

## Chapin Harry

### "Corey's Coming"

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Old John Joseph was a man with two first names  
They left him in the railroad yard when they took away  
the trains  
Only one run a week comes on roaring down that line  
So all he's got to worry 'bout is time.

I come by in the evening to hear 'bout where he's been  
He says - Come on sit down Kid, where shall I begin?  
He starts telling me the stories of the glories of his past  
But he always saves the story of his Corey for the last.

And he says - My Corey's coming. No more sad stories  
coming  
My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't  
you girl?  
And like I told you, when she holds you  
She enfolds you in her world.

I was quite surprised to find out all the places that he  
knew  
And so I asked the townfolk if his stories were true  
They said - Old John was born here, he's lived here all  
his life  
He's never had a woman, let alone a wife.

And very soon you'll find out as you check around  
That no one named Corey's ever lived in this town  
So I chided the old man 'bout the truth that I had heard  
He smiled and said - Reality is only just a word.

I came by one evening but he did not hear my shout  
I looked in the window and saw the fire was out  
When he would not wake up I forced in the door  
And found that Old John Joseph would tell stories no  
more.

The scene at the graveyard, three of us were there  
Me and the gravedigger heard the parson's prayer  
He said - We need not grieve for this man,  
For we know that God cares!

They put the cold dirt over him and left me on my own  
And when at last I looked up I saw I was not alone  
So I said - If you're a relative, he had a peaceful end.  
She said - My name is Corey - you can say I'm just a  
friend.

Corey's coming, no more sad stories coming  
My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't  
you girl?  
And like I told you, when she holds you  
She enfolds you in her world.

So that's the old man's story, I'm glad you came  
tonight  
A busted down old railroad yard sure makes a lonely  
sight  
You may wonder why a young man would work out here  
alone  
Well the job pays enough to keep some flesh on my  
bones.

And I confess I get to missing the old man a bit  
And there's one other reason I guess I should admit -

Can't you see my Corey's coming, no more sad stories  
coming  
My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't  
you girl?  
And like he told me, when she holds me  
She enfolds me in her world

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