

Homebound Train
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

When I was a boy, just ten years old,
Fishing with my uncle on Lake Champlain,
He got a call real late one night,
Took me down to a homebound train.
He said, 'Son, your daddy's not well.
He needs you home, and he needs you now.'
He knew much more than he would tell,
It made no difference, anyhow.
I sat all night on the homebound train,
I saw my daddy in my mind.
And how it happened, I can't explain,
I saw him wave and leave me behind.
Just ten years old on a homebound train,
I said my prayers, as children do,
Like a song you sing to an old refrain,
'Please, God, please, God, it's up to you.'
I dreamed the train had dropped me off,
Broken clouds and the glimpse of a star.
There stood Momma and there stood Sue,
And there was Daddy in the car.
I dreamed he held me while I cried,
Saying, "It's alright, son I'm still here",
His big arm around my shoulder,
His shirt sleeve to dry my tears.
Train pulled in, I climbed down,
Clouds so low, no sign of a star.
There stood Momma, and there stood Sue,
I sat there alone in the back of the car.
It started to rain as we pulled away,
Rained so hard with the wind so cold,
Streets so empty and the sky so gray,
Daddy was gone and I was ten years old.