

Clarks, The "Train"

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They grew up in the shadow of the armory
Land of freedom right out their back door
Brothers near the middle of the century
One of them had to go and fight the war
Somebody had to go and fight the war
And the train goes...

So he left upon the rails toward Ohio
Youth flows around the bend
He told his mother someday he'd be coming home
The medals shine and the stars never end
But nobody counts on scars that never mend
And the train goes...

Cast iron wheels go hungry in the fields
Searching for that silver line a long, long way to go
Cast iron hearts go hungry for spare parts
Searching for a hand to hold on late night radio

He flew missions out of London into Germany
In letters she read once then locked away
With a picture of him smiling at the armory
The colors in that flag all washed away
It's just black and white and a hundred shades of gray
And the train goes...

That's the way it goes

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