

Brooke Miller

"Country From The Dome Car"

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Bring down the rain bring out the ghosts
It's twenty-five degrees out on the West Coast
Every thing's in bloom there and I don't care
I've been thinking about leaving too

You pack as little as you can 'cause that's what you do
You put everything in storage and give the dog to mom
She wouldn't mind there's a big back field
A long time ago they stopped turning yield

You should see the view there from up on the hill
I fell in love with the train last week and everyone there
I got the scent of everyone's laughter in my hair
We watched the landscapes click by hell I was the
engineer
I saw the country from the dome car and I was outta
here
By night we traveled slow, by day we went fast
And no one checked to see where we were on the map
You knew you hit the prairies and you knew why

You take a deep breath and hold it in
And every deep breath seems to quiet the din
You forget about the time zones, there are none out
there
Home for the reckless home for the race
It's home for a moment of time and space

You lose all your sleep when the playing is done
You learn the rails and you're learning on the tracks
Someone tells a story of an old steam back
And a village comes together seven coaches long

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