

Old Train

Adam Calhoun

There's a train on the mountain
Burnin' coal, runnin' fast
'Round the way I can hear it
As it's comin' on down the tracks
It's old burnin' strong, keeps movin' on
It shakes the leaves and the grass
The train is all black, like the man from the past
The ghost of old Johnny Cash

Young man lookin' at his young hands
But the hands of time move faster than he understands
That time was long ago, many winds down the road
The railroad couldn't hold, ties that so many broke
Young man shovels all the coal in the stove
And the leaves change colors when the breath in the smoke
And the steel cuts through the prairies and the stones
The mans eyes are weary and he's so far from home
The train shakes the ground you can hear it from afar
The coal burns bright, you can see it like the stars
The moonlight shines like the headlights from cars
It howls out at night, like the man out at bars
Now these old timers pass, hard as coal it's all black
Like the man Johnny Cash, put his soul in these tracks
And it rolls off the tracks, whistle blow when it pass
Can't control it so fast, he just hopes he don't crash

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It shakes the leaves and the grass (Ha ha)
The train is all black, like the man from the past
The ghost of old Johnny Cash (Struggle)

Certain prayers were never spoken, I was too ashamed to ever ask him
Started baskin' [?] while my love was keep on passin'
I don't have enough cash to get 'em out of their bind
Try to bring a little light to lead 'em out of the blind
Hard to find peace when boys all you've ever known
Hard to find a trains path when these tracks are overgrown
And they're home to the snakes, layin, lookin' for their opportunity
To uproot every seed that I had sewn
They throw in the key and strip his kids from their only home
Lonely and alone, behind walls I tore down every stone
That I had ever hid behind, rocky path like Stallone
The underdog will get the [?]
They climb and claim it's the time
Diggin', grindin' up the mountain
Flag flies this is mine
Won't be dead get in line, your side of the fence has been defined
At the cross roads where life and death are intertwined
Singin' to the man in black, so long my clemintine

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