

Dan Tyminski

"How Long Is This Train"

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How long is this train son
I heard his fragile voice
I didn't want to listen but there really was no choice
It seems like it goes on forever and I waited for so long
The old man's breath came slow and smelled of
whiskey in the dawn

On a cold November morning in the gentle mist of rain
There's just so many reasons that people wait to meet
a train

And as I waited for my sister to come down the metal
stairs
He told me that his son had not been home in fifteen
years
And I barely seemed to notice the tears behind his face
But his wishes were no strangers to the people in this
place

The old man stood there waiting for a young man
dressed in blue
Then he handed him a neatly folded flag and said for
you
He said your son he died a hero in the service of this
flag
The old man took it gently put it in his paper bag
Then I left him in the rain there but I'd still hear his
voice
I try hard not to listen but there really is no choice

On a cold November morning in the gentle mist of rain
There's just so many reasons that people wait to meet
a train

How long is this train son
I can hear the pouring rain
I'm still reminded of him when I hear a passing train

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