

# Rocky Mountain Time

John Prine

The station was empty  
The trains were all gone  
I reached in my pocket  
And I wanted for dawn

The clock played drums  
And I hummed the sax  
And the wind whistled down  
The railroad tracks  
Hey three for a quarter  
One for a dime  
I'll bet it's tomorrow  
By Rocky Mountain time

I walked in the restaurant  
For something to do  
The waitress yelled at me  
And so did the food  
And the water taste funny  
When you're far from your home  
But it's only the thirsty  
That hunger to roam

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And I hummed the sax  
And the wind whistled down  
The railroad tracks  
Hey three for a quarter  
One for a dime  
I'll bet it's tomorrow  
By Rocky Mountain time

We'll build us a castle on Main Street  
And pretend that we're down on the farm  
Hell, we'll hold out as long as we have to  
Then we'll twist off each other's arm

Christ I'm so mixed up and lonely  
I can't even make friends with my brain  
I'm too young to be where I'm going  
But I'm too old to go back again

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