

Jenny Dreamed of Trains

John Denver

When Jenny was a little girl, she only dreamed of trains.
She never play with dolls or lacy kinds of things.
Jenny counted boxcars instead of counting sheep,
she could go anywhere when she went to sleep.
All she ever talked about was getting on the ride,
she was living in another time, you could see it in her eyes.
And every day after school she'd head down to the track,
waiting for a train that was never coming back.

Jenny dreamed of trains when the nighttime came.
Nobody knew how she made it come true, Jenny dreamed of trains.

The depot's been boarded up, the trains have turned to rust.
There hasn't been a train through here since the mill went bust
.
No one believed her when she said she heard the train,
they said she was just a little girl acting kind of strange.

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Jenny laid a penny on the track one day, in God we trust, she walked away.
The very next morning all she could find
was a little piece of copper squashed flatter than a dime.

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