

New York

Blind Pilot

I hear the train all night, sound of it's wind blowing through
A subtle lapse... and I have a job to do
Walking these cars walking all to sleep, to get to you
But I don't feel you stir beside me, and you're not in my morn
ing hours
Some ties are made to break; some stocks grow high and green to
rot away
And feel the weight
And these lines tell the truth, these city veins answer all the
y do
So, could you keep me in the pulses, could you keep me in the s
ound
I got wise and I got old
Not once, not once did I fold
So don't you now
Maybe you bet on me, while we were still young enough to know,
to believe

But for every year you took, for every soft breath of love and
learn,
Believe me
And don't keep me like you have me, and don't kiss me like you
don't
I got wise and I got old
Not once, not once did I fold
So don't you now
Some land holds a home; some of my years only hold, me to roam
But I tell myself it's true, you see a home you see a man, you
see it too
And I say don't you know you have her? Go on kiss her now you b
oy
I got wise and I got old
Not once, not once did I fold
So don't you now
I got wise and I got old
Not once, not once did I fold
So don't you now