

# Cowboy Junkies, The Last Spike

Mornings feel so damn sad these days  
Without the call of the 8:15  
That old familiar echo  
Has finally died away  
Leaving nothing but a chill  
Where there once was a mighty scream

And I've watched the flat cars  
Take away our timber  
I've watched the coal cars steal our rock  
And now that we've got  
Nothing left to take we're told  
That the wheels will stop turning,  
The whistles will stop blowing,  
These foolish dreams must stop

Last year they closed down the post office,  
Took the only flag we had in town  
That old brick building  
Still stands like a cenotaph  
To a vision lost and buried in  
A very distant past

And I've watched the flat cars  
Take away our timber  
I've watched the coal cars steal our rock  
And now that we've got  
Nothing left to take we're told  
That the wheels will stop turning,  
The whistles will stop blowing,  
These foolish dreams must stop

The longest train I've ever seen  
Was the train that you were on  
I walked you to the station,  
We kissed and you were gone  
I dream at night about you coming home  
The train in the station,  
Your uniform on fire  
As you step onto the platform  
The band plays a little louder,  
And as we embrace your cap falls off  
Oh, I guess these foolish dreams must stop

Mornings feel so damn sad these days  
Without the call of the 8:15  
Looks like this town is finally  
Going to die away  
Leaving nothing but broken promises  
Where there once was small town dreams

And I've watched the flat cars  
Take away our timber  
I've watched the coal cars steal our rock  
And now that we've got  
Nothing left to take we're told  
That the TV station will be closing,  
Main Street windows will need boarding,  
That these foolish dreams must stop