

# Stop For Me

Carolyn Dawn Johnson

I had big plans  
More powerful than a locomotive  
Innocent as a flower growing  
In the middle of a barley field  
I didn't understand  
That you could have pockets overflowing with determination  
Give it all you got with no congratulations  
And still be at the bottom of the hill  
Waiting at the station  
With the rails laid out before me  
Trying to be patient  
Hoping it didn't leave

Sitting on a suitcase  
Crossing fingers counting the days til it arrived  
I was sure that it was coming  
But somehow it just passed me by  
Oh how could I be so naive  
I always thought this train would stop for me

I had a ticket  
That was paid for with my hard earned money  
I thought that maybe that would count for something  
Wasn't looking for a free ride  
But nobody mentioned  
ohhh sometimes all the passenger seats are taken  
The cars are full and it's a rude awakening  
When you're left behind  
So disappointed... yeah  
I never even got to try  
Instead of living in the moment... ohhh  
I've been wasting all this time

Sitting on a suitcase  
Crossing fingers counting the days til it arrived  
Ohhh I was sure that it was coming  
But somehow it just passed me by  
Oh how could I be so naive  
Well I always thought this train would stop for me

Stop, stop, stop, I always  
Thought, thought, that it would stop

Sitting on a suitcase  
Crossing fingers counting the days til it arrived  
Ohhhhhh I was sure that it was coming  
But somehow it just passed me by  
Oh how could I be so naive

I always thought this train  
Yeah I always thought that this train yeah  
I always thought this train would stop for me

I thought it would stop for me yeah...