

Jane Siberry - Something about trains (1989)

Something about trains
Something about love
Something about this old Earth
And the way it looks from up above

Something about satellites
Something about down below
Something about the hissing of that old steam iron
As you press your clothes

Beam it up beam it down
Across the world from town to town
Most of the time when I'm walking the line
I'm looking at the ground

But every time I hear that whistle blowing
Every time I hear that old black crow
Every time I hear that whistle blowing
I find myself a-shivering in my soul

Something about love
When things go wrong
When you can't find the one that you love
You keep movin' on

You walk the lonely valley
You walk the line alone
But this old Earth is always there
You don't feel so alone

Beam it up beam it down
Across the world from town to town
Most of the time when I'm walking the line
I'm looking at the ground

But every time I hear that whistle blowing...

But you wake up in the middle of the night
And a train whistle blows and a dog barks
And something's not quite right
And the cry is sent up from this Earth
Into the silent sky

Beam it up beam it down
Across the world from town to town
Most of the time when I'm walking the line
I'm looking at the ground

But every time I hear that whistle blowing
Every time I hear that old black crow
Every time I hear that whistle blowing
I find myself a-shivering in my soul

Something about trains
Something about love
Something about this old Earth
And the way it looks tonight