

## Lincoln's Train

Resurrection Band

Passin' through these ruins  
Mr Lincoln's train goin' by  
Spilling smoke into these bloody fields  
All the people stood and cried

Our tears are the same color  
We can all hold hands and mourn  
But me, I'm still asking myself  
Why I'm not any freer than I was before

Mr Lincoln are you free now?  
Was it worth what it finally cost?  
If I had somethin to believe in  
I could bear this endless cross

I got no home, they sold my family  
I got no job, ain't got no vote  
Them books they're all mysteries to me  
Can't read or write, I got no hope

The train it just keeps rollin'  
Cold as steel and dark as night  
It don't give me no answers, no  
No, it don't pay me no mind

And the scenery just keeps changin'  
But these folks, they just stay the same  
Same old fearful eyes a starin'  
Askin' me to take the blame

For their shame, for their shame