

## Neptune's Car "Strawberry Moon"

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Boarded an eastbound train  
In South Bend, Indiana,  
Near the golden dome of Notre Dame.  
We passed the southern beaches  
Of Lake Michigan in June  
Carved from glaciers long ago.  
There were sleeping children  
Near the Mohawk River  
And stars above the great canal.  
I've hauled some barges in my day.  
Know every inch along the way.  
There was nothing you could say.

Chorus:

So, rock-a-bye now don't you cry.  
I'm gonna sing you a lullaby.  
\*The Dream Man's coming in his train of cars  
With moonbeam windows and with wheels of stars.  
So, hush you little ones and have no fear.  
The man-in-the-moon is the engineer.  
The railroad track is a moonbeam bright  
That leads right up into the starry night.

New York's narrow lakes  
Look like fingers on a hand.  
When the ice retreated, there were deep scars upon  
the land.  
Took a deep breath when we crossed the state line.  
The night porter left a bottle of wine.  
Waved from my window to the pines.  
We road through the Berkshires in the early hours.  
And, if I were a painter, I would paint those flowers  
In Cadmium Yellow and Phthalo Blue.  
But, colors run and flowers fade.  
And, clouds roll in and cast a shade.  
Best call it an even trade.

Chorus

The wise Algonquin nation  
Kept track of the seasons.  
They gave each moon a name.

Inching towards the railway station,  
Minutes from our destination,  
Seven hundred miles from where we came.  
Time moves not by months but moons.  
Strawberry is the one for June.  
Hidden treasures tangled in the ground.  
Harvest in the silver light.  
We made our journey through the night.  
Rocking on the rails so safe and sound.

Chorus

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