

## Hank Snow

# "Come The Morning"

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I sit upon the bed in my rented room and watch  
The broken shadows from the street lights playing tag  
upon the wall  
Down the street a neon light is reaching out to mock the  
night  
And all the little fears that darkness brings.

The smoke of my last cigarette still hangs upon the air  
and yet  
I reach to light another from the pack that's nearly  
gone  
And the dawn seems a million miles away but all the  
while

Down in the trainyard the graveyard shift had just  
come on  
And turned their ragged collars against the drizzling  
rain  
Back and forth the yard engine goes about the pulling  
out  
The railroad cars that soon will be making up the train  
That's gonna be come the morning.

I wonder if I ever cross the mind of someone  
That I might have learned to love  
Had I ever chose to try  
Or did she fail to think about me in the lonely nights  
without me  
Was she the last to care if I should live or die.

I've been a nameless ghost that rides the empty wave  
of memory  
In the dark deserted closets of the mind of someone  
else  
And now I'm a ghost unto myself but still I know.

And now I cross the room and stand before the open  
window  
And reach out to touch the rain that's slowly falling on  
my hand  
The pavement hot and cold below looks back at me and  
seems to know

It ends without a tear without a smile.

And in those last brief seconds could it be I was  
mistaken  
Or did I hear a voice somewhere that softly called my  
name  
Or was it just a whistle of a train for all the while

Down in the trainyard the graveyard shift had just gone  
home  
To hang their clothes to dry them bar their doors  
against the rain  
The yard engine breathe a sigh Then pulls a last grey  
coal car by  
Then moves aside to look with pride Upon the new born  
train  
That I won't take come the morning.

I wonder if I ever cross the mind of someone  
That I might have learned to love  
Had I ever chose to try  
Or did she fail to think about me in the lonely nights  
without me  
Was she the last to care if I should live or die...

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