

# Joe Ely, Time For Travelin'

I came into Atlanta  
Dreamin' of Lorraine  
Came so tired of ridin'  
Cross the Savanna Plain  
Still feel the wheels a-rollin'  
Feel them just the same  
Steel wheels still a-rollin'  
On a long night train.

She met me at the station  
Took me to her room  
Was a time of meeting  
Was a risin' moon.  
Angels set the table  
With candles and beer.  
Heard that midnight train moan  
Miles away from here.

## Instrumental Chorus

Lay me down a pallet,  
Lay it soft and low.  
Lorraine lay beside me,  
Sad I had to go.

Gypsy boy I traveled with  
Played his old guitar.  
We watched that candle flicker  
Like some low morning star

But the time to part must always come  
Time the bells must ring.  
Time for lovers to say goodnight  
I'll see you in my dreams.

Time to part must always come  
Time when trade-winds sing.  
Time to hit the road again  
Time for travelin';.