

NORTHBOUND TRAIN

HE IS SO TENDER, HE'S LIKE THE WARMEST OF RAINS
FOUND HIM IN AUTUMN
WHEN THE SUN WAS SINKIN' LOW AT THE END OF THE DAYS
HE IS LIKE UNNAMON, HE REMINDS ME OF HOME
BUT THAT'S JUST A FARAWAY DREAM
FOR IT SEEMS WE'VE MADE A HOME OF THE ROAD
AND MY BABY'S LEAVING, HE'S ON A NORTHBOUND TRAIN

AND IF I TRY TO RUN
OR TRY TO FOLLOW HIM I KNOW HE WON'T LET ME
'CAUSE WHAT HE NEEDS TO FIND IS NOTHING THAT I
COULD GIVE TO HIM, IT'S FAR BEYOND MY REACH
SO MY BABY'S LEAVING, HE'S ON A NORTHBOUND TRAIN

HE IS A RAMBLIN' SOUL, AND A RAMBLER SO AM I
AND THOUGH WE HAVE SHARED MANY MILES, MANY PATHS
WE NEED TO RAMBLE ALONE SOMETIMES
SO MY BABY'S LEAVING, HE'S ON A NORTHBOUND TRAIN

AND WHAT WILL EASE HIS MIND I CANNOT DEFINE
IT'S WRITTEN IN THE WHISPERING OF THE WIND
SO MY BABY'S LEAVING, HE'S ON A NORTHBOUND TRAIN
AND HERE I AM WEeping, 'CAUSE MY BABY'S GONE

