

Driver 8

Old 97's

The walls are built up stone by stone
The fields divided one by one

And the train conductor says
Take a break, driver 8
Driver 8, take a break
We've been on this shift too long

And the train conductor says
Take a break, driver 8
Driver 8, take a break
We can reach our destination
But it's still a ways away
But it's still a ways away

I saw a treehouse on the outskirts of the farm
The power lines have floaters so the airplanes won't get snagged
Bells are ringing through the town again
Children look up, all they hear is sky-blue bells ringing

And the train conductor says
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Driver 8, take a break
We can reach our destination
But it's still a ways away
But it's still a ways away
But it's still a ways away
But it's still a ways away

A way to shield the hated heat
A way to put myself to sleep
A way to shield the hated heat
A way to put myself, my children to sleep

He piloted this song in a plane like that one
She is selling faith on the Go Tell Crusade
Locomotive 8, Southern Crescent, hear the bells ring again
The field of wheat is looking thin

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