

My Opening Farewell

Michael Johnson

The lady stands before the open window
Staring so far away
She can almost feel the southern wind blow
Almost touching her restless days

She turns from the window to me
A sad smile, her apology
Sad eyes reaching for the door

Daylight loses to another evening
And still she spares me the word goodbye
She sits alone beside me fighting her feelings
She struggles to speak but in the end can only cry

Suddenly, it's so hard to find
The words that would help her
Speak her troubled mind
I'm offering these to her as if to be kind

There's a train everyday, leaving either way
There's a train everyday, leaving either way
There is a world you know

There is a way to go, there is a world you know
And we'll soon be gone, it's just as well
This is my opening farewell

A child's drawing on the table
A woman's silk lying on the floor
And I would keep them here if I were able
To lock them safe behind my open door

Suddenly it's so clear to me
I've asked her to see what she may never see
Now my kind words find their way back to me

There is a train everyday, leaving either way
There is a train everyday, leaving either way
There is a train everyday, leaving either way
There is a train everyday, leaving either way

There is a world you know
There is a way to go, there is a world you know
And we'll soon be gone, it's just as well
This is my opening farewell