

Sandy Denny, 3.10 To Yuma

There is a lonely train called the 3.10 to Yuma
And it's the only train left for me to ride on
I'll catch that lonely train called the 3.10 to Yuma
I'll get my ticket now for my last time
They say the life of man is made up of four seasons
And springtime finds him young and planting his grain
And then the summer comes bringing warm rains of reason
And time to reap his crop of heartache and pain
The winter comes, finds him snow-cropped and laden
He has been humbled now, walking into the rain
But the rains of death never fall from the cloudless skies of Yuma
Time stand still for those on that 3.10 train
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