

Nanci Griffith, Southbound Train

I'm sitting on a southbound train,
Staring at the sky.
I'm thinking of my childhood
And I'm trying not to cry;
While a stranger sleeps against me,
And it feels like I'm his wife.
The towns and cities flutter past
Like the pages of my life.
My heart is on the baggage-rack,
It's heavy as can be.
I wish that I could find someone
Who would carry it for me;
Just to pay it some attention
And to handle it with care
Because it has been dropped and
Is in need of some repair.
Some things I know, some things I guess.
Some things I wish that I could learn to express,
Like the way that I feel as I stare at the sky,
And I remember your voice, and the sound of goodbye.
Maybe it's the autumn chill,
Maybe it's the rain,
Maybe I could wake the stranger
And ask him his name.
But my eyes, they would betray me,
And my words could not defend.
No, I must learn to wait my turn
Before I love again.
Some things I know, some things I guess.
Some things I wish that I could learn to express,
Like the way that I feel as I stare at the sky,
And I remember your voice, and the sound of goodbye.