

HE TAKES THE TRAIN

He's got my old backpack
Sing Out1 magazine
Some dog-eared Kerouac
Red bandana dreams
Beat to shit guitar
Keeps him entertained
Shares his chocolate bars
And he takes the train

He takes the train, He takes the train
All pride and joy, that's my boy
He take the train

Barely turned eighteen
Gonna go real far
More full o' beans
Than a dining car
The night that he left home
It was pouring rain
Rolled off all alone
He took the train

He takes the train, He takes the train
Riding rails, blazing trails
He takes the train

We used to count every car together
But that was oh so long ago

Sometimes I lie
Wide awake at night
Hope he's warm and dry
On the Coast Starlight
All curled up asleep
Like the child he was
I pray his soul to keep
Like a father does

He takes the train, He take the train
Boxcar smile, that's his style
He takes the train

He takes the train, He takes the train
All pride and joy, that's my boy
He takes the train