

Old Boy Network

"She Ain't Coming Back"

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I met her in the morning
By the railroad track
At the junction where the train heads north
She carried her world in an old leather sack
I guess she aint coming back

I tried to persuade her
Through the steam and the rain
And the future that we held in our hands
She looked at me squarley
With a smile on her face
She was gonna catch that train
She was gonna catch that train

The rain was falling
The sun had gone
The clouds had hidden the view
I just keep recalling the good times we had
Awaiting here with nothing to do

As the train started moving
And gathering pace
It disappeared into the night
I swear I could see through the steamed up pane
A hand wipe a tear from here eye
A hand wipe a tear from here eye

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