Evan Westerlund "Ghost Riders"

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He sat down right in front of me, and I said It looks like you got a story to tell He offered up a friendly smile Said I'm just a ghost rider on this train So I pressed him just a little bit harder There's got to be more to it than that He said, son I was there in '45 When my mother was burned And my sister was shot in the back

[Chorus]

It had started with a rumor
Then it happened fast
Were shuffled into box cars
And rolled on down the track
There was nothing we could do
Just roll across the plains
We were all just ghost riders
Ghost riders on a train

As he turned to watch the fields roll by
I saw a single tear reflect off the glass
And for a while he disappeared
To a distant rainy night
Then he came right back
I didn't know what to say or do
But he pressed on, there's more to it than that
I can still feel the cuts from the barbed-wire fence
Taste the taste of fear
And smell the smell of the rats

[Chorus]

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When I stood with him outside the gates
Some three hundred-fifty miles southeast of Berlin
A wicked wind blew from the west
And a chill rippled up under my skin
He closed his eyes and asked dear God
What the hell was the sense of all of this
Was it all part of your grand design
Or just a speck in time
Something that you missed

[Chorus]

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