

## Mary Chapin Carpenter "Grand Central Station"

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Got my work clothes on full of sweat and dirt.  
All this holy dust upon my face and' shirt.  
Heading uptown now, just as the shifts are changing,  
To Grand Central Station.  
Got my lunch box, got my hard hat in my hand.  
I ain't no hero, mister, just a working man.  
And all these voices keep on asking me to take them,  
To Grand Central Station.  
Grand Central Station.  
I want to stand beneath the clock just one more time.  
Want to wait upon the platform for the Hudson Line.  
I guess you're never really all alone, or too far from the  
pull of home,  
And the stars upon that painted dome still shine.  
I paid my way out on 42nd Street.  
I lit a cigarette and stared down at my feet.  
And imagined all the ones that ever stood here waiting,  
At Grand Central Station.  
Grand Central Station.  
Now Hercules is staring down at me.  
Next to him's Minerva and Mercury.  
I nod to them and start my crawl, flyers covering every  
wall:  
Faces of the missing are all I see.  
Tomorrow, I'll be back there, working on the pile.  
Going in, coming out, single file.  
Before my job is done, there's one more trip I'm  
making,  
To Grand Central Station.  
Grand Central Station.  
Grand Central Station.  
Grand Central Station.

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