

## **Melissa Etheridge**

### **"Royal Station 416"**

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It's so hard to listen to these trains  
Outside my window here it comes again  
And it's calling me begging me  
Follow me down the track  
And it moans so dark and low  
Baby ain't comin' back

I refuse to believe  
It could happen to me and you  
It's lonesome and it's hard and it's true

It got this whiskey to take care of my lips  
I got these long cool steel strings  
At my fingertips  
I ain't got nothing to soothe my aching soul  
Except this screeching and screaming iron  
To tell me where I ought to go

I refuse to believe  
It could happen to me and you  
It's lonesome and it's hard and it's true

I hear the train sigh  
And idle down below  
Why your love is so sweet and while  
Is something I'll never know

It sounds like crying  
It sounds like letting go  
Breathing and lying  
Sinking and dying slow  
And I watch from my window  
Touching the cold glass sky  
As the train rolls down the track  
I say goodbye

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