

# Jon Foreman, Southbound Train

Oh,  
I guess they'll say I've grown  
I know more than I wanted to know  
I've said more than I wanted to say...

I'm headed home  
Yeah, but I'm not so sure  
That home is a place  
You can still get to by train

So I'm looking out the window  
And I'm drifting off to sleep  
With my face pressed up against the pane  
With the rhythm of my heart  
And the ringing in my ears  
It's the rhythm of the southbound train

Oh,  
Where the wind starts to look like her hair  
And the clouds in her bright blue eyes  
As the sea and the shore fall and rise  
Like her breast as she breathes by my side

And the moon is her lips as the sun  
Is headed on down to the sea  
Like her head as she lays down on me  
Until we reach ocean side

Over and over, I hear the same refrain  
It's the rhythm of my heart  
And my sleepy girl's breathing  
It's the rhythm of my southbound train

Oh,  
I suppose they'll say I should've known  
Or maybe I'm just feeling old  
Like a lawyer with no one to blame...

I'm headed home  
Yeah, but I'm not so sure  
That home is a place  
That'll ever be the same

So we gather up our things  
And we head out in the cold  
And your eyes are where you carry the pain  
When I hear the whistle weeping  
It's crying to the sky  
It's the rhythm of my southbound train  
It's the rhythm of my southbound train