

Al Stewart "Apple Cider Re-Constitution"

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When we came to the station, all the trains were rusty
The doors were open and the windows broken in
There was grass in all the cracks and the air hung
musty
The travel posters were flappin' in the wind

So, we moved through the dust and gloom
Playin' waiting games in the waiting room
Lay our sleepin' bags out on the floor

And on Sunday mornin', easy rider comes to me
With apple cider, leave me here without a place to go

If I followed the coast road, I'd be home by evenin'
The harbor lights still cut across the bay
From the slot machine arcade the lights go streamin'
To the bikes outside the rock 'n roll cafe

Ah, but you know those small town blues
Are really too much to lose
There's nothin' really there to go back for

And on Sunday mornin', easy rider comes to me
With apple cider, leaves me here without a place to go

Any railway station would be just fine, fine, fine
To settle down and wash the cobwebs from your head
Oh, if your situation's runnin' dry, dry, dry
Find a waiting room beneath the stars to make your
bed

You know London can make your brain stall
The streets get cold and empty on a rainy night, so you
duck
Into the subway station, you can hear the trains call,
they wanna
Take you to the Earl's Court Road but it don't seem
right

'Cause there's na na na noowah on the jukebox
Singin' in the burger bar, see the people's faces
In the passin' cars don't want to know

And on Sunday mornin', easy rider comes to me
With apple cider, leaves me here without a place to go

You have the most appealing surface I have seen
Bring it over here, lay it down by me
Don't mean to make you nervous, I just mean
To make you see, this is the place to be

When we came to the station, all the trains were rusty
The air was empty and the platforms overgrown
There were old tin cans and cats and the doors were
crusted
With mud and leaves and names carved long ago

And the rails go on forever in a silver trail
To the setting sun, you can follow them
Anywhere you want to go

And on Sunday mornin', easy rider comes to me
With apple cider, leaves me here without a need to
know

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