

Old 97's, Old Familiar Steam

By the time you leave
I'll be saving all my green
For a homebound train to carry me
On old familiar steam.
I wish you'd hurry up,
And leave or come around.
Well the moon is waning hard tonight.
I'm leaving my home town.
And the train rolls on with no pilot.
And the station's left me I know.
But if you should happen to find it,
Please bring it home, bring it home.
I traded all my stops
For a pillow made of rails.
In an empty room I listen to
The lonely whistle wails.
I woke up to feet,
That I took to be your shoes,
And the train lay tracks that deafened me,
Shook my insides loose.
And the train rolls on with no pilot,
And the station's left me I know.
But if you should happen to find it,
Please bring it home, bring it home.
And the point of all this living,
Is the dying still to come.
And I could be forgiven,
But I just won't, I just won't.
(Cool Don Walser yodel & fade out)