

Bryn Mawr All-Stars

Vansire

When trains roll out of Bryn Mawr
Weeks at a time
I wish we could've been more
But we'll be fine
We're seated on a high hill next to the line
I've got you on my mind still most of the night

Walking far with the freight car
This stop is the last
Golden hour at the rail yard
The best that we've had

And every day I close my eyes
When they're barreling past
There are far greater sunsets for us to be had

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