

Come The Morning

Hank Snow

I sit upon the bed in my rented room and watch
The broken shadows from the street lights playing tag upon the wall
Down the street a neon light is reaching out to mock the night
And all the little fears that darkness brings.

The smoke of my last cigarette still hangs upon the air and yet
I reach to light another from the pack that's nearly gone
And the dawn seems a million miles away but all the while

Down in the trainyard the graveyard shift had just come on
And turned their ragged collars against the drizzling rain
Back and forth the yard engine goes about the pulling out
The railroad cars that soon will be making up the train
That's gonna be come the morning.

I wonder if I ever cross the mind of someone
That I might have learned to love
Had I ever chose to try
Or did she fail to think about me in the lonely nights without me
Was she the last to care if I should live or die.

I've been a nameless ghost that rides the empty wave of memory
In the dark deserted closets of the mind of someone else
And now I'm a ghost unto myself but still I know.

And now I cross the room and stand before the open window
And reach out to touch the rain that's slowly falling on my hand
The pavement hot and cold below looks back at me and seems to know
It ends without a tear without a smile.

And in those last brief seconds could it be I was mistaken
Or did I hear a voice somewhere that softly called my name
Or was it just a whistle of a train for all the while

Down in the trainyard the graveyard shift had just gone home
To hang their clothes to dry them bar their doors against the rain
The yard engine breathe a sigh Then pulls a last grey coal car by
Then moves aside to look with pride Upon the new born train
That I won't take come the morning.

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