

Corey's Coming

Harry Chapin

old john joseph was a man with two first names
they left him in the railroad yard when they took away the trains.
and only one run a week comes on roaring down that line
So all he got to worry 'bout is time.I come by in the evening, to hear 'bout where hes been.
He says "come on, sit down kid. where shall i begin?"
He starts tellin me the stories of the glories of his past,
But he always saves the story of his Corey for the last.And he says my Corey's coming
No more sad stories, coming.
My mid-night, moonlight, morning glory's coming, aren't ya girl?
And like i told you, when she holds you, she enfolds you in her world.
I was quite surprised to find out all the places that he knew.
And so i asked the towns folk if his stories were true.
"Well," they said, "old john was born here, hes lived here all his life.
He's never had a woman, let alone a wife.
And very soon you'll find out, as you check around
That no one named Corey's ever lived in this town.
So i chided the old man 'bout the truth that i had heard
but he smiled and said, "Reality is only just a word."Can't you see my Corey's coming
No more sad stories, coming.
My mid-night, moonlight, morning glory's coming, aren't ya girl?
And like i told you, when she holds you, she enfolds you in her world.I came by one evening,
but he did not hear my shout
I looked in the window and i saw the fire was out
When he would not wake up, i forced in the door
And i saw that old John Joseph would tell stories no more.
The scene at the graveyard, just three of us were there.
Me and the grave digger, we heard the parson's prayer.
He said, "We need not grieve for this man, for we know that God cared."They put the cold dirt
over him, and left me on my own.
And when at last i looked up, i saw i was not alone.
So i said, "If your a relative, he had a peaceful end."
Thats when she said, "My name is Corey, you can say i'm just a friend."Corey's coming
No more sad stories, coming.
My mid-night, moonlight, morning glory's coming, aren't ya girl?
And like i told you, when she holds you, she enfolds you in her world.So thats the old man's
story, i'm glad you came tonight.
You see a busted down old railroad yard sure makes a lonely sight.
You may wonder why a young man would work out here alone
Well the job pays enough to keep some flesh on my bones.And i confess, i get to missing the
old man a bit.
And theres one other reason, i guess i could admit.Can't you see my Corey's coming
No more sad stories, coming.

My mid-night, moonlight, morning glory's coming, aren't ya girl?
And like he told me, when she holds me, she enfolds me in her world.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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