

Train, Following Rita

Made my exit on the turn pike
I saw the stateside toll and shuffled for some change
I paid a man that talked as if he knew me
And I could see it in his eyes
He could tell that I was running away
What are you waiting for
It's just a minute away
Travel light you might just
Find yourself there for the day
What are you waiting for
It's just a minute away
Following Rita
Following Rita
Stopped to make a call and picked up Elvis
Elvis James McCabe a future millionaire
He wrestled with his thoughts out loud
About two girls that he had left behind
And said for forty five dollars
He could help me on my way and get rich too

There was talk about after high school
I would get a job
Gig at night and she would go to some
Community school
But her father changed jobs
And we cried together
As her plane was flying away
Well the phone never was enough
For us to hold on to
Now every mile that I drive away
Get's me closer to you, yeah