

# 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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