

The Train

Lyrics by Peter Fischman © 1995

When the train leaves the station and it travels down the track
You don't know your destination and you won't have much to pack
You can't buy a round trip ticket because there is no return
What's the route? You'll have to pick it, and you've got a lifetime to learn

At the start of your travels the conductor shows the way
She'll be there when things unravel, as they will from day to day
You can learn, just like the weaver, to make whole cloth once again,
How to be your true believer, and the rightness of the rain

Where the tracks are smooth and shiny, many trains have gone before
You begin here when you're tiny and learn the trainman's lore
Many here, their whole life, wander finding everything that's known
Read their books, discuss and ponder, and you'll reap what they have sown

Where the rails are rough and rusty, long ago they served a need
Now the memories are musty and their fruit has gone to seed
You may find some ancient wonder, or a dangerous dead end
And the rock that truth is under may be just around the bend

Search a map of the railway for the spaces in between
Find the folks who went their own way and ask them what they've seen
They will tell you tail and story, but if you want more than talk
Then, like Jesus in his dory, you must get out and walk

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