

# Southbound Train

Jon Foreman

Oh, I guess they'll say I've grown  
I know more than I wanted to know  
I've said more than I wanted to say I'm heading home  
Yeah, but I'm not so sure  
That home is a place  
You can still get to by train So, I'm lookin' out the window and I'm driftin' off to sleep  
With my face pressed up against the pane  
With the rhythm of my heart and the ringin' in my ears  
It's the rhythm of the southbound train Oh, where the wind starts to look like her hair  
Like clouds in her bright blue eyes  
As the sea and the shore fall and rise  
Like her breast as she breathes by my side  
And the moon is her lips as the sun  
Is headed on down to the sea  
Like her head as she lays down on me  
Until we reach ocean side Over and over, I hear the same refrain  
It's the rhythm of my heart  
And my sleepy girl's breathing  
It's the rhythm of my southbound train Oh, I suppose they'll say I should've known  
Or maybe I'm just feelin' old  
Like a lawyer  
With no one to blame I'm headed home  
Yeah, but I'm not so sure  
But home is a place  
That'll ever be the same  
So, we gather up our things and we head out in the cold  
And your eyes are where you carry the pain  
When I hear the whistle weeping, it's cryin' to the sky  
It's the rhythm of the southbound train  
It's the rhythm of the southbound train

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