

## Michael McFarland "Next Train South"

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A town like this can tear you down until you feel  
there's nothing left to hope for  
a day like this can chew you up and spit you out and  
leave your head on the floor

but baby don't you worry about where you been  
you need to feel the sun on your winter skin

so just shut your mouth  
pack up we're getting on the next train south  
baby don't you worry we can work it out  
and we'll ride all night  
passing by the people and the city lights  
baby don't you worry it'll be all right

a night like this can bring you back to life again, we  
walk alone on the shore  
a sky like this can open hearts so wide and then  
there's something left to hope for

the swell of the tide  
the moon in your eyes  
you say it's a cliché until you feel it inside  
the gulls on the wing  
the surf seems to sing  
the sight of endless sky erases everything

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