

Waiting On That Train

By Elva Jones-Hahn

V1

Stood out in the rain
Waiting on that train
Thunder in these hills
Lighting on the range
There's a fire burning deep in my home
The flames burn everything I've owned
Now I walk away
Waiting on that train

V2

Walked these streets alone
Black burned coal
Should have stuck around
Should have called
This barren land the trees are all gone
My memories etched in everything I've known
Now I walk away
Waiting on that train

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