

Rosanne Cash, Thoughts From The Train

(Bashan - Neale)

From the train I watch the tracks go by
They look the same mile after mile from my pain
I watch the time go by
Things seem to change
Though I'd loved you all this while

My love is like a mountain in a storm
Surviving like a bumper through a wall
With all the things you said and done
You tried to tear it down
But nothing seems to make me come around

You were mine, it happened to be Spring
It was a time for letting new things grow
I was shy to come beneath your wings
I left behind what I chosen not to know

You are gone like all my loves before
Your very name still shakes me to the core
I was wrong to love you so much more
Some things have changed but others must be bored