

## Haken

### "How Long Is This Train"

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How long is this train son  
I heard his fragile voice  
I didn't want to listen but there really was no choice  
It seems like it goes on forever and I waited for so long  
The old man's breath came slow and smelled of  
whiskey in the dawn

On a cold November morning in the gentle mist of rain  
There's just so many reasons that people wait to meet  
a train

And as I waited for my sister to come down the metal  
stairs  
He told me that his son had not been home in fifteen  
years  
And I barely seemed to notice the tears behind his face  
But his wishes were no strangers to the people in this  
place

The old man stood there waiting for a young man  
dressed in blue  
Then he handed him a neatly folded flag and said for  
you  
He said your son he died a hero in the service of this  
flag  
The old man took it gently put it in his paper bag  
Then I left him in the rain there but I'd still hear his  
voice  
I try hard not to listen but there really is no choice

On a cold November morning in the gentle mist of rain  
There's just so many reasons that people wait to meet  
a train

How long is this train son  
I can hear the pouring rain  
I'm still reminded of him when I hear a passing train

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