

Trains

My father came to Ohio
With an attitude tucked in his pants
About the time Lynyrd Skynyrd died
He was ready to leave
Smoking pipes of brown and red
He spun out his nights

He's six feet standing
Twice that lying around
Got a head for the figures
Never let a stranger start the fight

Thumbing up from Columbus
He met Sandy drinking stale raisin wine
On a moon dunked Saturday
He showed her lots of reasons
For shedding blue cotton
And closing her eyes

She taught him to see
With his hands
To extinguish certain fires
How to say goodbye

