

MARC COHN, Ghost Train

Everybody talks about some fateful day
And I guess that this was mine
I may be here to tell some kind of story
But I think it's gonna take a little time
(That's all right)
See I'm rockin' in a cradle
Down the hall somewhere and I am--
Lost inside a dream
Maybe I am falling
Maybe I am flying
But I know if I am crying she is
Holding me
And then the sky broke up
And then the rain came down
And it washed away everything on the ground
Wash it away
Wash it away
Wash it away
Now baby's got that bottle
Filled up with lightning and rain
He keeps calling out for someone
But she's riding on a train
Riding on the ghost train
And she keeps on riding
She's gonna keep on riding
Mama keep on riding
Keep on riding
Some trains they leave in the morning
Some leave in the afternoon
Some trains they leave here
Right on time
And some they just leave too soon
Way too soon
But I'm gonna keep on...
Now baby's got that bottle
Filled up with lightning and rain
He keeps calling out for someone
But she's riding on a train
Riding on the ghost train
And she keeps on riding
And she keeps on riding
She's gonna keep on riding
Keep on riding
Now baby's got that bottle
Filled up with lightning and rain
He keeps calling out for someone
But she's riding on a train
Riding on the ghost train
Riding on the ghost train
Riding on the ghost train
Riding on the ghost train
Riding on the ghost train