

## **Matraca Berg "The Resurrection"**

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I walked the streets of this little town  
Late last night when it all shut down  
Feeling stuck between lost and found and nowhere

Using my memory for a map  
I went looking for trains on the torn up tracks  
With a weary conductor, he just turned his back but  
he's still there

Waiting for the resurrection  
Fire from the ashes and the tears  
The resurrection  
You know dreams die hard, dreams die hard around  
here

Well, it's hard to believe I'm back again  
Looking up old lovers and long lost friends  
Just to reminisce like the veterans and survivors

I heard Reverend Bill with the kind old face  
Say he got a little stale and he's been replace  
Still we all bowed our heads when he said grace at the  
diner

Waiting for the resurrection  
Fire from the ashes and the tears  
The resurrection  
You know dreams die hard, dreams die hard around  
here

Well, the engine dies and the main line fails  
But surely the heart and the soul prevails  
Like the wildflowers grow between the rails in the  
summer

Oh, the resurrection  
Fire from the ashes and the tears  
The resurrection  
You know dreams die hard  
Dreams die hard, dreams die hard around here

Oh, around here

Dreams die hard around here

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