

## Central Station

Freedy Johnston

Early morning, Central Station  
Tears in coffee, things unspoken  
Dry your eyes on a mended dress  
Stockings crossed, they do not match  
I'm bound back home, my father died  
I won't be back for quite some time

On the ceiling of Central Station  
Not for wishing, those constellations  
Tired stone, forgotten glass  
Weary wood, and faded brass  
I'm bound back home and you can't go  
When I'll be back, I don't know