

SLOW BURNING COMPANION

Ralph McTell

Cigarette smoke, slow burning companion
Stuck between trains on a midnight station
Shadows stretched out in the cold pale light
The station feels just like home tonight.

Cigarette smoke, slow burning companion
I'm stuck between trains on a midnight station.

Now there was a time when we could talk
Over coffee in a furnished room
Sat on a bed up close to the wall
And sometimes we'd lay there
And not talk at all.
Chorus

Slowly things drifted into the bed
Out of the bottle and into the bed
And seldom we ever spoke face to face
Like living alone in half as much space

Chorus

Run to the country
Or hide in the town
Might as well take the up line as down
And no sense in fighting
The turn of the tide
The first train that comes is the train I will ride.

Chorus