

Slow Moving Train

Eric Burdon

I was standing out back as the sun sank on down.
I was thinking to myself about a long distant sound,
How the fury and the flame burned so bright
Then blew out and left town on a slow moving train.

On a slow moving train, from the West to the East,
With the hopes of a nation of salvation and peace,
All the people came out and they stood by the tracks,
As the slow moving train took him back.

It was the end of the road of a time and a place,
The end of a dream and sweet youth's smiling face,
The beginning of a lesson we're still learning today,
Since he left on the slow moving train.

On that slow moving train, as he rested in peace,
'cross the mountains and plains from the sea to the sea,
All the people came out, the men took off their hats,
As that slow moving train took him back.

I wonder where would we be, if the bullets had failed,
If the young men with dreams had somehow prevailed,
Just a shot from the darkness and the whole world was changed,
They sent him home on a slow moving train.

On a slow moving train, from the West to the East,
With the hopes of a nation of salvation and peace,
All the people came out and they stood by the tracks,
As the slow moving train took him back.

He went home on that slow moving train.