

Something About Trains

Jane Siberry

Something about trains
Something about love
Something about this old Earth
And the way it looks from up above
Something about satellites
Something about down below
Something about the hissing of that old steam iron
As you press your clothes
Beam it up, beam it down
Across the world from town to town
Most of the time when I'm walking the line
I'm looking at the ground
Every time I hear that whistle blowing
And every time I hear that old black crow
Every time I hear that whistle blowing
I find myself a-shivering in my soul
Something about love
When things go wrong
When you can't find the one that you love
You keep movin' on
You walk the lonely, lonely valley
You walk the line alone
But this old earth is always there
You don't feel so alone
Beam it up, beam it down
Across the world from town to town
Most of the time when I'm walking the line
I'm looking at the ground
But every time I hear that whistle blowing
But you wake up in the middle of the night
And a train whistle blows and a dog barks
And something's not quite right
And the cry is sent up from this earth
Into the silent sky
Beam it up, beam it down
Across the world from town to town
Most of the time when I'm walking the line
I'm looking at the ground
But every time I hear that whistle blowing
And every time I hear that old black crow
Every time I hear that whistle blowing
I find myself a-shivering in my soul
Something about trains and love
And the way this old earth looks tonight