

Robert Hunter

"Prodigal Town"

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Some are awaiting, some overtaking
The train, it's the last out of town
Wasn't much of a town, anyway, and I never
Met anyone tempted to stay
If heaven has sent it or
Hell has just lent it
I'm hardly the one to decide
This train that I ride
Out of Prodigal Town

The seasonal change, you can tell by the rain
Though the leaves never flame, it is Fall
I hear Vivaldi come drifting on by
From a ladies' quartet down the hall
To give it its due
It was where I met you
And you were my reason to stay
Around
In a Prodigal Town

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