

# Guysborough Train

Stan Rogers

Now there's no train to Guysborough,  
Or so the man said,  
So it might be a good place to be...  
I sit in this station,  
And I count up my change,  
And I wait for the Guysborough train...

Now I've sat in your kitchens,  
And talked about walls,  
And I've sung about your withering pain,  
Shattered your temples,  
And I've brought on your fall,  
Now I wait for the Guysborough train...

And I ride for all time, on the Guysborough line,  
And I grow by the North Country rain,  
And the North Shore's begun, the man I've become,  
In rags, on the Guysborough train...

No train to Guysborough  
Now ain't that a shame,  
Though I know there will be one in time,  
And the house that's alone,  
It soon will be gone,  
Razed for the Guysborough line

And I ride for all time, on the Guysborough line,  
and I grow by the North Country rain,  
And the North Shore's begun, the man I've become,  
In rags, on the Guysborough train...

People are simple,  
Like the rain clouds sweet,  
Both grown by that North Country rain,  
The Interval is clear,  
Will it soon disappear,  
Under the Guysborough train?

And I ride for all time, on the Guysborough line,  
And I grow by the North Country rain,  
And the North Shore's begun, the man I've become,  
In rags, on the Guysborough train...