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 moming

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