

Regina Mab

"A Far Cry From Him"

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(Rick Giles/Susan Longarce)

She's waiting on the train
And her mind is riding restless
She's got a long trail of pain
To lay down on this rail through texas
Oh but some sweet night
She'll ride it right to the other side

She could go East and let her tears dry in the morning
sun
She could go South and burn off the memories one by
one
She could go West where they never fence you in
She could go North and let them blow in the wind
Anywhere at all, that's a far cry from here

She doesn't want to see another truck that dusty color
And she don't want to hear his cold laughter around
the corner
Oh she's got to leave it all
Because this big old town is way too small

She could go East and let her tears dry in the morning
sun
She could go South and burn off the memories one by
one
She could go West where they never fence you in
She could go North and let them blow in the wind
Anywhere at all, that's a far cry from here

Anywhere she won't here his name again
Anywhere his trails never lead

She could go East and let her tears dry in the morning
sun
She could go South and burn off the memories one by
one
She could go West where they never fence you in
She could go North and let them blow in the wind
Anywhere at all, that's a far cry from here

Anywhere she won't here his name again

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She could go West where they never fence you in

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Anywhere at all, that's a far cry from here

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