

Spirit Train

Guadalcanal Diary

I watch these woods at night
On lonely roads at night
I wait in vain for the spirit train

On a windy hill, by a mossy stone
I stand alone
A great white horse in a grassy plain
Waits to move again for the spirit train

And I wonder how long
I wonder how long
And I know not long

In the wilderness where a city once stood
A wild forgotten stream
The weeds grow tall and cover it all
The smiling face of a cracked green stone
Wait to move alone to the spirit train

And I wonder how long
I wonder how long
And I know not long

And I hear a voice in the darkness call
Across the sky to the lead them all
To the spirit train