

## Mary Chapin Carpenter – Grand Central Station (2004)

Got my work clothes on for love, sweat and dirt  
All this Holy dust upon my face an' shirt  
Headin' uptown now, just as the shifts are changin'  
To Grand Central Station

I got my lunch box, got my hard hat in my hand  
I ain't no hero, mister, just a workin' man  
An' all these voices keep on askin' me to take them  
To Grand Central Station  
Grand Central Station

I wanna stand beneath the clock just one more time  
Wanna wait on the platform for the Hudson line  
I guess you're never really all alone, or too far from the pull of home  
An' the stars upon that painted dome still shine

I paid my way out on the 42nd Street  
I lit a cigarette an' stared down at my feet  
Imagined all the ones that ever stood here waitin'  
At Grand Central Station  
Grand Central Station

And now Hercules is starin' down at me  
Next to him's Minerva an' Mercury  
Well, I nod to them an' start my crawl, flyers coverin' every wall  
Faces of the missing are all I see

Tomorrow, I'll be back there, workin' on the pile  
Going in, comin' out, single file  
Before my job is done, there's one more trip I'm makin'  
To Grand Central Station  
Grand Central Station

Grand Central Station (2x)