

# 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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