

Civil Wars, The

"My Father's Father"

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I hear something hanging on the wind
I see black smoke up around the bend
I got my ticket and I'm going to go home

The leaves have changed a time or two
Since the last time the train came through
I got my ticket and I want to go home

My father's father's blood is on the track
A sweet refrain drifts in from the past
I got my ticket and I'm going to go home

The winding roads that led me here burn like coal and
dry like tears
So here's my hope, my tired soul
And here's my ticket
I want to go, home
Home
Home

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