

The Resurrection

Matraca Berg

I walked the streets of this little town
Late last night when it all shut down
Feeling stuck between lost and found and nowhere

Using my memory for a map
I went looking for trains on the torn up tracks
With a weary conductor, he just turned his back but he's still
there

Waiting for the resurrection
Fire from the ashes and the tears
The resurrection
You know dreams die hard, dreams die hard around here

Well, it's hard to believe I'm back again
Looking up old lovers and long lost friends
Just to reminisce like the veterans and survivors

I heard Reverend Bill with the kind old face
Say he got a little stale and he's been replaced
Still we all bowed our heads when he said grace at the diner

Waiting for the resurrection
Fire from the ashes and the tears
The resurrection
You know dreams die hard, dreams die hard around here

Well, the engine dies and the main line fails
But surely the heart and the soul prevails
Like the wildflowers grow between the rails in the summer

Oh, the resurrection
Fire from the ashes and the tears
The resurrection
You know dreams die hard
Dreams die hard, dreams die hard around here

Oh, around here
Dreams die hard around here