

Ghost Train

Marc Cohn

Everybody talks about some fateful day
I guess that this was mine
I may be here to tell some kind of story
But I think it's gonna take a little time, that's all right

See I'm rocking in a cradle
Down the hall somewhere and I am lost inside a dream
Maybe I am falling, maybe I am flying
But I know if I am crying she is holding me

And then the sky broke up
And then the rain came down
And it washed away everything on the ground
Wash it away, wash it away, wash it away

Now baby's got that bottle
Filled with lightning and rain
He keeps calling out for someone
But she's riding on a train, riding on the ghost train

And she keeps on riding
She's gonna keep on riding
Mama keep on riding
Keep on riding

Some trains they leave in the morning
Some leave in the afternoon
Some trains they leave here right on time
And some they just leave too soon, way too soon

But I'm gonna keep on

Baby's got that bottle
Filled with lightning and rain
He keeps calling out for someone
But she's riding on a train, riding on the ghost train

Yeah, she keeps on riding
(And then the sky broke up)
(And then the rain came down)
(And it washed away everything on the ground)

She keeps on riding, she just keeps on riding
(Wash it away, wash it away, wash it away)
Keep on riding

Baby's got that bottle
Filled with lightning and rain
He keeps calling out for someone
But she's riding on a train, riding on the ghost train

Riding on the ghost train
(Wash it away, wash it away)
Riding on the ghost train, riding on the ghost train
Riding on the ghost train