

## Train Leaving Gray

Mason Jennings

Hoping that I see you on the street  
It's your kind of day  
Nothing has the color of your eyes  
Train leaving gray  
And i'll never love no one  
The way i loved you  
I never thought that love  
Could come true  
Driving round the city in your car  
Down low in the seat  
Coming home and getting into bed  
Smiling in your sleep  
I'll never love no one  
The way i loved you  
You've never loved no one  
Have you?  
Hoping that I see you on the street  
It's your kind of day  
Nothing has the color of your eyes  
Train leaving gray