

Romero got married on the fifth of July
In our Lady of Immaculate Dawn
Could have got married in the revival man's tent
There ain't no reviving what's gone

Slipped like a shadow from the family he made
In a little white house by the woods
Dropped the kids at the mission with a rose for the virgin
She knew he was gone for good

It's a long way to Heaven, it's closer to Harrisburg
And that's still a long way from the place where we are
And if evil exists it's a pair of train tracks
And the devil is a railroad car

Could have stayed somewhere but the train tracks kept going
It seems like they always left soon
And the people he ran with, they moaned low and painful
Sang sad Misereres to that moon

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The rose at the altar withered and wilted
Romero sank into a dream
He didn't make Heaven and he didn't make Harrisburg
He died in a hole in between

Some say that man is the root of all evil
Others say God's a drunkard for pain
And me I believe that the Garden of Eden
Was burned to make way for a train, for a train

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