

Mary Chapin Carpenter, Grand Central Station

Got my work clothes on for love, sweat and dirt.
All this Holy dust upon my face an' shirt.
Headin' uptown now, just as the shifts are changin',
To Grand Central Station.

I got my lunch box, got my hard hat in my hand.
I ain't no hero, mister, just a workin' man.
An' all these voices keep on askin' me to take them,
To Grand Central Station.
Grand Central Station.

I wanna stand beneath the clock just one more time.
Wanna wait on the platform for the Hudson line.
I guess you're never really all alone, or too far from the pull of home,
An' the stars upon that painted dome still shine.

I paid my way out on the 42nd Street.
I lit a cigarette an' stared down at my feet.
Imagined all the ones that ever stood here waitin',
At Grand Central Station.
Grand Central Station.

And now Hercules is starin' down at me.
Next to him's Minerva an' Mercury.
Well, I nod to them an' start my crawl, flyers coverin' every wall:
Faces of the missing are all I see.

Tomorrow, I'll be back there, workin' on the pile.
Going in, comin' out, single file.
Before my job is done, there's one more trip I'm makin',
To Grand Central Station.
Grand Central Station.

Grand Central Station.
Grand Central Station.