

Stewart AI

"Apple Cider Re-Constitution"

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When we came to the station all the trains were rusty,
The doors were open and the windows broken in
There was grass in all the cracks and the air hung
musty
The travel posters were flapping in the wind
So we moved through the dust and gloom
Playing waiting games in the waiting-room
Lay our sleeping-bags out on the floor

CHORUS

And on Sunday morning easy rider comes to me with
apple cider
Leaves me here without a place to go

If I followed the coast road, I'd be home by evening
The harbour lights still cut across the bay
>From the slot machine arcade the lights go streaming
To the bikes outside the rock 'n' roll cafe
Ah but you know those small town blues
Are really too much to lose-
There's nothing really there to go back for

CHORUS

Any railway station would be just fine, fine, fine
To settle down and wash the cobwebs from your head
If your situation's running dry, dry, dry
Find a waiting-room beneath the stars to make your
bed

You know London can make your brain stall
The streets get cold and empty on a rainy night
So you duck into the subway station, you can hear the
trains call
They want to take you to the Earl's Court Road, but it
don't seem right
And there's na, na, na noowah
On the juke-box, singing in the burger bar
See the people's faces in the passing cars don't want to
know

CHORUS

YOu have the most appealing surface I have seen
Bring it over here, lay it down by me
Don't mean to make you nervous, I just mean
To make you see, this is the place to be

When we came to the station all the trains were rusty
The air was empty and the platforms overgrown
There were old tin cans and cats and the doors were
crusted
With mud and leaves and names carved long ago
and the rails go on forever in a silver trail to the setting
sun
You can follow them anywhere you want to go

CHORUS

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