

Central Station

Freedy Johnston

Early morning, Central Station
Tears in coffee, things unspoken
Dry your eyes on a mended dress
Stockings crossed, they do not match
I'm bound back home, my father died
I won't be back for quite some time

On the ceiling of Central Station
Not for wishing, those constellations
Tired stone, forgotten glass
Weary wood, and faded brass
I'm bound back home and you can't go
When I'll be back, I don't know