

Robin Holcomb

"Troy"

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The frost is on the pumpkin
The wind it burns your skin
Go to your grandmother
She knows the shape you're in
Trains that run past midnight
They snake all through our town
Try to run to see one
They'll always run you down

Sing a song about the river
Sing another song

You lay awake for hours
And the daylight hunts you down
Hide behind the window
The night will come around
You get a little older
And crave the sun again
The Midnight Special sounding low
Sounding low
Is coming round the bend

Sing a song about the river
Sing another song

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