

Fly On Home

John Martyn

You climbed on the train
The window rolled on
So did the tear
And seeing you cry
Was like the very first time, when we parted
In the dews and dusty streets.

There alone, I felt the station on my feet
Fly home
And away on down the line
You put your face into the wind
Let your tears fly home.

I trod on my way
Past the silly girlie who looked at my shoes
Climbing the street
The evening shuddered in my coat
And I looked where I had been.

The train a snake
A chain of people on the rails
Fly home
Like a nourishing breath of sunshine
Twinkle of the houses
Let your tears fly home
Put your face into the wind
Little girlie, let your tears fly home
Let your tears fly home.