

Old 97's "Old Familiar Steam"

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By the time you leave
I'll be saving all my green
For a homebound train to carry me
On old familiar steam

I wish you'd hurry up
And leave or come around
Well the moon is waning hard tonight
I'm leaving my hometown

And the train rolls on with no pilot
And the station's left me I know
But if you should happen to find it
Please bring it home, bring it home

I traded all my stops
For a pillow made of rails
In an empty room I listen to
The lonely whistle wails

I woke up to feet
That I took to be your shoes
And the train lay tracks that deafened me
Shook my insides loose

And the train rolls on with no pilot
And the station's left me I know
But if you should happen to find it
Please bring it home, bring it home

And the point of all this living
Is the dying still to come
And I could be forgiven
But I just won't, I just won't

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