

## Slow Train Comin

Noah Cyrus

I see a slow train coming  
Up over the hill  
Still got miles to go  
But even so  
I feel the shaking still

The light at Thompson's Station  
In the last seconds of dusk  
Paints a funeral  
So beautiful  
To the memory of us

And now I'm waiting by the phone  
A slowly breaking heart that knows  
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

The bones down by the river  
Beneath the waning moon  
And the crows feed on  
The carrion  
They'll feed on us too soon

I sold my heart for stolen gold  
I played my part so I suppose  
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

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