched that candle flicker
Like some low morning star

But the time to part must always come
Time the bells must ring.
Time for lovers to say goodnight
'll see you in my dreams.

Time to part must always come
Time when trade-winds sing.
Time to hit the road again
Time for travelin';.